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THE
CHILDHOOD OF RELIGION,
THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF MYTH,
AND
THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD.

BY
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AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CREATION."



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THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS:

EMBRACING A SIMPLE ACCOUNT OF

THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF MYTHS AND LEGENDS.

BY EDWARD CLODD, F. R. A. S.,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A poet who has put many wise and tender thoughts into verses full of music, once wrote some lines on the birthday of a great and good man, whose life's delight was in listening to all that Nature has to tell, and who not long since passed away from earth to learn new lessons in some other part of the wide universe of God.

The poem tells us that as the boy lay in his cradle,

"Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale."

It is some fragment of the wonderful story "without an end" to which Agassiz (for it is he of whom Longfellow speaks in the poem) listened so gladly, a story as true as it is wonderful and as beautiful as it is true, that I want to tell you, if you too wish to open your young eyes to the sights that ever grow more charming, and your ears to the sounds that give forth no unsweet notes; otherwise the story is not for you.

To learn well the lessons which Nature is ever willing to teach, we must begin while we are young, for then the memory is "wax to receive and marble to retain." The mind, like a knife, quickly rusts if it be not used. Unless the eye is trained to see, it becomes dim; unless the ear is trained to hear, it gets dulled; and this is why so many, careless to sharpen their wits on the whetstone of outlook and thought, enter into life and pass away from it, never knowing in what a world of beauty, of bounty, and of wonder they have lived.

So I would have you treasure the joy which earth and heaven yield as riches that no moth or rust can corrupt or thief break through and steal; that make the poorest boy who smiles his thanks for the bit of blue sky that roofs the murky court in which he lives, happier, and therefore wealthier, than the richest lord whose sunlit acres of woodland and meadow call from him nothing but a yawn.

I think you will be interested in listening to a few curious stories in which men of old have striven to account for the universe, how it all began to be and what keeps it going. Some of these stories have only come to light during the last few years, and this through the patient labors of learned scholars, who have found them buried in the sacred writings of certain religions of the East. We will then see what our men of science have learned from the story-book of Nature about the earth's history in the ages long, long ago, when as yet no man lived upon it; when no children, with eyes laughter-filled, made nosegays of its flowers, and ran after the jewels which they were told lay sparkling where the rainbow touched the ground; but when God, ever-working, never-resting, since work and rest with Him are one, was fitting it to be the abode of life.

Following the same sure guides into that dim old past, we learn a little of the mighty changes which, wrought by fire and water, have given to the earth's face its ragged outline, and also a little about the strange creatures that lived and struggled and died ages before God's highest creature, man, was placed here. Then after telling how the earliest races of men slowly covered large parts of the earth, the way will be clear for an account of the great parent-nation whose many children have spread themselves over nearly the whole of Europe, over large portions of Asia, and, since its discovery by Columbus, of America. We will learn something about the life these forefathers lived while together in one home, the language they spake, the thoughts that filled their breasts, and how those thoughts live on among us and other peoples in many shapes, both weird and winsome.

For I expect it will be news to some of you that the dear old tales which come now a-days bound in green and gold and full of fine pictures, such as Cinderella, Snow-White and Rosy-Red, Beauty and the Beast, are older than any school-histories, and were told, of course in somewhat different form, by fathers and mothers to their children thousands of years ago in Asia, when Europe was covered with thick forests, amidst which huge wild beasts wandered.

I must stay here a moment to say that only a very little of what is now known concerning the matters already spoken of has been gathered from books. Men of science, wistful to learn more of that long before out of which we have come, have deemed none

of its relics too trifling for their study. They have searched on the slopes of valleys through which rivers once flowed for the stone tools and weapons wherewith the first men worked and fought, and explored the caverns which from early times gave shelter to man and beast; they have opened great earth-mounds and tombs for remains of the dead laid within them; they have spelled out the picture-words painted on the walls of temples choked with the drifted sand of centuries, the wedge-shaped letters cut on rocks and stamped on sun-dried bricks, also the writing on crumbling papyri, dried palm-leaves, barks of trees and other substances; they have traced words in common use to the roots from which they sprang, and fairy tales and legends to the home of fancy where many of them were born; and thus has come to us, in ways undreamed of by our forefathers, rich treasures of knowledge.

Lastly, though by no means the least, we will open some of the sacred books of India, Persia, China, Arabia, and other lands, to see for ourselves what the wisest and best of the ancients have thought about this wondrous life and what is to come after it. For *thought* rules the world. It makes no noise, but lives on and reigns when all the bustling and the shouting that seemed to stifle it are hushed, and whilst the great works which it guided the hand of man to do have perished, or remain to tell of pomp and glory gone for ever, it is with us in the words of wisdom that "shall not pass away," and to which we do well to give heed.

I have said how much life gains in *joyfulness* if our ears be kept open to the sweet voices of nature, and our eyes awake to its lovable sights, and I would add how much it gains in *trustfulness* by even a slight knowledge of the religions which are at this day the hope and stay of hundreds of millions of our fellow-creatures. We learn therefrom how very near to his children the All-Father, to use the forceful name by which the old Norsemen called Him, has always been; near now, near in the days that are gone; and that there never was a time when He dwelt apart from men, caring not whether they were vile or holy, but that all age, and place and human life is sacred with His presence. We shall learn, too,—

"That in all ages
Every human heart is human;
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Trust God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened,"

so that when we read how poor wild souls, craving after the Power which they feel about them, are not able to rise above the worship of bunches of feathers or piles of stones, we shall know that it is the living God for whom they are feeling, and be sure that He will at

last lead to Himself these children "crying for a light."

It gave men larger and grander views of God when they learnt that the earth is one among many bodies circling round the sun, and that the sun himself is one of numberless suns that are strewn as star-dust in the heavens, and it will give each of us, whose nature is made to trust, a larger trust in, and more loving thought of, Him to learn that our religion is one among many religions, and that nowhere is there an altogether godless race.

To use a homely figure, we shall see that the religions of the world are like human faces, all of which have something in common; nose, eyes, mouth, and so on; while all differ, some being more beautiful than others. And we shall also see that wherever any religion exists which has struck its roots deep down into the life of a people, there must be some truth in it which has nurtured them, and which is worth the seeking. For the hunger of the soul of man can no more be satisfied with a lie, than the hunger of his body can be appeased with stones. I am most wishful to impress this upon you, because you will never read the meaning of this world aright if you are content with that half-knowledge of the beliefs of other races, both savage and civilized, which most people have, and which suffices to give only false ideas of those beliefs.

Remember that where ignorance is, there is darkness; but that where knowledge dwells, light abides; and as knowledge of God, which comes from the study of man and his dwelling-place, the world, "grows from more to more," sunnier views of Him make glad the heart, chasing away the false ideas about Him that frightened poor timid, tender souls; that made even strong men shake, and bring their noble powers, tied and bound, before the grim Being they were taught to fear; that caused beauty to disfigure itself, as if ugliness was acceptable to Him, who "hath made everything beautiful in its time."

CHAPTER II.

LEGENDS OF THE PAST ABOUT THE CREATION.

In every land and age man has looked up to the great, silent heaven, with its unresting sun, moon and stars; and upon this earth, with its robe of many folds and colors, and asked, "Did these things make themselves? Had they a Maker? If so, how did He make them, and how long ago? What can He be like?" And the questions have had all kinds of answers framed to meet them, and not a few strange stories woven to explain the hard matter.

It is well known to you that among many beliefs, now found to be wrong, which were

held in bygone days, people thought that the earth was a flat and fixed thing, for whose sole benefit the sun shone by day and the moon and stars by night. Now, such a belief as this is no matter for wonderment, because it was the only belief then possible. People must speak of things as they appear, and we still talk of the sun rising and setting, although we are sure he does nothing of the kind. If you had not learnt anything from books and other helps about the roundness of the earth and its movements in space, and had been shut up all your life in some wide plain where no hills broke the long, low line around, and gave you a sight, let us say, of the sea hiding in the distance the hulls of ships, you would have believed the earth to be flat and fixed, and lighted by the sun traveling daily across the sky, because your senses led you to such belief. Neither could you have learnt anything of the vastness and distance of the sun and stars, and you might have made the most simple guesses about these matters, as did some of the wise Greeks. One of them said that the moon was as large as that part of Greece once known as the Peloponnesus, but now called the Morea, and was laughed at for his boldness; while another held that the pale belt of light which is named, from a pretty myth, the Milky Way, and which we know consists of millions of stars, of which our sun is one, was the place where the two halves of the sky are joined together. And it was a very long time before people would believe that there were millions of mankind who were walking with their feet opposite to ours on another part of the earth.

But as the mind of man searched deeper into things many of them were found to be other than they seemed, and thus all truer knowledge as to what they are has been gained by slow and sure correction of that which the senses first told about them. It would fill a bigger book than this to tell through what paths of darkness and danger the master-spirits of old cut their way to light, amidst what silence and fear they worked, and with what trembling they told their discoveries to a trusted few, but the story is one you will do well to study. And now let us look at a few of the old legends about the beginning of things. They are for the most part but little known, and although the forms in which some of them are cast are crude and foolish, they are worth more than a smile. They were very real to those who framed them, and the wise will gladly find in them this truth: that in the presence of the great fact of earth, sea and sky, man has seen a greater fact than they, even a Cause without whom they had never been, a Cause to whom he has given many a different name and paid worship in many a strange fashion.

The spirit in which these early guesses at truth should be read is well enforced in this

story, which comes from an ancient book added to one of the Vedas or sacred books of the Hindus.

A father tells his vain-minded son, in whom no sense of wonder dwells, to bring him a fruit of the huge banyan-tree or Indian fig tree. "Break it," said the father; "what do you see?" "Some very small seeds," replied the son. "Break one of them; what do you see in it?" asked the father. "Nothing, my father," answered the son. "My child," said the father, "where you see nothing there dwells a mighty banyan-tree."

By way of comparing them with the stories which follow, it may be well to set down in simple outline the two accounts of the Creation which are given in the Book of Genesis.

In the *first account*, which is contained in chap. i. 1, to chap. ii. 3, we are told: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

On the *first day* light was created and divided from the darkness, thus causing day and night.

On the *second day* an expanse was formed above the earth, dividing the waters upon the earth from those which were to be stored as rain. (As Genesis vii, 11 shows, this expanse or dome was believed to be full of windows, which were opened whenever it was needful to let the rain through. The notion that the sky is a great roof covering in a flat world is an idea easily framed by the unlearned; the Polynesians, for example, call foreigners "heaven-bursts," as having broken in from another world outside.)

On the *third day* the remainder of the waters were gathered together as seas, and the land was made to bring forth grass, and herb and tree.

On the *fourth day* God made two great lights, the sun and moon: "He made the stars also."

On the *fifth day* He peopled the waters with fishes and the dome above with birds.

On the *sixth day* the work of creation was ended by the earth bringing forth four-footed beasts and creeping things; man and women, as the last and chiefest, being made "in the image of God," Who looked upon all that He had made, saw that it was good, and on the *seventh day* rested from His work.

The *second account*, which is given in Genesis ii. 4 to the end, speaks of the earth as without water, and plants and trees, because there was no rain and not a man to till the ground.

Then the earth was watered by a mist, and man was made of the dust of the ground by the Lord God, Who breathed into his nostrils the breath of life so that he "became a living soul."

Man was then placed in the garden of Eden with leave to eat of the fruit of every tree except the tree of knowledge of good

and evil. Then beasts and birds were made and brought to Adam that he might give them names. Last of all, the Lord God made a woman from a rib taken from Adam's side while he slept.

At this point you may ask, How are we to read these and other Bible stories? What they tell us about the creation, the early state of man, the universe in which we live, the age of the earth, and other kindred matters, differs so very much from what lesson-books on these subjects teach, that we feel puzzled which to believe.

The answer which I will try to give to this question before we pass on to the other legends may save you the irksome work of unlearning much in after years which is often taught upon these matters.

Since that which has to be said about one Bible legend applies to all the rest, we will deal with those already given about the creation.

In bygone years people believed every word of those legends to be true, and there is a large number who still believe this, strangely overlooking the fact that the account given in the first chapter of Genesis of the mode and order in which things were made differs from the account given in the second chapter, and therefore that one of them must be wrong. After a time the Bible story seemed to be contradicted by the witness of those remains of the past which are found deep down in the earth, and although many books have been written with the view of showing that there is no real contradiction, each has failed to do this. For this reason others have cast aside the narratives in Genesis as idle and meaningless tales which common sense and science alike bid us reject. From this you will see that *three* different views are held, upon each of which somewhat must be briefly said.

I. There are those who believe that God made all things in six days, that He fixed the sun and moon in the sky on the fourth day after the shedding forth of light, and between the creation of plants and animals, because they find it thus written in the Bible.

Now it is not wise to accept anything as true *only* on the ground that we find it in a book, because if it turns out that the writer of the book was mistaken, that his knowledge is imperfect and his statements opposed to facts, the foundation upon which our belief rests is taken away, and the belief goes with it. In reading books on history, science and any other subject, we believe that the writers have set down to the best of their knowledge all that can be said upon the matter, and we are glad to learn what they have to tell us, and since very few have either time or talent to search for themselves, to rely thereon. But we are none the less ready, as are the writers themselves, to give up all if it is proved to be wrong, and to welcome the newer knowledge which the ages bring.

That we must apply this to the reading of the Bible I have sought to show in chapter xiii. The unknown authors of Genesis, who it is thought compiled that book from older writings, and to whom the legends of other nations were known, as the likeness between the Jewish, Babylonian and Persian testifies, speak of the earth as made before the sun, and as arched over by a solid firmament. It was to them a flat thing that moved not, and since no voice has ever come from the unseen to instruct man in things which God has given him powers to find out, these writers were not wiser than the wisest of the age in which they lived. But the round earth was none the less moving in its course at the rate of nineteen miles in every second of time, else spring and summer, autumn and winter, had not then been.

If among the different sacred books of the world, for which, as will be seen hereafter, the same claims to be inspired every word are made by those who believe in them, there was one book quite free from mistakes, and into which no blunders could by any means enter, we would gladly learn of it, since the truth-seeking can have but one desire, namely, to know what is true. But none such has ever existed; and never will exist, because every book is the work of man and therefore liable to error. That only is perfect which the finger of the Almighty has written on the rock-ribbed earth.

2. Those who hold that there is no real difference between the statements of the Bible and the facts of science, argue that when God is said to have made the heaven and earth in six days, it is not days of twenty-four hours each that are meant, but "ages" or "periods" of unknown yet vast duration.

We must all admit that it is very dangerous to force any meaning into words which, by unsettling what the user of them intended to convey, destroys their plain intent. They are far too sacred to have tricks played with them, and to give words more than one meaning is to make them mean whatever the fancy invents,

"For what the lips have lightly said,
The heart will lightly hold."

There can be no doubt that days are meant as such in Genesis, since to each day a "morning" and an "evening" is given (see chap. i., ver. 5, 8, 13, 19, 23, 31), and this, together with the fact that the appointment of the seventh day of the week as the Jewish Sabbath was based upon the hallowing of that day by God, proves that "periods" and such like words which convey no idea of fixed lengths of time were not in the writer's mind.

The use of the number seven reminds us that certain numbers were accounted sacred by ancient nations, and that the old mystery about them still survives in foolish and un-

reasoning fears, and in proverbs as to the luck or ill-luck that attends them. The early worship of the sun, moon and five planets may explain the choice of seven as a sacred number among some eastern and western peoples, and so also may the apparent changes in the shape of the moon, known as her *phases*, which every seven days bring with them, and which account for the ~~very~~ early division of time into weeks.

This sacredness seems to have linked itself to the tradition of a creation in seven days and to the frequent use of that number in the Bible; these in their turn linking it to many legends of the Middle Ages, while the stories of seven sleepers, seven wise men, seven wonders of the world, and so on, also show what importance was given to it in olden times.

3. It is not wise or well to cast aside the Bible story. We can afford to be just to the past, and our debt to it is greater than we can pay, since its guesses made possible the sure knowledge of our time. However childish the ancient explanations of things may seem to us, they were the best that could be had. They were the work of honest men who, were they living now, would gladly correct their narratives by the great discoveries of these latter days. And those narratives contain for all time this truth, that every effect has a cause, and that this "mighty sum of things forever speaking" witnesses to a Power able to produce and shape all to its own ends; a Power to which men give the name of God.

Therefore despise not the old because it is old, neither reject the new because it is new, but value each record of the past for the measure of truth which may be therein, since if it have none of that, it will perish, no matter how many millions believe it, nor with what shouts they strive to stifle the voices of those who believe it not.

Now we will pass on to other legends, beginning with the Babylonian, the wild and ugly features of which are in strong contrast to the simpleness and quiet dignity of the story in Genesis. This legend, which is no doubt correctly given, comes to us through a Babylonian priest named Berosus, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great. The legend of the creation in the old Phœnician religion closely resembles it.

There was a time in which all was darkness and water. From these came hideous creatures; winged men, men with the legs and horns of goats; bulls with human heads, and such like monsters. Over all these was a woman, goddess of nature and mother of all beings, whom Belus, the chief of the gods, cut in two, making of one half the earth, and of the other half the sky. This caused the monsters to die, as they could not bear the light, upon seeing which Belus cut off his own head, and the gods then mixed the blood that flowed therefrom with the dust of the

earth and formed man, which accounts for his sharing in the divine nature. Belus afterward made the sun, moon, stars, and five planets.

In the ancient religion of the Egyptians there is a legend that the sun wounded himself, and that from the stream of his blood he created all beings.

Persian legend: from the sacred book of the Pârsis, known as the Zend Avesta. The Eternal Being produced two great gods, one named Ormuzd, King of Light, who remained true to him; the other named Ahriman, King of Darkness, who became the author of evil.

To destroy the evil, Ormuzd was appointed to create the world, which was made to last 12,000 years. He formed the firm vault of heaven and the earth on which it rests, and dwelt at the top of a mountain so high that it pierced the upper sky and reached the source of light. He then made sun, moon and stars to aid him in his battle with the terrible power of darkness; the universe being thus created in six periods; man, as in Genesis, last of all. The beautiful trust that dwelt in the heart of the pure-souled founder of the old Persian faith that good would in the end gain the victory over evil, will appear hereafter in the account of that religion.

Hindu legend: from an important book of the Brahman religion, called the Laws of Manu, the first part of which treats of creation.

The universe was in darkness when Brahma (which means *force*), himself unseen, dispelled the gloom, first producing the waters and causing them to move. From a seed which he had placed in them there came a golden egg, blazing with a thousand beams, and in this egg Brahma gave birth to himself. There he dwelt, and at last split the egg in halves, one of which became the heaven and the other the earth.

(The Finns believed that heaven and earth were made out of a divided egg, the upper half being heaven, the yolk being earth, and the white fluid the all-surrounding ocean.)

Brahma then drew forth mind and created a number of smaller gods and wise men, who in their turn created animals and demons, clouds, mountains and rivers.

You have doubtless heard of the Hindu notion that the earth rests upon animals standing one upon another, four elephants being placed lowest of all, because their legs *reach all the way down!*

Scandinavian legend:

"Once was the age
When all was not,
Nor sound nor sea
Nor cooling wave.
Nor earth there was
Nor sky above,
Nought save a void
And yawning gulf,
But verdure none."

To the south of this yawning gulf there

was a region of flame, and to the north an abode ice-cold and dark. Torrents of venom flowed from the north into the gulf and filled it with ice, but the fire came from the south, and, falling upon the ice, melted it. From the melted drops there arose the giant Ymir, who, wicked himself, had a wicked family of frost-giants. A cow was also formed from the melted ice, and she not only fed the giants with her milk, but out of the stones covered with salt and hoar-frost, licked a man of strength and beauty, whose son became the father of Odin, Vili and Ve. These three slew Ymir, and out of his flesh they formed the earth; from his blood the seas and waters, from his bones the mountains, from his hair the trees, from his skull the heavens, from his brains the floating clouds, and from his eyebrows a wall round the earth to guard them from the giant sons of Ymir, whose anger they feared.

The old religion of the Scandinavians, who are a branch of the great German family, is contained in two books known as the "Eddas," a word thought to mean *Great-Grandmother* or *Ancestress*. The Elder Edda contains the old mythic poems, and the Younger or Prose Edda such pagan legends as that just quoted, mixed with later ideas. Odin, the Alfadir, is therein thus spoken of:

"Gangleri began his speech: 'Who is first or eldest of all gods?' Har said, 'He hight Alfadir (is called All-Father) in our tongue, but in the old Asgard (or abode of the gods) he had twelve names.'"

... "Odin is named Alfadir because he is the father of all the gods, and also Valfadir (Choosing Father) because he chooses for his sons all who fall in combat, for whose abode he has prepared Valhalla," (Hall of the Chosen).

The old Norsemen spoke of death as *Heimgang*: that is, "home-going," a thought always beautiful and tender, but still more so as coming from these wild rovers of the "homeless sea."

Greek legend: from the Theogony, or "Origin of the Gods," said by some to be one of the works of Hesiod, an ancient poet. The Greek priests and wise men revered it greatly.

In the beginning there was huge and formless Chaos, from whom came Gaia, the broad-bosomed earth, and Tartarus, dark and dim, below the earth. Then appeared beautiful Eros, or Love. From Chaos also came night and darkness, from these ether and day, whilst the earth gave birth to Uranus, the all-surrounding, starry heaven, and to the mountains and the sea. Then Gaia and Uranus married, and from them sprang demigods and men.

When you know more of the ancient peoples who worked out their thoughts about earth, sky and living things in such varied shape, and have learned amidst what different scenery each lived; how Frost and Fire

had fierce unending battle, and the Ice-Giant his hearthless home where the hardy Norsemen dwelt; how sunshine and shadow made beautiful the well-wooded land of mountains and streams in the bright south where the Greeks dwelt; you will understand why one legend should impress us by its rugged grandeur and another enchant us with its stately grace.

CHAPTER III.

CREATION AS TOLD BY SCIENCE.

You have been taught that the earth is one of a number of *planets* (so called from a Greek word meaning *to wander*) which, with other bodies, travel round the sun, he being the center of what is called the *solar* system (from Latin *sol*, the sun). Astronomy primers will tell you that every star is a sun, the center of a solar system, and that our sun appears so large and bright because he is the star nearest to us.

It is believed that the particles of matter which compose the solar system (and what has now to be said applies to the formation of every other solar system) were once in a gas-like state, and in the vast space over which they were spread, so distant from one another as to be at rest. In the course of countless ages the immense mass became cooler through radiation, or loss of heat into space, and the particles were drawn closer together, and brought into a spinning motion, so that they became a huge self-shining, highly-heated mass, somewhat ball-shaped. The motion was quickened as the particles became more united, but when the force which swept them past the center of the entire mass was greater than the force which dragged them toward it, rings of the outermost portion were thrown off one by one, which continued the wheel-like motion of the mass from which they had been cast. Each ring became broken at the points where the particles had clustered thickest, and these fragments, still spinning, gathered each round its center, and threw off rings in like manner.

The huge ball in the center of the whole became the *sun*, the ring fragments became the *planets* with their twofold motion, one top-like, the other round the sun, and the rings cast from them became their *moons*; each of these bodies being in a molten state. In the case of Saturn not only were eight moons formed, but there remain revolving round him the rings which so add to his beauty as an object in the telescope, and which are said to be made up of countless bodies.

The *comets* and streams of *meteors* which belong to our solar system were probably outlying fragments and smaller masses of the broken rings.

Each body; sun, planet, moon, meteor, became globe-shaped in obedience to a law of the universe known as *attraction* (from Latin words meaning *drawn toward*). It is the law by which the dewdrop, the tear that falls from the eye, the melted lead dropped from the top of a tower where shot is made, become round. The little particles draw closely together, and in so doing arrange themselves around the center, to which they are each *attracted*.

It is an important help to a clear understanding of the history of the earth to know what ground there is for the statement that each body of the solar system was in a molten condition.

Now there are certain forces in nature, such as light, heat, electricity, etc., each of which can produce, or be produced by, the rest. From this it has been concluded that they are different forms or modes of *one* unknown force that cannot be destroyed.

Thus, to borrow an illustration of what is meant: In the case of a church spire struck by lightning, the force leapt from the cloud to the spire-cross as *light*; ran down the metal as *electricity*; melted it as *heat*; then burrowed through the stone-work till it got to metal again, splitting the stone in its course as *motion*; found the metal and ran harmlessly down it as *electricity*, but changing in its course probably the positions one to another of the atoms composing the metal, as *magnetism*; and then burst through the stone-work again as *motion*, so injuring the spire throughout that it had to be pulled down and rebuilt.

Therefore heat is not a substance, a subtle fluid, as was once thought, but a motion among the particles of matter. Bodies do not become heavier when they are heated, but they expand; that is, the heat drives their particles asunder, so that the minute spaces between them are widened and the body takes up more room. Knowing this, a smith, before he puts hoops on casks or tires round wheels, makes them red-hot. The heat expands them, and as they cool they shrink and bind tightly round the cask or wheel. And you know that two pieces of dry wood can be set on fire by being rubbed together, and that two pieces of ice can be melted in the same way, proving that heat is a "mode of motion."

The enormous *heat* of each body in the solar system was produced by the particles striking against one another as they were driven together by the force of *attraction*.

Another proof that the earth was once so hot as to be in a soft or melted state is afforded by its shape. It is not perfectly round, but slightly flattened at each pole, which was caused by its having been a fluid mass, spinning round like a top. In illustration of this, a lump of very soft clay or a mass of oil floating in liquid of the same density (or like weight bulk for bulk), will,

when turned round, become flattened like the earth.

Again, the rocks forming part of the solid outside covering of the earth known as the *crust*, which have been fused together by fire, prove that the most intense heat must once have prevailed.

Every hot body which ceases to receive heat becomes cold; that is, parts with its heat; the larger the body, the longer it takes to cool, the outside cooling before the center. The sun is so vast a body that he is still white hot, giving out heat, light and other forces. The moons being the smallest bodies were the first to cool; then the smaller planets, until we come to huge Jupiter and Saturn, which for aught we know may still be shedding some light and heat upon their moons. As each planet was once a small sun, there was a time, not to be counted by years, when the earth gave forth light and heat, and perchance supported life upon the now airless, sealess moon.

And although the earth's crust had become cool and hard enormous ages back, there is still a vast store of heat below, which shows its power in the volcano belching forth its streams of lava; in the earthquake shaking down large cities and burying people in their ruins; and in the hot springs from which, chiefly in Iceland, jets of boiling water are thrown to a great height. The deepest mines, which, compared to the thickness of the earth, are but as scratchings on a school globe, are so hot that were it not for currents of fresh air the miners could not work in them. This store of heat is slowly but surely slipping away into space, so that finally the earth will become cold to its very core.

In brief, what the sun is the earth was millions of years ago; and what the moon now is the earth will be millions of years hence, when the flowers will bloom and the children romp elsewhere.

When the earth was a molten ball there were zones of vapor round it, which slowly condensed and fell as water into the valleys and cracks and lower levels of the cooling crust, filling them and thereby forming river, sea and ocean.

Of the mode in which, as the cooling went on, there fell from these zones different materials which helped to prepare the earth for the support of the life that was to appear thereon, or of the views held about the thickness of the crust and the nature of the matter beneath it, I cannot here speak. These are among the guesses of the wise, which may or may not be true, and we have already more of well-proved statement than this chapter can contain.

The crust of the earth is made up of rocks of many kinds and ages, all of which have been either laid down by water or melted and mixed together by fire. Of the former, some are composed of grains of various stones,

and others largely or wholly of the remains of once living animals and plants: the fire-fused rocks containing no traces of such remains. It is this crust which tells so surely the story of those vast changes of which the earth has been the scene, and which are still going on; how the heat within is rending the surface in one place and upheaving or sinking it in other places; how every little stream and brooklet is doing its work in altering the face of things, carrying soil to the sea, which is with hungry maw eating away the rock-bound coasts and softer fringes of the land; how, as the result of this, new continents and islands are slowly uprising from the ocean, to be one day dowered with the richest gifts of nature, studded with homesteads and cities, and the birthplace of wonders undreamt of which the spirit of man shall reveal; when the ocean will in its turn cover the happy homes of now the sunniest lands. All this is beyond question, for there is no rest in nature, not even in the things which look duldest and deadest; the particles that make up a stone being most likely ever moving, as we know the particles of a magnet are.

Professor Huxley, in describing the surprising movements of little bodies which course through the fluid in the hairs of the common stinging-nettle, just as like little bodies float in our blood, repairing the ceaseless waste of our frames, says that if our ears could catch the murmur of the currents whirling in the numberless cells which make up every tree, "we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city."

By way of illustration that the earth's face is ever changing, a study of its crust and a survey of its sea-depths tell us that our own island has been more than once buried under the waters. Since man first appeared, the greater part of the British Isles, of Central Europe, of North America, and of Northern Asia, have been beneath the sea, and the Caspian and Aral seas united as one great ocean. There is a legend of a lost island named Atlantis, placed by Plato west of the Pillars of Hercules in the Atlantic Ocean, and we know that the Canary Isles and the Azores are the highest peaks of the continent which lies beneath those waters. A name has already been given to a vanished land which once stretched from the eastern coast of Africa. Of this land, which there is good reason for thinking was the birth-place of mankind, Madagascar, Ceylon and other islands to the north-east, perhaps far into the Pacific Ocean, are the unburied parts. The great desert of Sahara was once covered by a sea whose waves dashed against the mountain ranges of Northern Africa, and we shall learn further on that there was a time when those ranges were united to Europe.

No one knows how long a time passed between the molten state of the earth and the appearance upon its surface of the first forms of plant and animal life. That untold mil-

lions of years rolled away before the crust was cool enough to allow the steamy vapors above it to fall as water, is certain, and even then ages may have passed before other than the minutest kinds of life began to be. All that men of science can do is to get a rough idea of the time which it has taken to form a given thickness of certain layers of rock, each of which is called a *stratum* (from a Latin word meaning *spread out*).

For example: a very large portion of the earth's crust consists of chalk, which is made up of the shells of exceedingly small creatures that live and die under water, creatures of a kind that are at this moment forming chalk beds at the bottom of our oceans. A layer of chalk one foot thick is not heaped up in less than one hundred years and it probably takes a much longer time, so that, as the chalk beds in some parts of England exceed one thousand feet in thickness, we are on the safe side in reckoning that their formation occupied not less than one hundred thousand years. And as any table of the earth's crust will show you, there are rocks above and below the chalk, for the production of which millions heaped upon millions of years are required.

Such vast lengths of time may startle us to whom but a few years of life here are given, but they count not with Him Who is from everlasting to everlasting, and Who, working through the ages, has caused this earth to yield us that rich variety which "age cannot wither." And that variety too out of few materials; for the bodies we dwell in; the air we breathe; the water we drink; and every animal, tree and flower, are for the larger part formed of three gases, known to us as oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, each of which by itself is invisible, tasteless and without smell! Oxygen forms three-fourths of the uppermost crust of the earth.

In reading these names and the names given to other things, always seek the reason why they have been chosen, but at the same time remember that we know nothing as to what things are *in themselves*, and this will save you from many a boastful blunder of thinking that you know all about a substance because you have learnt its name. But in speaking of the few materials out of which such variety has come, there is something more wonderful to be said, and with it I must close this chapter.

It is, I hope, made clear to you, that the sun and all the bodies in his system are composed of the same materials, and by means of an instrument called a *spectroscope*, which enables astronomers to examine the light from the stars, no matter how many years it has been traveling to the earth, they are able to tell what metals are burning in those far-off bodies, and they find that those materials which are most plentiful in the stars are those which enter so largely into the structure of living creatures on the earth.

It is, therefore, no blind guess, but well-proved truth, that matter throughout the universe of God is the same in kind, but in different states. In the sun and his fellow-suns, the stars, it is white hot; on the earth and some other planets (Mars, for example, on which a good telescope clearly shows the division of land and water and the increase of snow at the poles as the winter nears) it is cool enough to sustain life; in the moon and meteors it is cold and barren; while in some of the cloud-like clusters in the sky called *nebulae* (from Latin *nebula*, a cloud), it is in a gas-like state.

Having said thus much, it would be needful to say a good deal more, but I am only acting as a finger-post to point what I think is the right road in which sound knowledge about this world's history can be gained. You need not think that the lesson will be quickly learned, or that the knowledge will ever be completed here. Science can never tell us all that we should like to know, or lead us beyond the veil "where men grow blind though angels know the rest." But we shall agree that her "marvelous tale" has as much poetry in it as the old legends quoted, and certainly more of fact. The cloud-like mass becomes a cooled globe, a fair and fertile world given man for dwelling-place, truly an Eden (*land of delight*, as that word means) where the soft air was wafted laden with the fragrance of sweet flowers, where the birds warbled love-music, and the stream murmured its thanks for the jewels which the sunlight scattered on its bosom.

CHAPTER IV.

LEGENDS OF THE PAST ABOUT MANKIND.

To the legends already given may be added a few concerning the early state of mankind.

For thousands of years before the rudest kind of picture-writing was invented, the mind of man was busily speculating how that which he saw had come to pass, and not less, but rather more, would he wonder whence and how he himself had come; and out of that wonderment have grown the legends which have been handed down by old-world fathers to their children. These legends of a beginning, of the first man, and of a bright unflecked day whose glory had gone, legends in which a little fact was mixed up with much guessing, came to be looked upon as true every word, and were at last set down not as largely born of the fancy of man, but as history to be believed. And we find them lingering still among tribes and nations, because none readily give up the old for the new and cut themselves adrift from that which their fathers held dear.

Nearly all speak of happy times spent

without labor or care, and then of evil stealing in and beguiling men with a lie. Seeking to explain the mystery of sorrow and pain, of the guilt and hard toil to which none are strangers, they have dreamed of a past when these ills were not. "The Pârsi looks back to the happy rule of King Yima, when men and cattle were immortal, when water and trees never dried up and food was plentiful, when there was no cold nor heat, no envy nor old age. The Buddhist looks back to the age of glorious soaring beings who had no sin, no sex, no want of food till the unhappy hour when, tasting a delicious scum that formed upon the surface of the earth, they fell into evil and in time became degraded. It was King Chetiyā who told the first lie, and the people who heard of it, not knowing what a lie was, asked if it were white or black or blue. Men's lives grew shorter and shorter, and it was King Maha Sâgara who, after a brief reign of two hundred and fifty-two thousand years, made the dismal discovery of the first grey hair."

The Tibetans and Mongolians believe that the first human beings were as gods, but desiring a certain sweet herb, they ate of it, and lower feelings were thus aroused within them; their wings dropped off; their beauty faded; and the years of their life were made few and filled with bitterness. Passing by any full account of the Hindu story of a tree of life on a mountain ever bathed in sunshine, where no sin could enter and where dreadful dragons kept the way to the heavenly plants and fruits, and also of the Greek belief that far away there were the Islands of the Blessed with a garden full of golden apples guarded by an unsleeping serpent, we have the Greek myth which tells us that the first men were happy and without work, but with a desire to assert their power, and withal defy or mock the gods. Then Promêtheus shaped a human form out of clay, and stole forbidden fire from heaven wherewith to give it life. This made Zeus angry, and he laid a plan by which the evils that mankind dreaded, and which were sealed within a box guarded by Epimêtheus, the brother of Promêtheus, should be let loose. He ordered the lord of fire to fashion the first woman, who by her charms should bring misery to man. Then the gods enriched her with beauty, cunning and fair speech, naming her Pandôra or All-gifted, and Zeus took her to Epimêtheus who, contrary to the advice of his brother to accept nothing from the gods, made her his wife, so smitten was he with her beautiful face and so beguiled by her smooth words. She had not been long with him before she opened the box, from whence came forth strife and sickness and all other ills that afflict mankind, and then hastily closing it, she shut up hope within, so that no comfort was given to men.

In Persian tradition Ormuzd is said to have promised the first man and woman never-end-

ing bliss if they would remain good. But a demon in the form of a serpent was sent by Ahriman, and they believed the lie he told them that the good gifts came from Ahriman, whom they thereupon worshiped. The demon then brought them fruits, which they ate, and thereby lost their happy state. Driven away, they killed beasts for food and wore their skins, and in the hearts of these unhappy creatures there raged hatred and envy, which cursed them and their children.

The likeness of this legend to that in Genesis which tells how woe befel Adam and Eve when, tempted by a talking serpent, they ate forbidden fruit, is very striking. Both may have preserved the memory of a time when men were driven by great changes of climate, summer's heat giving place to long winter's cold, into untrodden wilds; driven, as they thought, by the anger of an offended God.

The mention of a serpent in both these legends reminds us what a great part that creature has played in many religions as an object of worship; also as an emblem of both good and evil, as among the Persians and other Eastern nations; of wisdom, as among African and other tribes who believe that the souls of some ancestors pass into snakes; of eternity, when coiling itself in the form of a circle, as among the Egyptians and Phœnicians; and of dominion, under the shape of a dragon, as among the Chinese. Crawling on its belly (its name comes from the Latin, *serpo*, to creep) with stealthy, dart-like movement; with glittering eye that held the shuddering looker-on as if spell-bound; and with horrid hiss; no wonder that the strange reptile, so unlike beast or bird, came at last to be regarded in many lands as the symbol of evil, and that over its destruction feasts were held and sacrifices offered. That the legend of dire work wrought by it has found a place in Jewish writings is not a matter for surprise, nor that people should make the common blunder of believing that it was the devil who under such a form beguiled Adam and Eve into disobedience.

Much could be said about the false beliefs to which this legend has given rise, but, happily, they are dying out, and we may pass them by and go on to see what truth underlies the ancient story of the fashioning of man.

In the first account of creation in the book of Genesis, we read that "God created man in his image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." The apostle Paul told the Greeks that "as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device," and since we cannot think of Him Who is a Spirit, Who is everywhere, both in the heart of man and in the desert wilds, as having any form, or length, breadth and height, it is clear that these words in Genesis cannot

be read by us as referring to the *body* of man, which has shape and form, but as referring to the *soul*, which is the man. The word *man* comes from a root which in Sanskrit means the *thinker*; and *soul* has the same meaning; each name an old-world witness to the greatness of the being who is nearer to the God above him than he is to the brutes below him. With these he has very much in common, and the knowledge of this should engender kindness toward them, but a great gulf, as it seems to me, divides the two. Brutes have not, in the strict meaning of the term as we use it, a moral sense, or voice within which speaks to them of the rightness or wrongness of what they do. They show love and hate, revenge, shame and pride, but they cannot commit *sin*, neither sink lower nor rise higher than they are. A hungry lion kills and eats a man, not for the mere love of killing, but to satisfy his hunger, for until the hunger returns, he will harm none of the creatures he preys upon. We do not say that the lion has done *wrong*, or that he *ought* not to have done such a thing, but we say that he has acted according to his *brute nature*, and we have outgrown the practice of past ages when animals and lifeless things were punished as criminals for evils which befel men through them. But when men commit crimes, we say that they *ought* not so to do, and we treat them as beings who have the power to do right as well as the power to do wrong; the power to choose between a better and a worse, and thus rise nobly or fall shamefully.

In the second account of creation in Genesis, we read that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul."

Now the matter of which the universe has been formed has neither been added to nor lessened, and therefore it follows that at the birth of any living thing there is no bringing in of new matter, but the using over again of the old.

Of the matter of which the earth is composed, the flower, the insect, the bird, the fish and the brute are alike made, and they live and grow and repair their waste by taking into themselves air and light and food. And the body of man is not something different from these, but one with them "of the dust of the ground," and in itself not more wonderfully formed for its purpose than they for their purpose. Whether in the long course of ages it has come through lower forms to be what it is, or was fashioned by itself, we cannot say, for men of science are not agreed about this hard question. Neither does it matter; "that which we are we are," and the query is not *whether* God has worked, giving to each moving thing "a body as it hath pleased him," for of that we are sure; but *how* He has worked, concerning which we may be content to remain ignorant.

It is interesting to note that Science confirms in the main what is said in Genesis i. about the order in which life appeared upon the earth, since the deepest layers of rocks, which of course are the oldest, yield fossils of the lowest forms of life, forms so faint that whether they be the remains of plant or of animal, or of both, is uncertain; and the nearer we come to the surface the higher is the kind of life found to have been, until the highest of all, man himself, is reached, his presence being first shown in rudely chipped stone tools and weapons, and next by his remains. It may be added that the ancient Egyptians believed the first man to have been formed from the slime of the river Nile; the Chinese that he was shaped from yellow clay; the Peruvians that he was created by Divine power as "animated earth;" one of the North American tribes that the Great Spirit formed two figures from clay, who were named "first man" and "companion;" another tribe says that men once lived underground, but that finding a hole through which to creep to the surface, they were tempted by the plentiful food to remain above ground.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY RACES OF MANKIND.

It is believed that the birthplace of man was in some part of the earth where the climate was warm, so that but slight clothing and shelter were needed, and where food and the other gifts of nature were so abundant, that life was no hard struggle.

The exact spot we may never know, but nearly all our present information points, as hinted in chapter iii, to some land now beneath the Indian Ocean. The vast number of stone implements which have been found in Europe and many other parts of the globe were without doubt shaped by the hand of man many thousands of years ago; but although they give some clue to the rude, wild state of those who made them, they throw no light whatever on the question of man's first home. His greatness among all living creatures, from the earliest time of which we have glimpses, is seen in this: that although he was naked and with a bodily frame much weaker than many of the brutes, he was able, armed only with clumsy stone weapons, to slay animals of a huge size. And this because as *brutes* they knew nothing of their own power, wherewith they could have crushed him with ease; while as *man* he had the knowledge whereby so to use his weapons as to subdue and kill them.

Let us see whether the records of changes in Europe throw any light upon man's arrival there.

If we find imbedded in layers of rock the

remains of animals and plants which could live only in hot regions, we may fairly conclude what the climate must have been when they flourished.

Now from the nature of the fossils found in what are called the Tertiary rocks (from Latin *tertius*, third), which compose the third great division of the water-laid rocks, it is certain that the climate of Europe was once very warm. Thick jungles and tangled forest growths of plants akin to those in hot countries abounded, amongst which creatures of huge size and vast numbers roamed at will, crunching the young shoots and branches between their enormous teeth; while the river-creeks and swamps were the abode of wallowing crocodiles, sharks and turtles of monster size.

In those rocks no remains of man in bones or stone implements have been found.

After this a season of the bitterest cold, known as the Ice Age, slowly set in, and covered with thick plates of ice the northern parts of the earth. While this was going on, the continent of Europe, which had stretched beyond Ireland, gradually sank beneath the sea, so that a large part of it was changed into frozen straits and many ice-clad islands. In the long course of time the climate again became milder and the land "arose from out the azure main," so that Ireland was re-united to Britain, and Britain to the mainland, which was joined to Africa at different parts, the Mediterranean Sea being thereby divided into two large land-locked basins. Periods of cold and heat followed one another; at one time the woolly-haired rhinoceros, mammoth or maned elephant, cave-bear and other wild beasts lived here, and when warmer times drove them to more northern parts, hippopotamuses, lions, hyenas and such like tenants of hot countries came.

It should be stated that there are seen to be three well-marked divisions of the great reign of cold, and it is not certain whether man had reached Europe before the first and most severe Ice Age set in, although certain relics which tend to prove that he had, have been lately found in caverns. The earliest traces of him are the stone tools and weapons found in ancient river-valleys and mingled with the remains of animals, of a kind long since extinct, that roamed over the north-west when there was dry land between England and France, and when a wide plain over which the North Sea now sweeps stretched from Norfolk to Belgium.

That the makers of these old stone implements must have lived in Britain many hundred thousand years ago is proved by the finding of tools of the rudest shape in the floors of limestone caverns which have been scooped out of the rock by the slow action of water. The limy matter in or beneath which the implements are found imbedded and which is called stalagmite (from Greek *stalagma*, a drop) is formed as follows. Rain water passes

through the limestone roof, and by means of the carbonic acid which it has derived from the air and from decayed leaves and the like, eats away particles of the roof through which it trickles and drops them beneath as carbonate of lime or *stalagmite*. Sometimes the dissolved particles cling to the roof and hanging from it form in course of time very beautiful columns called *stalactites*, but with these we have nothing to do.

Now as the rate at which the stalagmite is laid down gives some clue to the age of the relics found beneath it when there is proof that it has not been disturbed, it will be well to enter one of the most famous caverns situated near Torquay, known as "Kent's Hole," and see for ourselves of what age the several deposits doubtless are.

First, there are blocks of limestone, which have fallen from the roof from time to time.

Then black muddy mould; beneath which lies a bed of stalagmite varying from three inches to five feet in thickness. Underneath this are two layers, one only a few inches thick and composed mainly of charred wood; the other some feet in thickness and composed of earth which has been slowly washed in through the cavern's mouth. Then we come to a second bed of stalagmite of a different character to the upper bed, and much thicker than it, reaching in some parts to a depth of twelve feet. Below all these lies a dark red sandy deposit called *breccia* (Italian, meaning a *fragment*) the depth of which is unknown.

In the uppermost layer there were found relics of a time before the Romans invaded Britain, which we may safely put down as 2,000 years old. In the upper stalagmite there were found bones of the rhinoceros, elephant, hyena, etc., and of man, with flakes struck off flints by human hands and also the cores from which they had been struck. Now without going farther down at present, how can we get at the age of this stalagmite? There have been cut into it certain letters and dates, one of which—"Robert Hedges, of Ireland, Feb. 20, 1688"—we may believe is genuine, because it was discovered just fifty years ago, on a huge boss of stalagmite rising up from the floor; and although there are others of earlier date, we will take it as our point of reckoning. It is described by the man who saw it in 1825 as covered over with a thin film of stalagmite, a description which applies to it now, although the water has been dripping on it ever since.

Now the carbonate of lime which has gathered upon that cutting since 1688 does not exceed the *twentieth of an inch* in thickness, and we have to account for a deposit which is in some places *five feet* thick. By an easy sum in multiplication we find that it takes 3,720 years for the water trickling through the roof of Kent's Hole to deposit *one inch* of stalagmite, and therefore 44,640 years to deposit *one foot*. Five feet conse-

quently require two hundred and twenty-three thousand years!

But we have not done yet. There is the layer of charred wood, called the "black band" which yielded hundreds of flint tools, a bone needle, burnt bones, remains of hyenas, bears, oxen, etc. There is the cave earth with relics of a like kind, and then we come to the lower bed of stalagmite, which contained bones of the cave-bear only, and which is in some places more than double the thickness of the upper bed, and requiring at the least five hundred thousand years for its formation!

It is underneath this that in the solid mass called breccia there were found mingled with immense numbers of teeth and bones of the cave-bear, flint implements, which without doubt were shaped by the hand and skill of man. Enormous as these figures are, I have been careful to understate rather than overstate them, for there are proofs that within this same cavern an inch of stalagmite is not laid down by water in less than 5,000 years, at which rate the time needed for the deposit of the upper bed alone is three hundred thousand years!

The thickness of layers of stalagmite is not always a test of the great age of remains found in them or below them, as in some caverns they are formed at a very much quicker rate than in others, and if the proof of man's early presence on the earth rested on this alone, it would be needful to speak with caution. But further proof is at hand in the worked flints found in the river-gravels of England and France, and in the kind of animals with whose remains his own are found, that man lived in Northern Europe toward the close of the later Ice Age, if not earlier, and therefore hundreds of thousands of years ago: although the actual time of his arrival can never be known.

We do not know to what race the men who first trod the soil of Europe belonged. They came with the mammoth, cave-bear, etc., and we cannot tell whither they went. There is, however, some clue to those who followed them. These were dwellers in caves, living chiefly on the flesh of the reindeer, which creature they hunted as far as the northern land of bitter cold, where the snow never melts and the blessed light shines but six months in the year. The manners and customs and general kind of life of the tribes found there at this day, known as the Eskimos, are so very like all that can be learnt about the old cave-men, of what is called the Reindeer Period, that there is good reason for believing that the one is descended from the other.

After a time which years fail to reckon, when the waters, ever working "without haste and without rest," had cut a channel between England and France, there came to Europe from the East race after race of people who were far higher than the cave-men.

The lowest among them, of whom traces are found along the shores of the Baltic Sea, had tamed the dog, while those who lived in houses built upon piles driven into the bottom of lakes in Switzerland and elsewhere, had learnt to till the soil.

Mankind at first were few in number, but as the mouths to be fed multiplied faster than the food wherewith to fill them, it was needful either that the ground should be tilled or that some should leave in search of food elsewhere, and since man must advance somewhat before he becomes a husbandman, the latter course would be chosen.

So, hunger-driven or forced away by change of climate, and also, it may be, led on by desire to see what the world was like and to find excitement in chasing animals to kill and eat, some would leave, and thus give up a settled kind of life, which tends to peaceful progress, for a roving life. The pressing wants of the body urged them to wander far and wide, and soon long distances would divide the hunters. This would lead to the peopling of the world in many parts, and in the course of long ages to the fixing of wandering tribes wherever food was to be had, and the land seemed fair and fertile.

From this we may understand how the earliest dwellers in Europe were driven thither. They were but rude savages, living by hunting and fishing. Man is first of all a hunter, then he finds out that some of the animals which he kills for food can be made useful to him in other ways, so he tames them. This leads him to follow the more settled life of a shepherd, and when he becomes a tiller of the soil, or farmer, he stays in one place. There the family grows into a tribe and the tribe into a nation.

Thus far I hope to have made clear to you the mode in which mankind slowly overspread various parts of the world, and I have now to give you, in as simple a form as the subject will permit, an account of some ancient peoples who have played a markedly eventful part in the history of mankind.

I shall take you back to the time when man had outgrown his first rude savage state; but, so many are the years, we shall still be a long way beyond the line where the history of nations stands out clearly before us. The story is worth your careful attention, for to know who these peoples were and what they did, is to learn the thoughts of ancestors whose words we speak and to find out how we have become what we are.

The old writers, in speaking of "the world," took for granted that it did not extend beyond the countries of which they knew. Now although its real size and shape are well known to us, we are too apt to think only of that part of it where the highest races have lived, and to leave out the other parts with their millions of people still in a savage or half-civilized state. This must be borne in mind in reading what follows, since the

limits of this book forbid my stating what is known of the manner of life and religions of the numerous races scattered over the northern regions of Asia, over large tracts of Africa and America, and throughout the many islands of the southern seas. It is certain that the people to be presently described were not the first civilizers, but were young as compared to Egypt and China, and built up much of their future greatness out of the ruins of more ancient cultures. For apart from the rude savages whose early struggles made progress easier to those who came after them, there are found over wide regions of Europe and Asia the traces of a people who have immensely helped the advancement of mankind. I am now speaking of the ancestors of the great Mongol race, of the Tatars (wrongly called Tartars) and of the many tribes of Northern Asia, of Southern India, Malay, and other parts of South-western Asia; also of the Finns, Lapps, Hungarians and smaller remnants, such as the Basque dwellers in the Pyrenees, lingering in out-of-the-way places.

Many of these have preserved the manners, customs and beliefs of a bygone day, and having reached a certain point, seem to have stood still while the rest of the world has moved onward. The history of mankind is made up of struggles between races in which the weaker have been stamped out or enslaved, but these people, whose forefathers were by turns conquerors and conquered, are amongst us, many of them free and independent, still worshipping the heavenly bodies and the spirits of their ancestors as did their forefathers thousands of years ago.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARYAN OR INDO-EUROPEAN NATIONS.

Thousands of years ago there dwelt probably in Central Asia, scattered over the wide plains which spread east of the Caspian sea and north-west of Hindustan, a number of tribes united together by the same manners and customs, and speaking somewhat different dialects of a common tongue, in short, the offspring of one mother nation.

These tribes consisted of two great branches, from one of which have come the races that have peopled nearly the whole of Europe; that is to say, the Celts (whom Julius Cæsar found in Britain when he invaded it); the Germans and Slavonians; the Greeks and Romans; while from the other branch the Medes, Persians and Hindus, with some lesser peoples in Asia, have sprung.

A learned German has called this "the discovery of a new world." And it is certainly a great revelation to us that the Hindu and the Iclander; the Russian and the Ital-

ian; the Englishman and the Frenchman; are children whose forefathers lived in one home. A knowledge of this fact must aid the growth of kindlier feeling between man and man, and lessen the unreasoning dislike which we are apt to nurture against foreigners.

So true is it that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us."

Arya is a Sanskrit word, meaning *noble*, of a *good family*. It is believed to have come from the root *ar*, to plough, which is found in *era*, the Greek word for *earth*; *earth* meaning that which is *eared* or ploughed. We find the word so used in Tusser, an early English poet, who says,

"Such land as ye break up for barley to sow,
Two *earths* at the least, ere ye sow it, bestow."

That is, plough it twice. And in Isaiah xxx. 24, we read of "the oxen and the young asses that *ear* the ground." *Aryan* was the name given to the tillers of the soil and to householders, and the title by which the once famous Medes and Persians were proud to call themselves. We find King Darius styling himself an *Arya* of the Aryans. It became a general name for the race who obtained possession of the land, and survives in *Iran*, the modern native name of Persia and in other names of places; even, as some think, in Ireland, which is called *Erin* by the natives. The name *Indo-European* is sometimes used instead of *Aryan*, and it is a better name because it conveys a clearer idea of the races included therein.

We will now inquire more fully into the old life of this interesting people, first treating of them in their common home, which will cause something more to be said about legends of the past; then of their arts and customs; the source from whence comes our knowledge of them; their religion; their myths, from which, as already hinted in the opening pages of this book, most of the myths and legends, and even some beliefs of the chief nations of Europe have come; and lastly, of the breaking-up of the tribes, when the children went forth heaven-guided, to plant the seed from which grew empires that have been the wonders of the world. Such survey will bring us near the time when some great religions had their rise, and of these an account will fitly follow.

(a) THE ARYANS IN THEIR UNDIVIDED STATE.

In the Zend-Avesta, or sacred book of the old Persian religion, only fragments of which have been preserved, there are some statements about the country peopled by the Aryans which seem to hold a little truth.

Sixteen countries are spoken of as having been given by Ormuzd for the Aryans to dwell in, each of which became tainted with evil. The first was named Airyanem-Vaejō and it was created a land of delight, but, to quote the ancient legend "the evil being Ahriman, full of death, made a mighty serpent and winter, the work of the Devas" (or bad spirits.)

The land thus vaguely spoken of is believed to be the highest ground in Central Asia, and to have been the scene of changes which gave rise to a cold climate with but two months of summer in the year. In this Persian legend we have one of the many traditions which have come down from the past concerning disaster and ruin befalling fair lands where men once dwelt in peace. The most widespread of these, being in fact found among all the leading races of the world, is that which tells of a fearful flood which drowned mankind. The sea-shells and fossil fishes imbedded in rocks now many hundreds of feet above the level of the sea could only be accounted for by supposing either that the sea once came up and covered the highest hills, leaving its wrecks behind; or that the mountains had been down in the sea; and as the former seemed the more likely of the two, the tradition took that shape.

I shall have to resist the temptation to relate many of these traditions, but the Chaldean must be told because of its striking likeness to the record of the Flood in the Book of Genesis. There are in fact two Chaldean accounts of the Deluge, one of which, belonging to a series of legends on tablets found among the ruins of Nineveh, has of late come to light, and resembles that now given. It is said that the god Ilu (see chapter xi.) warned Xisuthrus of a flood by which mankind would be destroyed, and commanded him to write a history of all things and to bury it in the City of the Sun. He was then to build a ship, and take refuge in it with his relations and friends, and also every kind of beast and bird, with needful food for all. This he did, and when the flood came sailed as he was bidden "to the gods." That he might know whether the waters had abated, he sent out birds three times, and the third time they came back no more, by which he judged that the earth was again dry land. Looking out from a window he found that the ship had stranded upon the side of some mountain, and he thereupon quitted it with his wife and daughter. After worshipping the earth and offering sacrifice to the gods, he was translated to live in their high dwelling-place, and as he arose he bade farewell to those whom he had left in the ship, and told them to return to Babylon and dig up the books which he had buried. This they did, and taught from those books the true religion to the Chaldeans.

The Babylonians and the Jews were mem-

bers of the same race, and this may explain the likeness between their traditions. Thus the Chaldean records speak of the building of the Tower of Babel, the legend of which has just been found on another tablet from Nineveh, how the first inhabitants of the earth, glorying in their own strength and size and despising the gods, undertook to raise a tower whose top should reach the sky in the place where Babylon now stands, but when it approached the heaven, the winds helped the gods, and overthrew the work upon its builders; then the gods confused the speech of men, who till that time had all spoken the same language. The Bible gives *ten* patriarchs who lived before the flood, each of whom died at a great age, and the Chaldean history speaks of *ten* kings whose reigns, added together, amount to 432,000 years, while in Arab, Chinese, Hindu and German legend, *ten* mythical persons are said to have lived before the dawn of history. So strongly runs the likeness between the old traditions, a likeness to be expected, since they are children of one parent. That parent was the busy, wonder filled mind of man, when it shaped the creatures of its fancy out of the facts around; creatures that have found a home among every people.

You must read elsewhere the story of the Northern giants who were sent to overturn the earth, and who drowned all mankind save an old couple whom the gods told to dance on the bones of the earth (by which of course the *stones* are meant) nine times, whence arose nine pairs of men and women; of the Greek and his wife who, when the flood came, took refuge in an ark, and leaving it when the land was dry, threw stones behind them, which were thereupon changed into men; of the Hindu who saved the life of a fish, for which kind deed the grateful creature rescued him, when the great waters came, by fastening his ship to its horn; and of the South Sea fisherman who by his ill luck caught his hooks in the water-god's hair, which so angered the god that he drowned the world, but, strange to say, spared the fisherman.

Leaving the legends, it would seem that the Aryans had gradually spread themselves over that part of Asia called Bactria; the tribes that afterward settled in Persia and India dwelling, some in the north-east, others in the south-east; while the western part of the country was occupied by the tribes that were to people Europe. We shall see at the end of this chapter in what order they are thought to have left.

(2) THEIR STATE OF CIVILIZATION.

Of the forefathers of the Aryans nothing is known. Remains yielded by every quarter of the globe show that mankind passed through a state when the rudest and roughest tools were gladly used, and there can be little doubt that although the Aryans had

learnt the value of metals, they were the offspring of people who had in a far-off past made shift with stone, bone, wood, and such like materials. At the unknown period when the Aryans dwelt on the rich pastures and fertile soil of their high table-land they were far in advance of a savage state. They were not dwellers in tents like the Arabs, nor in wagons like the Scythians, but they had reached the settled life of a people whose dwellings were grouped into villages or small towns, between which roads had been made. Their houses were strongly built, with walls round them. Their chief wealth was in bulls and cows, and they had horses, dogs, pigs, goats, fowls, etc. In fact, the wild stocks of several of our domestic animals still exist in Central Asia, from whence they were brought by the Aryans into Europe. They did not depend entirely for food upon milk and flesh, but tilled the soil a little, sowing barley, and perhaps wheat, which they ground in mills. They had ploughs and other implements, and also weapons of bronze. Gold, silver and copper were known among them, but probably iron was as yet unknown. The arts of weaving and pottery-making were practised, and they had small boats moved by oars, but without masts and sails. They had learnt to count as far as one hundred, and to divide the year into twelve months, as suggested chiefly by the movements of the moon. Names were given to the members of families related by marriage as well as by blood. A welcome greeted the birth of children as of those that brought joy to the home, and the love that should be felt between brother and sister was shown in the names given; *bhrâtar* being he who sustains or helps; *svâsar*, she who pleases or consoles. The daughter of each household was called *duhitâr*, from *duh*, a root which in Sanskrit means to milk, by which we know that the girls in those days were the milking maids. Father comes from a root *pâ*, which means to protect or support; mother, *mâtâr*, has the meaning of maker. Thus did the old words carry within them the sense of those duties which each member of the family owed to the rest.

The groups of families which made up a tribe or clan were ruled by a chief, aided by heads of households, and under these the laws were carried out. A king was set over all; one doubtless chosen for his bravery and wisdom, who commanded the army and made peace or war. He was also supreme judge, but any cases upon which he felt it hard to decide were settled by what is called *ordeal* or the judgment of God, as it was believed to be. That the innocence or guilt of an accused person might be arrived at, he had to submit to some test, such as being passed through fire (from which comes our phrase about any one who has been scolded; we say he has been "hailed over the coals"), or thrown into water, and, in the words of the law-book of the ancient Hindus, "he whom

the flame does not burn and he who does not float without effort on the water, must be accepted as truthful." Trial by ordeal was common among ancient nations, and was supported by both law and clergy in the dark ages of Europe.

(c) SOURCE OF OUR KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THE ARYANS.

Ethnology (from Greek *ethnos*, a tribe or nation, and *logos*, a discourse) is the name given to the science which treats of the races of mankind. Our present knowledge strengthens the early belief that man first arose in one part of the earth, but the result of many causes, such as changes in climate, removal to new lands, different food, working through long ages, has been to create wide varieties in his descendants, such as we see between an Englishman and a Negro, and between a Hindu and a Chinaman. In dividing mankind into races, men of science have tried many methods, tracing out likeness in shape and size of skull, in color of skin and hair, in manners, customs and beliefs, in language, etc., but no one of these has succeeded in accounting for all the varieties in the human race.

What immense service one of these methods has been will now appear.

The Aryans, whose manner of life has been sketched in its main features, have left behind them no ruins of temples or tombs, no history stamped on pieces of baked clay or cut on rocks, no weapons or tools of stone, bone or metal, so far as is known, and it is by means of language alone that we can rebuild the villages of the old Aryan land and bring before the mind some picture of life in them thousands of years ago.

When a bone with scratchings upon it is dug from out a cavern floor, there may be room for doubt whether the hand of a man working with stone tool, or the teeth of a brute, have made the marks; but wherever we find words there is no doubt that man has used them: and it was through them that the secret about these Aryan forefathers came to light.

There were seen to be so many points of likeness between certain languages which could be accounted for only by supposing those languages to be the offspring of one mother-tongue. This likeness was noticed in the homely words and common names which make up so much of the speech of everyday life; it was most marked in the numerals and pronouns; and, what is of greater importance, in the forms of grammar; the endings of nouns and verbs; the adding of the letter *s* to form plurals, etc.

As language is "a map of the science and manners of the people who speak it," the thing for which a name exists must have been known, and if it be found with the same name among nations widely apart and between whom there has been no meeting for

ages, we have fair proof that their ancestors once lived together and used the thing. If we find a common name for *house, boat, plough, grain*, in Sanskrit, Greek, and other leading languages, we may be nearly certain that these things were known to the tribes before they parted, whereas if the name for *sea* differs, it follows that the Aryans were an inland race and knew nothing of the wide waters that laved the distant coasts. There is further proof of this in the smallness of their skiffs or canoes, which it is clear were for river use, since, as already stated, they had no masts or sails.

There are certain differences in the words, arising from the changes to which the sounds of a language are liable, one sound being often used in the place of another, as is the case, for example, with children in trying to utter certain words. These changes were found to have taken place upon a large scale in all the Indo-European languages, and their nature is now fully known and set forth in modern grammars. They are grouped together under the title of "Grimm's Law," from the name of their discoverer.

It is true it does not follow that the English and Germans are of the same race because their languages are so much alike, for there are cases in history where a people, without any change in itself, has lost its mother-tongue and spoken the language of its conquerors, but this has taken place only when it has been so entirely subdued as to be civilized by the victors, as for example when the Romans conquered Gaul and well nigh stamped out the Gaulish speech, putting Latin in its place. This, however, does not apply to the Aryan nations in their wars with non-Aryan races.

Before giving a list of the languages known to be offshoots from one parent stem, it may be well to explain that language is everywhere found to be in one of the three following states:

First—When roots, by which is meant sounds from which all languages spring, are used as words without any change of form.

Secondly—When two roots are joined together to form words.

Thirdly—When two roots are joined together, but when they, thus joined, lose their independent form.

The Chinese language, which consists of words of one syllable, is the best living example of language in its *first* stage, and beyond which, it is held by a few learned men, some languages never rise, however long they may live.

The Finnic, Hungarian, etc., languages represent language in its *second* stage.

The Aryan and Semitic languages represent language in its *third* and highest stage.

This example will show the change which the roots of certain languages undergo:

First state . . He is *like God*.
Second state . He is *God-like*,
Third state . He is *God-ly*.

Table of Aryan or Indo-European Languages.

In India:

Sanskrit, The language in which the Vedas or sacred books of the Brahmans are written, and the parent of the modern dialects of Hindustan.

Zend, . . The language of the ancient Persians and of their sacred book, the Zend-Avesta.

The languages now spoken in Persia, Afghanistan, Kurdistan, Armenia and Ceylon, and the dialects of the *Gypsies* are Aryan, those strange wanderers having without doubt come from India.

In Europe:—

Celtic, . Once the language of a large part of Europe, but now spoken only in Wales, the Isle of Man, and some parts of Ireland and Scotland.

Teutonic, Under which name the languages that have given birth to the English, German, Icelandic, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, etc., are grouped.

Slavonic, The language spoken in many dialects all over Russia in Europe and part of Austria.

Greek, . The parent of modern Greek.

Latin, . The language of ancient Rome (which was in the little province of *Latium*) and the parent of the Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Wallachian languages.

No one of these can be pointed out as the source from which the others have come, because although Sanskrit has preserved its words in their most primitive state, each of the others has also kept some form which Sanskrit has lost. It is one of the few facts of history that before the Hindus crossed the mountains that lay between Bactria and India, and before the Celts and other tribes left for the west, their common ancestors spoke the same language; a language so firmly settled that Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, Germanic, Slavonic and Celtic words are simply *alterations* of its words and not *additions* to it. A few plain examples will best make this clear, and close what some of you will call the driest chapter in the book.

Sanskrit.	Zend.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.	Slavonic.	Irish.
Father	pitar	patēr	pater	fadar	mati	athair
Mother	mātar	mētēr	mater	brōthar	brat'	mathair
Brother	brātar	phrātēr	frater	svistār	sestra	brathair
Sister	svāsar	thugatēr	soror	dauhtar	man	siur
Daughter	dughdhar	domos	me	mik	domū	dear (?)
Me	demana	naus	domus	navis	govjado	me
House	naw	bous	navis	Anglo-Saxon.	ech	daimh
Boat	gāo	hippos	equus	Old High German.	svinia	noi or nai
Ox & Caw (nom. gaus)	aspa	hus	sus	mūs	mysz	bó
Horae	āsū, asva	mus	mus	Mæso-Gothic	Slavonic.	
Sow	sū	diu	tres	thri	dau	tri
Mouse	mūsh					
Two	dwa					
Three	thri					

I have sought to make this matter simple enough that you may see how language is filled with wealth of knowledge about the past, and how sure a guide it is to the manners, customs and beliefs of those who "being dead, yet speak" by it.

(d.) THE RELIGION OF THE ARYANS.

In the second part of my former book, "The Childhood of the World," I tried to show by what steps man rose from the worship of sticks and stones and rivers, to a belief in one all-wise and all-good God. It is not needful to go over that ground again, as in learning from whence the Aryan drew his idea of the gods, we shall see to what extent he had got beyond the lower beliefs of his ancestors. He had not reached the highest idea to which man can climb, that God is the unseen life of all and that "there is none other but he," for his belief was shaped from what he saw.

Before the notions about things which the senses give had been corrected by reason and the long experience of mankind, man explained the movements of nature by his own movements. He knew that he moved because he lived and willed to do whatever he did, and that the dead moved not. So he believed that sun, moon, stars, clouds, rivers

and the like, had life within them because they moved, and that theirs was a freer, stronger life than his own; obeying a will more powerful than his will. By a short step the thing spoken of as alive came to be looked upon as a person, and where two or more names were given to the same object the idea of two or more persons sprang therefrom. The spread of this idea would be aided by the division of lifeless things thus believed to have a personal life into masculine or feminine gender, of which some languages afford such curious and, to those who are learning them, tedious illustrations.

Although the Aryan addressed the earth as "mother," and invoked her to grant him blessings, he did not regard it as a god. How much there was in it to arouse his sense of wonder it is not hard for us to see, but it appeared to him to depend, like himself, upon some greater powers who could plunge it in darkness or withhold from its thirsty soil the welcome rain. So he looked up to the broad heaven that arched in the earth at every point, and from whence came each morning the light that cheered his life and took away the fear with which the night filled his heart. And there, so it seemed to him, lived and moved in strength and majesty the great lord of all, whom he named *Dyaus*, from a root *div* or *dyu*, which means *to shine*. This was the most ancient of the names by which the Aryans spoke of him who seemed the god of gods, and it is the name by which you and I often speak of the one God in Whom we believe, for it was borne away with other cherished home-words by the tribes when they left their mother-country, and as wherever they went the same heaven was above them, it was not readily forgotten. *Dyaus* is the same as *Zeus* in Greek; *Jovis* and *Deus* in Latin; and *Tiu* in German. From *Deus* comes our word *Deity*, which therefore means the God Who is light, and from *Tiu*, Saxon god of war, comes our *Tuesday*. In the Rig-Veda or chief sacred book of the Brahmans, the hymns of which have preserved the earliest known form of the Aryan religion, the gods are called *deva*, meaning *bright*.

Dyaus, the god of the bright sky and chief deity among the Aryans, was, as will be seen in the chapter on the older Hindu religion, only one of several names by which they invoked the moving powers of nature. The same name was given to different objects in the heavens, and the same object was called by as many names as the fancy of the on-looker invented. As the powers of nature came to be thought of as persons, it was by an easy step that they were called husband and wife, mother and son, brother and sister. It was long ago a beautiful and forceful myth among mankind, and one still found among races in the myth-making stage, that heaven and earth are the father and mother of all things. Upon this matter a great light is

thrown by the name *Jupiter*. This word means what in the Veda *Dyaus-pitar*, and in the Greek *Zeus-pater*, mean—Heaven-Father! Professor Max Müller, who has the rare gift of putting into sweetest words things that to the common eye look the driest, writes thus about this most interesting fact:

"We have in the Veda the invocations *Dyaus-pitar*, the Greek *Zeus-pater*, the Latin *Jupiter*: and that means in all the three languages what it meant before these three languages were torn asunder—it means Heaven-Father! These two words are not mere words; they are to my mind the oldest poem, the oldest prayer of mankind, or at least of that pure branch of it to which we belong—and I am as firmly convinced that this prayer was uttered, that this name was given to the unknown God before Sanskrit was Sanskrit, and Greek was Greek, as when I see the Lord's Prayer in the languages of Polynesia and Melanesia, I feel certain that it was first uttered in the language of Jerusalem. We little thought when we heard for the first time the name of Jupiter, degraded it may be by Homer or Ovid into a scolding husband or a faithless lover, that sacred records lay enshrined in this unholy name. We shall have to learn the same lesson again and again in the Science of Religion, viz., that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the West and the East: they have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far and as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words, and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven-Father, in that form which will endure forever, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

Besides having common names for their chief gods, the Aryans had words to express the duties which they felt must be fulfilled toward the powers whose smiles they coveted and whose frowns they feared; as *sacrifice*, *prayer*, *altar*, *spirit*.

Sacrifice is the oldest of all rites. Man's first feeling toward the gods was that of fear. They ruled over all things; life and death were in their hands, and therefore it seemed needful to offer them something to win their favor. When he saw that the blessings of heaven outnumbered the ills, fear gave place to love, and *thank-offerings* were made. As the feeling grew that the gods must be better as well as stronger, the desire to have their

forgiveness for bad deeds done and for good deeds left undone led to *sin-offerings*.

And as the sense of a common need was stronger than any other tie that bound the family together, the father, as its head, built the altar and laid the gift upon it. These gifts of things which could be seen and touched were a simple, and in fact the only, mode by which man could show the feeling of his heart; but in course of time the first meaning of the gifts was lost and they were looked upon not merely as *showing* something, but as *being* something. The place where they stood was revered; there men raised a temple (so called from the Latin *templum*, which means *a space cut off*), and a class of men grew up who made easy claim to power with the gods which they said was not given to all men. Thus religious rites, which were believed to have certain charms about them, were done by the priests only, and two great evils thereby came about. First, people believed that the priests knew more about the unseen than other men, and so, leaving religion to them, gave up *thinking*; ceased to use the greatest gift which made them men. How frightfully this has kept the world back, we have the saddest proofs even to-day, in our forgetfulness that the voices of God are around us; that His secrets are not with any one class of men, but with them that fear Him, with them that are true to what they feel to be highest and best, whoever they may be. Next, the belief that certain buildings are more sacred than others, and that one kind of work is holier than another, has caused people to think that God is more with the priest than He is with the peasant, and more likely to be present in a church than in a house or shop. The Psalmist knew better than that, for he asked, "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" And so did Jesus when he told the people that to the pure in heart there was *some* showing of God's blessed face, and that *not* on mountain or in city only, but *everywhere* He could be worshiped. The earth is a temple, and all honest work is service therein.

Sacrifice was an important part of the Aryan religion. A rude altar of turf or stones was piled upon some high place under the open sky, and the wood laid upon it was kindled by rubbing two dried branches together. One chief offering to the gods was the fermented juice of the Soma or moon-plant, which, being a strong drink, gave new excitement to those who took it, and was believed to impart power to the gods. It was offered to them in ladles, or thrown into the fire. It was thought to work miracles, and afterward became one of the chief gods among the Hindus. In a Vedic hymn the worshippers say:

"We've quaffed the Soma bright,
And are immortal grown;

We've entered into light,
And all the gods have known.
What mortal now can harm,
Or foeman vex us more?
Through thee, beyond alarm,
Immortal God! we soar."

(See also chapter vii).

Other gifts, such as butter (produce of the valued cow), grains of barley, cakes, etc. were presented, and at solemn seasons animals were offered, the highest sacrifice being that of the horse, which creature was a frequent victim among the Scandinavians. Tacitus tells us that among the Teutons sacred white horses, never ridden by men, were kept in groves, and fed at the public cost.

The Veda gives an insight into the hymns and prayers used at these sacrifices, and the *Vach*, or "Goddess of Speech," who taught the people to worship in spirit as well as in form, is praised in words which are very like those about Wisdom in the eighth chapter of Proverbs:

"I uphold both the sun and the moon, the firmament and fire. I am queen and mistress of riches, I am wise. Listen then to me, for I speak words worthy of belief. Whom I love I make holy and wise. . . . I pervade heaven and earth. I bore the father on the head of this (universal mind), and my beginning is in the midst of the ocean; therefore do I pervade all beings, and touch this heaven with my form. I breathe in all worlds; I am above this heaven, beyond this earth; and what is the great one, that am I."

This brief sketch of Aryan religion, especially the early notions of virtue and divine power abiding in the Soma, shows us a truth which is every day becoming clearer; that the things which are thought to belong only to one religion are common to all religions. The Roman Catholic priest who elevates the consecrated bread called the "host" (from Latin *hostia*, a victim), is after all but an imitator of the old Aryan worshiper who, when he offered the Soma, raised the wooden cup that held it.

(e) ARYAN MYTHS.

You know that there is found among every people what is called a *mythology* (from Greek *mythos*, a fable, and *logos*, a word), under which name may be classed all legends and traditions, and also the fairy tales to which boys and girls listen so eagerly. There is common to myth and folk-lore the stories of the loves and quarrels of gods and goddesses, the feasts they ate, and the foes they slew; of heroes fighting with monsters for the rescue of fair maidens from dark dungeons and enchanted castles, of love-sick princes crossing wide seas in quest of the princess whom they wish to marry, and doing many deeds of daring to win her; of brave and cunning dwarfs that kill greedy, cruel and stupid giants; of strange creatures that lived in forest, in stream and underneath the ground—in Northern lands, known as nixies or water-

sprites; as trolls or hill-dwarfs; as golden-haired elves that come from Elf-home at moonlight to dance in fairy rings upon the grass and make the air gently tremble with the soft music of their magic harps; in Southern lands, the naiades or water-nymphs, the satyrs and fauns and pigmies—and, all the world over, the beings too many to name, that dwell in wonder-land. Then there are the legends that people the air with the spirits of the dead, with sheeted ghosts, thirsty vampires, witches and the like; that tell of strange powers for good or evil possessed by living and lifeless things, of men changed into bears, and wolves and stones; of maidens changed into swans; of waters of life and death and forgetfulness; of magic horns, lamps, cudgels, table-cloths and necklaces; of flasks that fill the ocean and talismans that open hidden stores of gold and gems; legends accounting for the cross on the ass's back, the marks on the haddock, the bear's stumpy tail, the robin's red breast, the wasp's narrow waist, the echoes among the hills, the saltiness of the sea, the spots on the moon, and so on. We must also include as more or less out-growths of myth the great Epics (or poems describing the deeds of heroes) of the Aryan nations; in Norseland the tales of the Volsungs; in England, the tales of King Arthur and his Round Table Knights; in Greece, the Iliad and Odyssey; and the minor stories which are found among many peoples, such as the skill of Tell the archer, and the mistake of the prince who slew the faithful dog Gellert, that had saved his child from the wolf. Now, strange to tell, just as the languages of the English, Russians, Hindus and other Aryan nations have come from one source, so also have many of their myths, legends and fairy tales. It is worth your while to hear how this has been found out.

Much that was passed by in former years as meaningless and unworthy of notice has in our day been looked at with care and found to be full of history and meaning.

Thus it has been with nursery tales, which of all things one might think would be the least likely to throw any light upon the past, or to yield instruction as they yield amusement. For some years learned men have taken down these tales from the lips of old goodies, unlearned peasants, and servants in India, Germany, Russia, Scotland, and else where, and on putting them side by side, have traced a strong likeness running through the whole. Now we are sure that the old grannies in Northern Europe did not learn their tales from Hindu books or storytellers, and the resemblance can be explained only by supposing that the Aryan tribes carried with them from their one Asian home a common stock of stories as well as a common speech and a common name for the Heaven-Father.

What was the foundation of all these stories we shall presently see; but it cost

great labor to get at, because the older form had become overlaid, the gods of the early myths being the heroes of mock history, and these again the giants and knights of fireside tales.

The question was asked if the mythologies of the ancients were merely absurd stories invented to please a low, bad taste, or stories which held within them a pure meaning, hidden, but not departed? For if this better meaning could be found it might tell something of the purpose myths once served to those who framed them, and of the views they had of things.

In looking at the Greek myths, it seemed unlikely that a people who have made the world more beautiful to all of us, whose sweet singers charm us still, and of whose wise teachers the wisest of our time gladly learn, should have been the sons of men who invented out of filthy minds the mass of coarse and horrid stories which make up so much of their mythology; such as those telling of Krónos maiming his father and swallowing his own children; of Tantalus roasting his son and giving the gods his flesh to eat; and of Ædipus killing his father and becoming the husband of his own mother.

The doubt led, as doubts always lead, to inquiry, and the inquiry brought out the truth that the older meaning of these tales had been forgotten by the later Greeks, the wisest among whom were shocked at such stories of the gods, one of them saying, "If the gods do aught unseemly, then they are not gods at all."

They could not trace, as we can, their birthplace, their language, and their legends to the old Aryan home, and accounted for these things in a proud and foolish way. They called every people around them *barbarians*, in mockery of the *barbar* of which their language seemed made up.

The mode by which the meaning of the Greek myths has been found is this: The earliest forms of myth are contained in the Veda; and the older Sanskrit, in which it was written, has preserved the first forms of the words more than the later Sanskrit or any other Aryan language. Therefore Greek words, the meaning of which was wholly or partly hidden, but the kindred forms of which in Sanskrit were known, were compared with them, and then the meaning became clear. For example, in Greek legend, Athênê is said to be the daughter of Zeus, having sprung from his forehead.

Taking this by itself, its meaning is hard to find. But when, as we saw in this chapter, the Greek *Zeus* is found to be the Sanskrit *Dyaus*, we know that something about the sky is meant. The Greek *Athênê* is probably the Sanskrit *Ahanâ* which means the dawn. A hymn in the Veda says of her: "Ahanâ comes near to every house, she who makes every day to be known." Therefore the

Greek legend may be said to mean that the dawn springs from the forehead of the sky, or, as we should say in English, rises out of the east.

Now, although such a myth as that of Athênê, with very many others that could be told, are to us but sweet and pretty conceits, they were not so to the Aryans, who, as we have seen, believed all things which moved to have life; sun, moon, star, and uprising, fleet-footed dawn a strong, grand life, and who spoke of them accordingly, meaning what they said, and not composing poetry for men to admire. Language is not the only proof of this; for the accounts which travelers give concerning the nature-myths framed by modern savages, in which dead but moving things are called living persons, show that the mind of man worked then as it works now. And the notions which young children often form about their toys aptly illustrate the mythic age through which every race passes. "To a little child not only are all living creatures endowed with human intelligence, but everything is alive. In his world pussy takes rank with Pa and Ma in point of intelligence. He beats the chair against which he has knocked his head; the fire that burns his finger is 'naughty fire;' and the stars that shine through his bed-room window are eyes, like mamma's and pussy's, only brighter."

And it is the same with man in a rude, untaught state, nor does he reach loftier ideas till a long time after his civilization has begun.

How true all this is we can never deeply feel, because it is not possible for us to put ourselves in the place of man in the myth-making stage of his growth. If we could forget all that science has taught us and believe that the sun was alive, we too; as the dreadful night wore away and the light of the stars grew fainter, should look with blended hope and fear to the east, and then, seeing the light-rays creeping up followed by the sun, welcome him as our life and say of him many things, calling him eye of heaven, a face with streaming locks, a god drawn by brilliant horses, a golden bird that died in the flame and rose again from the ashes. We too should speak of him as loving the dawn (an idea which has given rise to many tender myths), and when he sank in the west, and the soft light floated over him, as soothed to sleep or to death by the kisses of his loved one.

A careful study of the Aryan myths shows that they had for the larger part their birth in the ideas called forth by the changing scenery of the heavens in dawn and dusk, in sunrise and sunset, and the myriad shades and fleeting forms which lie between them; the dawn being the source of the richest myths. Of course every myth and legend is not to be thus accounted for, because that which is human and personal takes shape

and substance likewise. The mood of mind caused by things sad or joyful in the life of man; the sense of right and wrong, and the knowledge that within us the battle between these two is being fought; these, which are to those who feel deeply more real than even sunrises and sunsets, have had a large share in adding to the legends which make us creep closer to the light and move us now to laughter and now to tears. Then many events of history have been so misunderstood as to become mythical. Fable has been promoted into history; history has been lowered into fable; and history and fable have become mixed and gathered round great names, such as Cyrus, Charlemagne and far greater names than theirs.

Prof. Max Müller shows how easily a myth might grow out of the word *gloaming* (or evening twilight). Supposing that the exact meaning had been forgotten and that a proverb had been preserved in this form, "The gloaming sings the sun to sleep," an explanation would be needed. Nurses would tell their children that the gloaming was a good old woman who came every night to put the sun into his bed and who would be very angry if she found any little children still awake. The children would soon talk among themselves about Nurse Gloaming, and as they grew up would tell their children again of the same wonderful old nurse. It was in this and similar ways that in the childhood of the world many a story grew up which, adapted and decorated by a poet, became part and parcel of what we may call the mythology of ancient nations.

I must now tell you about one very important Aryan myth which has given rise to a group of legends, and even become part of some great religions. All the Aryan nations, and also some other nations with whom they have had intercourse, have among their legends the story of a battle between a hero and a monster. In each case the hero is the victor and sets free treasures which have been stolen and hidden by the monster, and so renders help to men. In Hindu myth it is the combat between Indra and the dragon Vritra; among the Romans it became the fight between Hercules and the three-headed monster Cacus; with the Greeks, among other like tales, it was the battle between Apollo and the terrible snake Python; in old Norse legend, between Sigurd and the coiled dragon Fafnir; and in Christian myth between St. George and the Dragon. We shall see what grave form the battle took in the old Persian religion and how the Satan of later Jewish belief was borrowed therefrom.

Let us now trace the birth and growth of this myth. Since the chief wealth of the Aryans was in their cattle, each man would do his utmost to increase the number of his flocks and herds. The cow was the creature most prized, for her milk fed his household, and every calf that was born made him richer.

She was to him what the camel is to the Arab and the buffalo to the Red Indian. And as she was the sign of fruitfulness and welcome gifts, so the bull was the sign of strength. The Aryan's enemy was he who stole the cattle, while he who saved them from the robber's clutch was the true friend.

We have seen where the Aryan looked for the dwelling-place of his gods. As he, in whom was born that same sense of wonder which his savage forefathers had, and which we his children have, lifted his eyes to the heaven whose rains watered the ground he tilled and whose sun ripened his fruits, he saw the clouds moving in their great majesty, filled through and through with the light or hiding it within their dark caverns. Nothing strikes man everywhere so much as the struggle between light and darkness; between the lightning piercing the clouds and letting loose the rain and the slow march of the black powers that hold the rain within their grasp; between the sun's rays and the cloud or fog they strive to rend asunder.

The heaven was to the Aryan a great plain over which roamed bulls and cows, for such the clouds seemed to him to be. Just as the cow yielded him milk, so those cows of heaven dropped upon the earth rain and dew, heaven's milk. The lord of the plain was the sun, he was the strong bull of heaven. Nor were these the only animals that wandered across the wide fields above, for endless as are the forms and shades of color of the clouds so endless were the creatures they were thought to be. The fancy of the myth-maker worked with the freedom with which we in sitting before a fire may picture any number of queer shapes and faces in the red-hot coals.

The Aryan thought that the dark clouds in the sky were the dwelling-place of a wicked monster who had stolen the cows and shut them up in the caverns of the piled-up mountains (the Sanskrit word *parvata* means both *cloud* and *mountain*) and who was drinking up the water needed by the thirsty earth and hiding the treasures of light and heat from men.

Unless the lord of the plains, the bull of bulls, killed this huge black thief (called by different names in the Veda; Vritra, serpent, wolf, black one, etc.), the cows could not be freed and brought back to their pasture. So with the storm-gods riding at his side, Indra (the name given him in the Veda) comes bellying, the fire (that is, the sun rays or lightning) flashing from him, his horns (or thunderbolts) tossing in anger. He slays the monster, cleaves the rocks asunder, and forthwith the light breaks out or the pent waters are loosed and pour down upon the parched land.

Thus I hope is made clear to you from whence the legends of fights between heroes and monsters have come. It is the victory of light over darkness, but the battle took a

more serious shape than that in later ages. The struggle that man saw between the powers of nature was but child's play compared to the deadly conflict between the powers of good and evil as they fought for the mastery over all things; but more of this when we have done with the myths.

The tales of princesses and ladies kept in dark prisons, from which some bold and gallant knight frees them, are later forms of the myths of the sun released from the darkness of the night; of the spring escaped from the chains in which winter had bound him; and of the waters delivered from their cloud-prisons.

This book is only a key to unlock the door to a gallery of wonders where you will find more learned and sure guides than he who now points the way. A mere list of what is to be seen therein would fill a very large book, and I must be content to end this chapter with a few proofs of the pure meaning hidden in Greek and other myths and of some curious likenesses between certain historic tales and nursery legends of East and West.

1. It is said of Kronos (which is a Greek name only) who was a son of Ouranos, with whom the race of gods began, that he swallowed his first five children soon after the birth of each.

Kronos means *time* and Ouranos *the heaven*. Ouranos is the same as the sky-god Varuna invoked in the Veda, whose name comes from a root *var*, *to veil*, heaven being spread like a veil over the earth.

The Greek myth simply means that Time swallows up the days which spring from it. The German story of the Wolf and the Seven Kids is something like it. "The Wolf swallowed all the kids except the youngest, which was hidden in the clock-case, the meaning being that Night swallows up the days of the week, but cannot eat the youngest because it is hidden, as to-day is, in the clock-case."

Tantalus (from which comes our word *tantalize*, to torment) was said to be king of Lydia, and when Zeus and all the gods came down to a feast which he gave them, he killed his own son and set the roasted flesh before them, to see whether they knew all things that take place. They knew what he had done and brought back the child to life, sending Tantalus to Tartarus, where all are banished who sin against the gods. There he was made to stand up to his chin in water, which sank lower whenever he tried to drink it; while branches of fruit hung over his head, but waved away each time that he sought to grasp them. The meaning is that the fierce sun kills the fruits of the earth, while the punishment means that if he glares too fiercely the water courses flee from him and the fruits wither away.

Saranyū is one of the names in Sanskrit for the dawn, and it explains the name

Erinyes given to the Greek furies or avenging gods. For as the morning brings to light the evil deeds done in the darkness, so the *Erinyes*, winged monsters with serpent locks and eyes with tears of blood, found out, and then punished, the crimes of men.

Among the many names for the sun in the Veda, he is called the golden-handed, from the golden rays shooting like fingers from him. In the course of time a story grew up that at a sacrifice he had cut off his hand and that the priests made a golden one in its stead. He was also called a frog when at rising or setting he seemed to be squatting on the water. Now in one of the West Highland tales there is a story of a frog who wishes to marry a princess, and who, when the princess consents to become his wife, is changed into a handsome man. The old meaning of this tale comes out in a Sanskrit story of Bheki the frog. She was a beautiful girl and one day when sitting near a well, a king saw her and asked her to be his wife. She consented on his promising never to show her a drop of water. One day being faint she asked the king for water; the king forgot his promise, brought her water and she vanished. Both stories grew out of a saying about the sun, such as that Bheki the sun will die at the sight of water, as we should say that the sun will set when it approaches the water from which it rose in the morning.

From these few examples you will more easily learn how the uncouth features of mythology have been caused by the Aryan tribes, when they became scattered, forgetting the first meaning of the words which they used when together. In looking at the Greek, Norse, German and other myths by the light of the Veda, we find the full, fresh thoughts of the mind of man when there were no bounds to his beliefs and fancies. Nature was the great storehouse from which he drew; the sunlight; the fresh morning air; the floating clouds, wind-driven; the spear-tipped lightning and the heaven-sent rain.

2. And now, as showing how these myths have actually forced their way into history and passed without question for a long time, just as bad coins will now and then pass among good ones, let me say a few words about William Tell.

The story is well known how in the 1307th year after Christ the cruel Gessler set a hat upon a pole as a symbol of the ruling power, and ordered every one who passed by to bow before it. A mountaineer named Tell refused to obey the order and was at once brought before Gessler. As Tell was known to be an expert archer, he was sentenced by way of punishment to shoot an apple off the head of his own son. The apple was placed on the boy's head and the father bent his bow; the arrow sped and went through the apple. Gessler saw that Tell before shooting had stuck another arrow in his belt and asked

the reason. Tell replied: "To shoot you, tyrant, had I slain my child." Now although the crossbow which Tell is said to have used is shown at Zurich, the event never took place! One poor man was condemned to be burnt alive for daring to question the story, but the poor man was right. The story is told not only in Iceland, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Russia, Persia, and perhaps India, but is common to the Turks and Mongolians, "while a legend of the wild Samoyedes, who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen." In its English form it occurs in the ballad of William of Cloudeslee. The bold archer says:

"I have a sonne seven years old;
Hee is to me full deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe.
And I myself with a broad arrowe
Shall cleave the apple in towne."

The story is an old Aryan sun-myth. Tell is the sun-god whose arrows (light-rays) never miss their mark, and likewise kill their foes.

There is another old tale over which I have cried as a boy. You have heard how the faithful dog Gellert killed the wolf which had come to destroy Llewellyn's child, and how, when the prince came home and found the cradle empty, and the dog's mouth smeared with blood, he quickly slew the brave creature, and then found the child safe and the wolf dead beside it. At Beddgelert, in North Wales, you may see the dog's grave neatly railed round!

Now this story occurs in all sorts of forms in the folk-lore of nearly every Aryan people, and is found in China and Egypt. In India a black snake takes the place of the wolf, and the ichneumon that of the dog, while in Egypt the story says that a cook nearly killed a Wali for smashing a pot full of herbs, and then discovered that amongst the herbs there lurked a poisonous snake.

It is safe to conclude that marvelous things which are said to have happened in so many places never happened anywhere.

But if we must give up these stories as legends, it is not all loss, since it tends to bring the story-tellers closer together, and to show how, under different skins the same hearts are beating, and how the same welcome is given in every age to the tales of brave, of loving, and of faithful deeds which men and women have wrought in this world of ours, and which make the legends possible.

3. But I must forbear, because I am sure you will like to hear a little about some tales that have sometimes dried your tears, and sometimes made you cry.

Let us see whether Cinderella is a British-born lady in disguise, or whether she came

from some very old nursery in the East. She must have come therefrom, for we find the framework of the story in the Veda, where Cinderella is a *dawn maiden*!

The aurora in her flight leaves no footstep behind her, but the prince Mitra (one of the Vedic names of the sun), while following the beautiful young girl, finds a slipper which shows her footstep and the size of her foot, so small that no other woman has a foot like it. This sun-myth which tells of a lost slipper, and of a prince who tries to find the foot to which it belongs, and who cannot overtake the chariot in which the maiden rides is the source of the dear old tale. Cinderella, as you will remember, was beautiful only when in the ball-room, or near the shining light. This means that the aurora is bright only when the sun is near, when he is away, her dress is of sombre color—she is *Cinderella*. The Greek form of the tale says that whilst Rhodopê was bathing, an eagle snatched one of her slippers from her maid and carried it to the King of Egypt, as he sat on his judgment seat at Memphis. The King fell in love with the foot to which the slipper belonged, and gave orders that its owner should be searched for, and when Rhodopê was found, the king married her.

In the Hindu tale a Rajah has an only daughter, who was born with a golden necklace which contained her soul, and the father was warned that if the necklace were taken off and worn by another, the princess would die. One birthday he gave her a pair of golden and jewelled slippers which she wore whenever she went out; and one day, as she was picking flowers upon a mountain, a slipper came off and fell down the steep side into the forest below. It was searched for in vain; but not long after, a prince who was hunting found and took it to his mother, who, judging how fair and highborn the owner must be, advised him to seek for her and make her his wife. He made public the finding of the slipper throughout the kingdom, but no one claimed it, and he had well-nigh despaired when some travelers from the Rajah's country heard that the missing slipper was in the hands of the prince, to whom they made known its owner's name. He straightway repaired to the Rajah's palace, and showing him the slipper, asked for the hand of the princess, who became his wife. After her marriage a jealous woman stole the necklace while she was sleeping, and, to her husband's deep grief, her body was carried to a tomb. But it did not decay, nor did the bloom of life leave her sweet face, so that the prince was glad to visit her tomb; and one day the secret whereby her soul could be restored was revealed to him. He recovered the necklace, placed it round her neck, and with joy brought her back to his palace.

The like framework of a slipper for whose pretty wearer a search is made and who becomes the finder's wife, occurs in the Serbian

tale of "Papalluga;" in the German tale of "Aschenputtel;" in the fable of La Fontaine about the "Milkmaid and her Pail;" and other variants of the story, whose birthplace, as we have seen, was in Central Asia "Beauty and the Beast" is also found in Hindu, Greek, Norse and other myth.

In the Greek story, Psychê is married to Cupid, who carries her to a secluded garden, where she sees him at night only. Her jealous sisters tell her that she is wedded to a loathly monster; and wishful to know the truth, she draws near to him with a lamp and finds him the loveliest of the gods. But a drop of hot oil fell on him, and he awoke to blame her and vanish. After hard toil and weary search she found him, and was reunited to him forever. In the German tale, the youngest of three daughters is married to a prince who is a hideous lion by day, and who tells her that he must never see the light. One day a sun-ray falls upon him through the chink of a door, and he is at once changed into a dove and flies away. His bride seeks him, and, aided by the sun, the moon and the north wind, frees him from the spell he is under, and lives with him "happily ever after." In the Gaelic tale the husband is a dog in the day-time; while in the Hindu tale it is a princess who is disguised in the skin of a withered old woman, which she takes off before dawn, but puts off again before the day breaks.

In all these there are common features, varied in detail by the story-teller's art and by the nature of the country and people where each has found a home.

Stories collected from very distant parts abound in which the place where some giant or magician keeps his "soul" or "heart" or "strength" is found out by the wily arts of a woman, who thereby has revenge for evil done to her or to her family. In the Norse tale of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body," the monster has turned six princes with their wives into stone, whereupon the seventh brother seeks to take vengeance on him. On his way he succors a raven, a salmon and a wolf, for which kind act each creature renders him service. The wolf carries him to the giant's castle, where the seventh princess is confined, who promises to find out where the giant keeps his heart. He more than once refuses to tell her, or tells her falsely, but at last yields, as Samson yielded to Delilah. He says, "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling." The princess tells this to the prince, who "rides on the wolf's back to the island; the raven flies to the top of the steeple and gets the church-keys; the salmon dives to the bottom of the well and brings up the egg from the place where the duck had dropped it." As soon as the prince has

the egg, he squeezes it, when the giant begs for his life, which the prince promises, on condition that he brings back to life the six brothers and their wives. But as soon as this is done, the prince breaks his word, squeezes the egg in two, and the giant dies.

The Hindu tale of "Punchkin" is very like this. A magician turns into stone all the daughters of a Rajah, with their husbands, but saves the youngest daughter, whom he wishes to marry. She has left a son at home, who goes in search of his mother; and finding her in the magician's tower, persuades her to discover the secret place where the tyrant keeps his heart. The ogre tells her that in the middle of the jungle there is a circle of palm trees, and in the center of the circle six jars full of water, below which is a little parrot in a cage; and if the parrot is killed, he too will die. The prince goes to the place, which is kept by dragons; but an eagle whom he has helped carries him to the water-jars, which he upsets, and then seizes the parrot. He frightens the magician into restoring his victims to life, and then pulls the bird to pieces. "As the wings and legs come away, so tumble off the arms and legs of the magician; and finally, as the prince wrings the bird's neck, Punchkin twists his own head round and dies." In the Arabian story, "the Jinn's soul is inclosed in the body of a sparrow, which is imprisoned in a box placed in other boxes put in chests contained in a marble coffer, which is sunk in the ocean that surrounds the world." The coffer is raised by the aid of a seal ring, the sparrow is taken out and strangled, whereupon, the Jinn's body becomes a heap of ashes, and the hero escapes with the maiden. Space quite forbids my quoting more tales of the same kind, which are found in Bohemian, Gaelic, Serbian, and other folk-lore, not forgetting, what is more remarkable than all, that like features exist in an Egyptian tale which is more than three thousand years old.

In the Jâtaka, a very ancient collection of Buddhist fables which, professing to have been told by Buddha, narrate his exploits in the five hundred and fifty births through which he passed before attaining Buddhahood, there are found "not a few of the tales which pass under the name of 'Æsop's Fables,'" and of the stories which are like those in other Western folk-lore.

In one of these a holy man, who has attained to a seat in the world of spirits, aids a sick brother by the gift of a magic hatchet, which at bidding brings fuel and makes a fire, and of a magic bowl, whose contents when emptied fill a mighty river; which reminds us of the magic tools in Norse tales; the scissors that cut out silk and satin from the air; the axe that cut the oak which grew bigger at the stroke of every other axe; and the magic salt wherewith the prince, when he frees the princess, makes a great mountain between

them and the giant who pursues them. In the Buddhist fables of the ungrateful beast from whose throat the crane removes a bone that stuck there; and of the frightened ass who, clothed in a lion's skin, brays like an ass, we are surprised to find ourselves face to face with familiar tales, part of a vast stock which come to us from far Japan to bleak Iceland, comprising the beast-fables of the world.

In Æsop we read of the fox who will not go into the lion's den, because he sees only the imprint of feet going in. In a Hottentot tale it is said that the lion was ill, and that all the beasts went to visit him except the jackal, who would not go, because the footsteps of those who went to see the lion did not turn back. So in a version of the famous old tale of "Reynard the Fox," the cock gets his head out of Reynard's mouth by making him answer the farmer; while in the Hottentot tale, the cock makes the jackal say his prayers, and when the befooled beast folds his hands and shuts his eyes, the clever bird flies away.

Then there are other legends and tales which, like the myths, are born of man's wondering outlook on nature, such as Little Red Riding Hood, who in the German story is cut out of the sleeping wolf by a hunter; Tom Thumb, who was swallowed by the cow, and came out unhurt; Saktidern, swallowed by the fish and cut out again; Jonah, swallowed by a sea-monster which casts him ashore unharmed; all of which are legends telling of the night devouring the sun.

But enough of illustration has been given to show how like to one another are many of the fairy tales, legends and myths of the Indo-European races, and I must end this long chapter with a brief account of the source from whence have come the stories of the "House that Jack built," and of the "Old Woman who couldn't get her Pig over the Stile." There is a poem at the end of the book of Passover services used by the Jews, which some among them regard as a parable of the past and future of the Holy Land. It contains ten verses, each ending with the refrain, "a kid, a kid," and it begins:

"A kid, a kid my father bought
For two pieces of money;"

and after telling how a cat came and ate the kid, and a dog came and bit the cat, and a staff came and beat the dog, and so, it concludes thus:

"Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!
And killed the Angel of Death,
That killed the butcher
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid."

We now bid farewell to the myths and reach a place where the ground is firmer beneath us, where the sky is as full of theme for wonder as it was to the old Aryans. We do not see in the sun a slayer of dragons or a weary traveler; in the lightning a fiery serpent; in the clouds cows with swelling udders to be milked by the wind-god; we see above us the stately, well-ordered march of sun, moon, star and cloud at the command of Him, who "bringeth out their host by number; He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power," and we know that "these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him! the thunder of His power who can understand?"

(f.) THE SEPARATION OF THE ARYAN TRIBES.

At last the time arrived when the mother-country had become too narrow for the growing numbers or when envious hordes burst in upon them, and when some of the children had to leave in search of food and work elsewhere.

It was an eventful period when they set forth to clear a path through the forests and ford the rivers and fight the foes that lay between them and the glorious future into which they were entering. They bore weapons upon their shoulders, but the mightiest weapon which they carried was unseen, even the power which made them men, and through which they or their children would awaken and use the great forces that had long lain safe in Nature's keeping, and also give to the lands over which they spread themselves religion, law and liberty, science, art and song.

There is a noble and stirring description in Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" of the departure of a tribe from its old home, which may fitly be quoted here. He speaks of the "tall, bare limbed men, with stone axes on their shoulders and horn bows on their backs;" "herds of gray cattle, guarded by huge lop-eared mastiffs;" "shaggy white horses, heavy-horned sheep, and silky goats," and tells of the path they took: "Westward, through the boundless steppes, whither or why we knew not; but that the All-Father had sent us forth. And behind us the rosy snow-peaks died into ghastly gray, lower and lower, as every evening came; and before us the plains spread infinite, with gleaming salt-lakes, and ever fresh tribes of gaudy flowers. Behind us dark lines of living beings streamed down the mountain slopes; around us dark lines crawled along the plains—all westward, westward ever. . . . Westward ever, who could stand against us? We met the wild asses on the steppe, and tamed them, and made them our slaves. We slew the bison herds, and swam broad rivers on their skins. The Python snake lay across our path; the wolves and wild dogs snarled at us out of their coverts; we slew them and went

on. The forest rose in black tangled barriers; we hewed our way through them and went on. Strange giant tribes met us, and eagle-visaged hordes, fierce and foolish; we smote them hip and thigh, and went on, westward ever."

If you look at a map of Asia you will see that the country where the eastern tribes dwelt is hemmed in by lofty mountains, while the region where the other tribes dwelt lies open to the west. Since those to the east could not enlarge their borders in that quarter, they pushed the others toward the land that stretched between them and Europe, which caused the Celtic tribes, who lived most to the west and whose descendants are found in the most westerly parts of Europe, to be the first to leave. These pioneers slowly overspread the face of Europe, and traces of the paths which they took remain in the Celtic names of places where they settled, and especially of rivers on whose banks they dwelt. They have ever been a restless people, but had they been disposed to settle they would have found it no easy task. The races who were already in possession of the soil did not yield without a struggle, while long afterward there poured in from the east the other Aryan emigrants to Europe. So the Celts had at last a hard time of it, and were driven onward by the Germans and Slavonians, who seemed to have traveled by a path north of the Caspian Sea, and by the common forefathers of the Greeks and Romans, who took a more southerly road, which brought them to the lands made famous by their sons.

Thus the old home was slowly cleared of most of its former inmates, and those who stayed behind, the ancestors of the Medes and Persians and Hindus, found wider breathing space, and came down from the higher valleys in the east to the more fertile parts.

Thus is explained the movements of the two branches of the Aryan family of mankind.

With this brief account we must now take leave of the tribes that went to Europe and follow the fortunes of those who remained together for a time. Their separation will lead me to speak of the growth of Hinduism or Brahmanism out of the old Aryan faith; of the rise of Zoroastrianism, the ancient religion of Persia; and of Buddhism.

After an account of these three great Aryan religions, we will cast a brief glance at the religions of China and then say somewhat of the Semitic race, among whom Judaism and Mohammedanism had their birth.

We shall thus have taken a rough survey of most of the living religions of the world, and I hope gained some clearer knowledge of the beliefs of hundreds of millions of our fellow-creatures.

Language, the same witness of which so large a use has been made already, is called

in to prove that the Eastern Aryans dwelt together for some time, united by nearly the same speech, by worship of the same gods, and observance of the same rites of their old religion. There are, however, traditions of a state of turmoil and of struggles with the restless tribes around them, who doubtless coveted the richer land where the Aryans had settled; still more of quarrels among themselves which gave rise to bitter hatred and then to separation, one branch moving southward into India. In the Zend-Avesta clear mention is made of this dispute, and although we do not know all the causes which led thereto, we know that religion had much, perhaps most, to do with it.

We saw that the old Aryan faith was an almost pure nature-religion, a worship of the powers which were seen in action around. Out of this there was slowly growing, as the result of man's thought about things and comparison of them with one another, a sense that underneath the *many* there was the *one*, and thus he was being led to the highest of all beliefs, "there is one God, and none other but He."

Among the men whom God sends but rarely, charged with this message of His unity, none stand out in purer outline than Zarathustra (commonly spelt, according to the Greek, Zoroaster). To him was given the great work of reforming, as he said, the faith of his country, and of founding a religion which was the grandest of all the Aryan creeds.

He met with bitter opposition from those who clung to the older and grosser faith, but these were worsted in the struggle; and at last the separation was complete. The tribes who would not accept the new religion had, there is reason for thinking, already crossed the passes of the high mountain range named the Hindu Kush, and after settling in the Punjab, slowly pushed their way along the valley of the Ganges, spreading themselves, in the course of centuries over India.

India is a land of mixed races. There are found among her tangled forests and rugged hills remnants of a savage people whose forefathers were probably the earliest dwellers, makers of the rough stone weapons found in various parts. These were subdued by invaders from the north-west, who were of a race allied to the Finns, Lapps, Mongols, etc., a race which seems to have covered large tracts of land, and to have laid the foundation upon which both the Aryan and Semitic families built their higher culture. They were far above the wild creatures whom they displaced, and therefore no mean foes for the Aryans to meet. The many huge erections of stones, in the form of circles, tables, etc., which India contains, and which are older than the rock-cut temples of the Buddhists, are their handiwork. But they had to yield before the greater force and skill of the Aryans, and

when caste was established, to take their place in the lowest class; their language, religion, and customs being more or less altered.

Up to the time of the entrance of the Aryans into India, scarcely a date is at hand to help us, neither does history become much clearer afterward, since the Hindus have been strangely careless in such a matter; unlike the Egyptians, who put down the time when the smallest events of daily life took place.

We will now pass on to some account of the Vedic faith and the religion which sprang therefrom.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN HINDU RELIGIONS.

The religion known as Brahmanism or Hinduism includes at this day the many Hindu sects who differ very much from one another, each having its own form of belief and worship, but all revering the Vedas as the inspired word of God, and numbering together about 120 millions of mankind, or one-tenth of the human race. Some however, state their number at 150 millions. Unlike the religions founded by Christ, Zoroaster, and Mohammed, the history of Brahmanism does not gather round a person. A lifetime would not compass the study of its sacred books, and it is a religion very hard to explain, indeed, we know far less about it than we know about the old Aryan religion of which it is the corrupt offspring. It is like a mass of shapely and shapeless things huddled together, which no manner of art could arrange into a well-set whole. It is rich with the profoundest and saddest thought of a deeply religious people, but teaching that it should be the end of every life to shut its ears to the call of duty, to be unmoved by pleasure or by pain, and to sit down to dreamy thinking, it has caused the Hindus to run into the grossest and most loathsome superstitions, and to obey the most foolish, priest-made rules about food and cleansing and such like things.

This must be the case with every religion which strives to dry up the passions and emotions of men, instead of turning them into channels where they may flow to benefit and bless others.

In tracing the history of Brahmanism, we must begin with some account of the religion of the Aryan Hindus, of which a knowledge is obtained from the Vedas.

The discovery of these ancient scriptures has been an immense gain, for without them we should have remained ignorant of the causes which led to the founding of Zoroastrianism and Buddhism, as well as of the

nature of the old Aryan religion and from which the Vedic religion differs but little.

Veda means *knowledge, science*, and is a word kindred to our English *wisdom, to wit*, and the many like words. Although it is used in a plural form to include four collections of hymns, there is but one true, ancient Veda, called the *Rig-Veda*, and from that our account of the old Hindu faith will be drawn.

It contains the hymns in which the Aryans who first entered India, praised their gods, and the oldest of such hymns are believed to have been composed 2400 years before Christ, or above 4200 years ago. They exceed one thousand in number, and are of various lengths, from one to more than fifty verses or *ric*, meaning *praise*, hence the name *Rig-Veda*, or *Veda of praise*. Their authors are called *Rishis*, which means *seer or sage*.

Some 600 years before Christ every word, every verse and every syllable was counted, and the number agrees with existing copies as nearly as one could expect. The Brahmins have the holiest veneration for the four Vedas, and believe them to be so entirely the work of God as to have existed in His mind before time began. They make a great difference between these writings and all the others, which they call *Smriti*, or *tradition*, or that which is handed down from ancient teachers by one age after another; while the Vedas and Brâhmanas are *Sruti*, or *hearing, revelation*, or that which comes direct from God.

The gods chiefly addressed in the Rig-Veda are Agni, fire; Prithivi, the earth; Maruts, the storm; Ushas, etc., the dawn; Mitra, Sûrya, etc., the sun; Varuna, the all-surrounder; Indra, the sky; and Soma, a name given at a later period to the moon. Vishnu, who afterward became a leading god in the Hindu Trimûrti, or Trinity, is also a name for the sun in the Veda.

As stated in chapter vi., the Aryan did not place the earth in the highest rank; she was only partly divine. It was not so, however, with fire, that thing of mystery and shapeless power, a merciless master, a helpful servant, at whose worship none can be amazed. Agni, god of fire (akin to Latin *ignis*, whence our word *ignite*, to set on fire), has more hymns addressed to him than any other god. He it is who lives among men, who is the messenger between earth and heaven, the sole guarding and guiding power left to shelter men and dispel the gloom when the sun has set. His wonderful birth from two pieces of wood rubbed together is sung in glowing language, the ten fingers of the kindler are ten virgins who bring him into being, the two pieces of wood are his father and mother. Because the butter when thrown into the flame makes it mount higher and burn brighter, it was believed to be the gift Agni loved best, and as the flame rose upward it was believed to carry to heaven

the gifts heaped upon it. This is one of many hymns to him:

"Agni, accept this log which I offer to thee, accept this my service; listen well to these my songs.

"With this log, O Agni, may we worship thee, thou son of strength, conqueror of horses! and with this hymn, thou high-born!

"May we thy servants serve thee with songs, O granter of riches, thou who lovest songs and delightest in riches.

"Thou lord of wealth and giver of wealth, be thou wise and powerful; drive away from us the enemies!

"He gives us rain from heaven, he gives us inviolable strength, he gives us food a thousandfold.

"Youngest of the gods, their messenger, their invoker, most deserving of worship, come, at our praise, to him who worships thee and longs for thy help.

"For thou, O sage, goest wisely between these two creations (heaven and earth, gods and men), like a friendly messenger between two hamlets.

"Thou art wise, and thou hast been pleased; perform thou, intelligent Agni, the sacrifice without interruption, sit down on this sacred grass!"

In our account of the religion of Zoroaster, we shall see what awe his followers felt toward fire, as the nearest emblem of the divine.

Among the gods of the air, we find hymns in the Veda to the Maruts and others, but it is Indra who receives highest praise. Dyaus, as we have already seen, was one of the names common among the undivided Aryans, but among the Hindu tribes his place was taken by Indra. Indra rose from Dyaus, the sky, who was his father, and from Prithivī, the earth, where she and sky met, therefore Prithivī was his mother. This Vedic myth of Indra as their son is kept in mind at Brahman marriages, when the bridegroom says to the bride, "I am the sky, thou art the earth, come let us marry." It is Indra, you will remember, who slays the demon Vritra, and who is refreshed for his mighty deed by drinking three lakes of *soma*, the water of strength.

Soma means "extract," and the plant from which it is obtained is akin to the common milkweed. The Aryans no sooner found out the strange power in the juice to excite and produce frenzy than they believed it to be divine, since it seemed to give a god-like strength. It was raised to the rank of a god, and called king of heaven and earth, conqueror of all. The hymns to Soma occupy an entire book of the Veda: one of the most beautiful is quoted at page III of the "Childhood of the World," and therefore need not be repeated here.

Indra is praised thus in the Rig-Veda:

"He who as soon as born is the first of the deities, who has done honor to the gods

by his deeds; he at whose might heaven and earth are alarmed and who is known by the greatness of his strength; he, men, is Indra.

"He who fixed firm the moving earth, who spread the spacious firmament; he, men, is Indra.

"He who having destroyed Vritra, set free the seven rivers; who recovered the cows; who generated fire in the clouds; who is invincible in battle; he, men, is Indra.

"He to whom heaven and earth bow down; he at whose might the mountains are appalled; he who is drinker of the Soma juice, the firm of frame, the adamant armed, the wielder of the thunderbolt; he, men, is Indra. May we envelope thee with acceptable praises as husbands are embraced by their wives."

Among the gods that bring the light, Ushas, the dawn, calls forth the richest songs, for she it is who chases the darkness and makes ready a pathway for the sun, and who awakens in every Brahman's breast the morning prayer which for full four thousand years has gone up from pious Hindus: "Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine creator; may he rouse our minds!"

Here is a fine, simple hymn to Ushas:

"She shines upon us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. When the fire had to be kindled by men, she made the light by striking down darkness.

"She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving everywhere. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows (that is, the mornings), the leader of the days, she shone gold-colored, lovely to behold.

"She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the gods, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the dawn was seen revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures, following every one.

"Thou who art a blessing where thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly; make the pasture wide, give us safety! Scatter the enemy, bring riches! Raise up wealth to the worshiper, thou mighty Dawn.

"Shine for us with our best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses and chariots.

"Thou daughter of the sky, thou high-born Dawn, whom the Vasishthas magnify with songs, give us riches high and wide: all ye gods protect us always with your blessings."

(Vasishtha is the name of one of the chief poets of the Veda.)

After these gladsome words the poet thinks of the many dawns that have come and gone and of the eyes that once saw them and now see them no more, and the thought finds words in a sadder song.

Of the many gods yet remaining, I can only speak of Varuna, noblest and best. For he rules over all; he governs the seasons of the year; he sets sun, moon and stars in

their courses, and it is of him that the sin-stricken worshippers ask for pardon and deliverance from evil. For he surrounds them all, and his messengers note down the wrongdoings of men and cast sickness and death upon the wicked. *Amhas*, the Sanskrit word for *sin*, is a very forceful one. It comes from a root meaning to *choke* or *throttle*, for the hold which sin has upon a man is as the grasp of the murderer on the throat of his victim.

Professor Max Müller says that "the consciousness of sin is a leading feature in the religion of the Veda, so is likewise the belief that the gods are able to take away from man the heavy burden of his sins. And when we read such words as 'Varuna is merciful even to him who has committed sin,' we should surely not allow the strange name of Varuna to jar on our ears, but should remember that it is but one of the many names which men invented in their helplessness, to express their ideas of the Deity." That Varuna should have appeared to the Hindu as a god to whom sin was hateful and to whom mercy was a delight, proves how nearly he had reached the truth about One who "is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

Some of the verses in this hymn bear a strong likeness to one of the grandest Psalms in the Bible, the 139th:

"The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all.

"If a man stands or walks or hides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it, he is there as the third."

(So the Psalmist says: "Thou compassed my path and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways." Verse 3).

"This earth, too, belongs to Varuna the King, and this wide sky with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loins; he is also contained in this drop of water.

"He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuna the King. His spies proceed from heaven toward this world; with thousand eyes they overlook this earth. (Compare with this verses 7 to 12 of the same psalm.)

"King Varuna sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of the eyes of men. As a player throws the dice, he settles all things.

"May all thy fatal nooses, which stand spread out seven by seven and threefold, catch the man who tells a lie, may they pass by him who tells the truth."

I must not omit a few verses from prayers in which pardon for sin is sought:

"However we break thy laws from day to day, men as we are, O god Varuna,

"Do not deliver us unto death, nor to the blow of the furious, nor to the wrath of the spiteful!"

Again:

"Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

"I ask, O Varuna! wishing to know this my sin. I go to ask the wise. The sages all tell me the same: Varuna it is who is angry with thee. . . .

"Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, and from those which we committed with our own bodies."

The following contains some of the finest verses in the Veda:

"Let me not yet, O Varuna! enter into the house of clay; have mercy, almighty, have mercy!

"If I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy, almighty, have mercy!

"Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone wrong; have mercy, almighty, have mercy!

"Thirst came upon the worshiper, though he stood in the midst of the waters; have mercy, almighty, have mercy!

"Whenever we men, O Varuna! commit an offense before the heavenly host, whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness; punish us not, O god, for that offense!"

There is plenty of proof in the Veda that the ancient Hindus believed in a life after death.

The king of that other world is Yama. He and his sister Yami are said to have been the first pair, and when they reached the abode of bliss to have made ready a place for those who should follow them. In Persian legend Yama appeared as Yima, ruler of the golden age and founder of Paradise.

Life to these Eastern Aryans was a sunny, joyful thing, and no sad, thought-filled burden. In their prayers they asked for wealth, children, long life, success in war, and yet did not shrink with any needless dread at the fact that life must one day have an end. They believed that in some bright place where the gods dwelt they and their loved ones would be gathered under the peaceful sway of Yama. They made offerings to the spirits of their forefathers as a pious duty, and laid the bodies of their dead in the ground "in sure and certain hope" that the soul was safe with Yama. At a later date the body was burned on the altar of Agni, that it might ascend through him to the gods and be reunited to the spirit. There is in the Rig-Veda a hymn of surpassing tenderness and beauty, which is still used at Hindu funeral ceremonies. After some verses, in which Death is asked to harm the suppliants no more, the body was placed in the ground with these soft, sweet words:

"Approach thou now the lap of Earth, thy mother,
The wide-extending Earth, the ever-kindly;
A maiden soft as wool to him who comes with gifts,
She shall protect thee from destruction's
bosom.

"Open thyself, O Earth, and press not heavily;
Be easy of access and of approach to him,
As mother with her robe her child,
So do thou cover him, O earth!

"May Earth maintain herself thus opened wide for
him;
A thousand props shall give support about
him;
And may those mansions ever drip with fatness;
May they be there forevermore his refuge.

"Forth from about thee thus I build away the
ground;
As I lay down this clod may I receive no
harm;
This pillar may the Fathers here maintain for thee;
May Yama there provide for thee a dwell-
ing."

Such were the hymns and prayers in which the Vedic worshipers addressed their gods as they smeared the sacred grass with soma-juice or poured butter on the fire. The Veda contains a large number of commonplace and foolish hymns, but we judge the book by what in it is best. The power of writing worthy songs of praise to God is a rare gift; as rare to-day as in that far-off time.

The Vedic religion had no temples, no priesthood, no idols. The millions of gods which are the objects of Hindu worship now, the division of men into castes, the horrid practice (now forbidden) of burning women with their dead husbands, the belief that the soul after death enters the body of one animal after another; formed no part of the old religion, the freshness of which faded away under these and like corrupting forces. That religion, traces of which, mixed with devil and serpent-worship, still linger among the dwellers in remote places, on hills and amidst jungles, was followed by a time when the human mind was stirred by the great questions which lay behind the simple nature-worship, when it asked who knew whence and why all things were? One by one Indra and Agni and the rest fell from their high places to lower ones, and became symbols of the supreme soul *Brahmā* or *Brahm*.

Of the subtle systems which had birth in those times nothing can be said here, and we will deal with the common belief only.

There came to the front a class of men called Brahmins, who have ever since had the highest honor paid them, and who were quick to claim power over others and to build upon the Vedas a huge system by which to rule every moment of a man's life.

In Vedic times, the inhabitants were of two classes; the fair-skinned Aryans and the dark-skinned races whom they had subdued. But the Brahmins pretended that the Veda gave its sanction to a division of the people into castes. It was made to say that when *Brahmā* created men, the Brahmins or priests came from his mouth, the soldiers

from his arm, traders and farmers from his thigh, and the Sudras (the conquered race in India) from his foot. The Brahmins thus set themselves over all. They laid down rules so strict about prayers and sacrifices and made the favor of the gods to depend on such trifling things, that every one was glad to secure their help to do these duties aright. The people believed that the Brahmins alone knew what foods might be eaten, what air might be breathed, what clothes might be worn, and what was the proper length of the ladle in which the offering was to be put. No wonder that against so dead a creed and against such claims as these Buddha rose in revolt and founded that great religion which crushed Brahmanism for centuries, and which, although it has scarcely any followers in the land of its birth, is still professed by hundreds of millions of human beings. The chief gods of the later Hindu religion, which has traces of the Buddhism overthrown by it, are *Brahmā*, *Vishnu* and *Siva*, forming the Hindu Trinity or *Trimūrti* (from *tri*, three, and *mūrti*, form). *Vishnu* and *Siva* had their different worshipers, which gave rise to two large sects, but the Brahmins, who feared that their power would decay as these sects increased, cleverly united those two gods to *Brahmā*, and the pious Hindu bows his head alike to each. In the present day *Brahmā*, *Vishnu* and *Siva* are worshiped as three in one, their symbol being the sacred word *Om*. The words of an ancient Hindu poet have been thus translated:

"In those Three Persons the One God was shown,
Each First in place, each Last,—not one alone;
Of *Siva*, *Vishnu*, *Brahma*, each may be
First, second, third, among the Blessed Three.

Brahmā is the Creator, *Vishnu* the preserver, and *Siva* the destroyer.

Brahmā has neither temples nor altars of his own, but images of him are found in the temples of other gods. He is far removed from the worship of men, for as creator of all he remains in calm repose; a motionless majesty, away from the world where life is ever battling with death, and will so remain until the end of present things. He is figured as a four-headed god, bearing in his hands the Vedas, a rosary and vessels for purifying.

Vishnu receives the worship of millions, and has great honor paid him as *Krishna*, one of the forms in which they believe he came to earth. The *Avatārs* of *Vishnu* are his descents to this world from time to time to save it when ruin threatened it at the hands of king, giant, or demon, and he then comes under the disguise of man or animal. As such a divine deliverer the brightest memories crowd round him under the myth of *Krishna*. A mighty demon-king, *Kansa*, had rule over the world, and when he heard that a child was born who would grow up and destroy him, he ordered a general slaugh-

ter of young boys, hoping thus to kill the child. But it was sent to a place of safety and grew up as beautiful Krishna, god of love, and slayer of Kansa. This was the eighth incarnation or avatâr of Vishnu, his ninth being, according to some Hindu writings, as the Buddha; and at his tenth and last, he will make an end to all things, and sleeping on the waters that will cover the world when the tortoise that holds it up sinks under his load, will produce Brahmâ, who will create the world anew.

Siva, whose name does not occur in the Vedic hymns, but whose worship prevailed from remote times in India, called forth a different class of worshipers, for fear and terror brought them to his feet. Flood and earthquake, drought and tempest, and worst of all, dark death, were his work. His queen was Kali, terrible black goddess, in whose honor very loathsome things were once done. Siva is figured with a rope for strangling evil-doers, with necklace of human skulls, with ear-rings of serpents and with the sacred river Ganges upon his head. He is called "Ganges-bearer," because when that river descended from heaven he checked the torrent, so that the earth might bear its fall.

Besides these three great gods, there are some of the old Vedic gods who still command reverence, while the lesser gods are to be counted by millions. And we must not forget how large a share of worship has been paid to the bull and cow; a worship which, we can well understand, arose among the undivided Aryans, since it spread into Northern lands, as well as into India. Brahmanism at this day includes the few who believe that nothing exists but spirit, that all else is unreal, that to get united to this spirit and thus freed from the ills of time is the true and only bliss; and the many who go their round of priest-bidden duty month by month; paying worship in June, to the river Ganges, whose sacred waters cleanse from sin and make the low-caste holy; in July, to the famous Jaganâth (Juggernaut); in August, to Krishna, and so on throughout the year; and who expect when they die, not the meeting of friend with friend in the heaven where Yama rules, but an entrance into the body of one animal after another until, made quite pure, their soul is united to the supreme Soul.

This account, meagre as it is, has already run to greater length than I had intended. A full statement of the religions of India; land of dazzling marvels, of many races and many sects, some of them, as the Sikhs and the Jains, important enough to take rank as separate religions; land upon which Greeks, Mohammedans, English and others have set their greedy eyes; would have to tell of strangely mixed beliefs, some loftiest of any that have dwelt in the mind of man, others lowest to which poor wild savage has clung.

Brahmanism is slowly giving way before

the higher teaching of Christians and Mohammedans, and of a few earnest men in its midst who are striving to purify it, and to win the Hindus to the simple creed which underlies the world's great religions and which shows itself in doing and not in dreaming.

We must hope that Christian missionaries will cease to feel jealous when Hindus become Mohammedans, that Mohammedans will cease their bitter hate against Christians, and that each will take pains to understand what the religion of the other is. They will then find how much there is upon which they can agree, and so leave each other free to work for the good of mankind.

CHAPTER VIII.

ZOROASTRIANISM; THE ANCIENT RELIGION OF PERSIA.

Of Zoroaster, the founder of the religion of the Pârsis (or people of Pârs, that is, ancient Persia,) we have no trustworthy account. There are many Greek, Roman and Persian legends of the miracles which he worked and of the temptations which he overcame, but they throw little or no light upon his true history.

He was probably born in Bactria, and his name implies that he became one of the priests who attended upon the sacred fire. We are sure that he lived more than three thousand years ago, because his religion was founded before the conquest of Bactria by the Assyrians, which took place about twelve hundred years before Christ. It has been argued, chiefly from the strong likeness between Jewish and Persian legends, that he was a neighbor of Abraham, but of this the proof is far too slender.

He was a man of mighty mind; one not content to worship powers that ruled the darkness and the light, but that seemed to have no sway over the heaving sea of human passion and sorrow. To him was given the message of One Who was Lord of all, and Who was not to Zoroaster a being like unto man. He was *Ahura* "Spiritual Mighty-One;" *Mazdâ*, "Creator of All." *Ahura-Mazdâ* (afterward corrupted into *Ormuzd*) is thus spoken of in the *Zend-Avesta*:

"Blessed is he, blessed are all men to whom the living wise God of his own command should grant those two everlasting powers (immortality and purity). I believe thee, O God, to be the best thing of all, the source of light for the world. Every one shall choose thee as the source of light, thee, thee, holiest *Mazdâ*! * * *

"I ask thee, tell me it right, thou living God! Who was from the beginning the Father of the pure world? Who has made a path for the sun and for the stars? Who

(but thou) makes the moon to increase and to decrease? This I wish to know, except what I already know.

"Who holds the earth and the skies above it? Who made the waters and the trees of the field? Who is in the winds and storms that they so quickly run? Who is the Creator of the good-minded beings, thou Wise? Who has made the kindly light and the darkness, the kindly sleep, and the awaking?"

"Who has made the mornings, the noons, and the nights, they who remind the wise of his duty?"

In a later part of the Zend-Avesta, Zoroaster asked Ormuzd what was the most powerful spell to guard against evil. He was answered by the Supreme Spirit that to utter the twenty different names of Ahura-Mazdâ protects best from evil, and thereupon Zoroaster asks what these are. He is told that the first is, "I am;" the sixth, "I am wisdom," and so on until the twentieth, which is "I am who I am, Mazdao." Highest of all, Ahura-Mazdâ was said to have below him angels who did his bidding. "Immortal Holy Ones," whose names seem to be echoes of the Vedic gods, and by whose aid good deeds are wrought, and gifts bestowed upon men.

I should say that the feeling between those who clung to the older faith and the followers of Zoroaster grew so bitter that the gods of the Vedic hymns became demons in the Zend-Avesta. In that book Indra is an evil being; in the Vedic belief Ahura is a demon. The Devas of the Veda are the Daevas or evil spirits of the Zend-Avesta, and the converts to the new religion had to declare that they ceased to worship the Devas. It is well nigh certain that Zoroaster believed in one God, and explained the mystery of evil as the work of demons ruled by an archfiend "Angra-Mainyus," the "Sinful-minded," afterward known as Ahriman. In the course of time, as men saw that the powers of good and evil seemed equal, neither being able to conquer, Ahriman was held to be as supreme over evil as Ormuzd was over good. The Supreme mind that had fashioned all was forgotten, and the universe was regarded as a battle-field whereon these two waged unceasing war, not as between Indra and Vritra, for a herd of heavenly cows, but for dominion over all things, Ahriman having, like Ormuzd, ranks of angels who served him.

The thought of evil around him and within him caused Zoroaster to feel heavy at heart, but it did not make him fold his hands in despair. In the Gâthâs or oldest part of the Zend-Avesta, which contains the leading doctrines of Zoroaster, he asks Ormuzd for truth and guidance, and desires to know what he shall do. He is told to be pure in thought, word, and deed; to be temperate, chaste and truthful; to offer prayer to Ormuzd and the powers that fight with him; to destroy all hurtful

things (the ancient Persians looked upon ants, snakes, and all vermin, as agents of the evil powers); and to do all that will increase the well-being of mankind. Men were not to cringe before the powers of darkness as slaves crouch before a tyrant, they were to meet them upstanding, and confound them by unending opposition and the power of a holy life.

To such high thoughts, to be sweetened and kept in vigor by pure deeds, did this noble man give utterance, and we may believe that much of truth underlies the sketch which the good Baron Bunsen has drawn of the assembling together of the people at the command of Zoroaster that they might choose between the nature-gods of their fathers and the Lord whom he would have them serve.

Bunsen pictures the assembly as gathered on "one of the holy hills dedicated to the worship of fire in the neighborhood of the primeval city of marvels in Central Asia—Bactria, the glorious, now called Balkh." Thus Zoroaster speaks in the Zend-Avesta:

"Now I shall proclaim to all who have come to listen, the praises of Thee, the all-wise Lord, and the hymns of the good Spirit.

"Hear with your ears what is best, perceive with your mind what is pure, so that every man may for himself choose his tenets before the great doom. May the wise be on our side!

"Those old spirits who are twins, made known what is good and what is evil in thoughts, words, and deeds. Those who are good, distinguished between the two, not those who are evil-doers.

"When these two Spirits came together, they made first life and death, so that there should be at last the most wretched life for the bad, but for the good blessedness.

"Of these two Spirits the evil one chose the worse deeds; the kind Spirit, He whose garment is the immovable sky, chose what is right; and they also who faithfully please Ahuramazda by good works.

"Let us then be of those who further this world; oh Ahuramazda, oh bliss-conferring Asha! (truth). Let our mind be there where wisdom abides.

"Then indeed there will be the fall of the pernicious Druj (falsehood), but in the beautiful abode of Vohumano (the good spirit), of Mazdâ and Asha, will be gathered forever those who dwell in good report.

"Oh men, if you cling to these commandments which Mazdâ has given, which are a torment to the wicked and a blessing to the righteous, then there will be victory through them."

In this old faith there was a belief in two abodes for the departed; heaven, the "house of the angels' hymns," and hell, where the wicked were sent. Between the two there was a bridge, over which the souls of the righteous alone passed in safety; the wicked

fall into the dark dwelling-place of Ahriman. There are also traces of a resurrection and judgment-day, which will be foretold by Sosiosh, son of Zoroaster, who shall come as the Messiah, or Prophet of Ormuzd, to convert the world and slay the arch-fiend Ahriman, or, as another account relates, to purify the earth by fire, consume all evil, and bring forth from the ashes a new heaven and a new earth, wherein righteousness alone shall dwell.

The few rites and ceremonies which Zoroaster imported into his religion were doubtless such as were familiar to the Aryans when together, and were mainly the offering of *Homa* and of *fire*. The Persian *Homa* or *Haoma* is the same as the Hindu *Soma*, and hymns to it occur in the Zend-Avesta. Ormuzd being the source of light, has for symbols the sun, moon, and planets, and also fire, which is regarded as his pure creation, and therefore most sacred of all things upon earth. The offering of fire has continued to the present day, nor is the flame ever suffered to go out. The Zoroastrians had neither temples nor idols, and the fire was kept burning in an inclosed space, the chief rites of worship being performed before it.

The Pârsi still faces some light-giving object, as the sun or fire, when he offers his prayer, and the priests cover their faces when they approach the flame, lest it be defiled by their breath. It is, however, untrue to speak of the Pârsis as worshipping fire; they simply regard it as an emblem of divine power and honor it accordingly. Life being the gift of Ormuzd and therefore dear to him, no sacrifice of blood was offered in the early centuries of the religion, but many corruptions have since crept in and overlaid this once purest and noblest of all the creeds of Asia.

Since death was the dark deed of Ahriman, the dead body has ever been looked upon with horror, and as the Pârsis believed that the evil demons had secured it, it could not be permitted to pollute the pure elements which Ormuzd had created: earth, fire and water. So it was put on some exposed place; some "Tower of Silence," where birds of prey devoured the flesh, and the sunlight bleached the bones, which were afterward buried in the earth; and such is the practice to this day. But the Zoroastrians had a good hope that the demons had not touched the *pure* soul, which passed away beyond the eastern mountains to the sun-lit paradise of the holy, and there entered into rest.

The history of Persia is full of interest. It was the first among the Aryan nations to rise into importance. Under Cyrus, whose name and deeds are spoken of in the Old Testament, it became a mighty empire, whose boundary stretched from the Indus to Asia Minor, and it was during his reign that the Jews were freed from their captivity at Babylon and returned to Palestine. Darius,

Xerxes (the Ahasuerus of Scripture), these are names well known to us, and under them and other kings Persia remained powerful for centuries until it was conquered by the Arabs, when the old Zoroastrian faith gave place to Mohammedanism. Professor Max Müller remarks: "There were periods in the history of the world when the worship of Ormuzd threatened to rise triumphant on the ruins of the temples of all other gods. If the battles of Marathon and Salamis had been lost and Greece had succumbed to Persia, the state religion of the empire of Cyrus, which was the worship of Ormuzd, might have become the religion of the whole civilized world."

But this was not to be; and there now remain in Asia only a few hundred thousand Pârsis, some of whom dwell in the old land, while the greater number have settled in and around Bombay.

Their creed is of the simplest kind; it is to fear God, to live a life of pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds, and to die in the hope of a world to come. It is the creed of those who have lived nearest to God and served him faithfulest in every age, and wherever they dwell who accept it and practice it, they bear witness to that which makes them children of God and brethren of the prophets, among whom Zoroaster was not the least.

The Jews were carried away as captives to Babylon some 600 years before Christ, and during the seventy years of their exile there, they came into contact with the Persian religion and derived from it ideas about the immortality of the soul, which their own religion did not contain. They also borrowed from it their belief in a multitude of angels, and in Satan as the ruler over evil spirits. The ease with which man believes in unearthly powers working for his hurt prepares a people to admit into its creed the doctrine of evil spirits, and although it is certain that the Jews had no belief in such spirits before their captivity in Babylon, they spoke of Satan (which means *an adversary*) as a messenger sent from God to watch the deeds of men and accuse them to Him for their wrongdoing. Satan thus becoming by degrees an object of dread, upon whom all the evil which befel man was charged, the minds of the Jews were ripe for accepting the Persian doctrine of Ahriman with his legions of devils. Ahriman became the Jewish Satan, a belief in whom formed part of early Christian doctrine, and is now but slowly dying out. What fearful ills it has caused, history has many a page to tell. The doctrine that Satan, once an angel of light, had been cast from heaven for rebellion against God, and had ever since played havoc among mankind, gave rise to the belief that he and his demons could possess the souls of men and animals at pleasure. Hence grew the belief in wizards and witches, under which millions of

creatures, both young and old, were cruelly tortured and put to death.

We turn over the smeared pages of this history in haste, thankful that from such a nightmare the world has wakened, and assured that God tempts us not; neither devil nor wicked angel, but that, as Jesus said, "out of the heart" proceed evil thoughts and all that doth defile.

CHAPTER IX.

BUDDHISM.

Although Buddhism, which numbers more followers than any other faith, is hundreds of years younger than the old Hindu religion, we know less about it. We miss in it the gladness which bursts forth in the hymns of the Veda, and to turn from them to it is like reading the sad thoughts in the Book of Ecclesiastes after the cheerful songs of praise in the Book of Psalms. But if clouds and darkness are round about it, and our learned men differ as to what much of it really means, this should not surprise us, since a knowledge of it has come to hand only within the last few years. Even Christians are split up into many sects, because they cannot agree as to the exact meaning of many parts of Scripture, although the loving research of centuries has been given to find it out.

We saw in chapter vii. how the Brahmans had coiled their rules round men's souls and bodies, and placed upon them burdens grievous to be borne, without in any way satisfying the cravings of the human spirit. It was against all this that Buddhism revolted, just as in the reign of Henry VIII., the people of England and Germany threw off the shackles of Rome, and made possible the freedom which we now enjoy.

The founder of Buddhism was of princely birth. He was born 628 years before Christ, in Kapilavastu, the royal city of his father, who was ruler of a kingdom north of Oude, in India. He was called *Gautama*, from the tribe to which his family belonged; *Sākya-Muni*, or "the monk of the race of Sākya;" *Siddārtha*, a name given him by his father, and meaning "He in whom wishes are fulfilled;" and in later years *Buddha*, or more correctly *the Buddha*; the enlightened; from the root *budh*, to know.

His mother, to whom the future greatness and mighty sway of her boy over men's hearts were made known in a dream, died a few days after his birth. He grew up a beautiful and clever boy, and "never felt so happy as when he could sit alone lost in thought in the deep shadows of the forest," although, as he proved when a young man, no unskilled foe to meet in tournament or war. So sad and serious did he become, that his father feared he would grow up a

mere dreamer, and, with the view of calling him to an active life, chose a lovely princess to become his wife. He lived happily with her, but was still given to much thought about life and death. Prof. Max Müller tells us that he used to say, "Nothing on earth is stable, nothing is real. Life is as transitory as a spark of fire, or the sound of a lyre." There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it I could bring light to men; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world." His friends tried to divert his thoughts from these matters by gay scenes and courtly splendors, but it was in vain. At this time he met three sights which deepened his sadness, for they told him what awaited him. These were a feeble old man; a fever-sick and mud-stained man; and a dead body. Afterward he met a devotee, and resolved, like him, to retire from the world, and thereby, as he vainly thought, escape all that in it is unreal and sad. One night, as he lay upon his couch, a crowd of dancing girls came and displayed their charms before him, but in vain; and when sleep fell upon him, they, weary and vexed, ceased their dancing, and were soon asleep also. Gautama woke at midnight to find them lying around him; and seeing some tossing heavily, some open-mouthed, and others coiled up, it seemed to him as if nought but loathsome bodies filled his splendid apartment, and that all was vanity. That moment he resolved to leave his palace, and while his servant was saddling the fleetest of his horses, he gently opened the room where his wife was sleeping that he might see his child. The mother had one of her hands over its head, and fearing to waken them, he resolved to go, and not look upon his boy till he had become the Buddha. One legend says that he had scarcely crossed the threshold when the tempter met him and sought to thwart his purpose by promising him rule over all the kingdoms of this world; but Gautama would not yield, yet from that day the tempter ceased not to attack the holy man. He went among the Brahmans to see if their teaching would lighten his burden; he did what they told him, performed their rites and ceremonies, but these brought him no peace. He left them and retired to a small village, where, after practicing the most severe rites, the repute of his sanctity brought to him five disciples, with whom he remained six years. Seeing that such a life led not to perfection, but was useless and selfish, giving nothing and taking all, he returned to more cheerful ways, and, still pursuing his thinking, had his reward. As he sat one day beneath a tree, a great joy came to him, for knowledge burst in upon him by which he became Buddha, the man who knew.

While fasting under the tree during the sacred period of seven times seven days and nights the demon of wickedness attacked

him a second time, even using force, but was defeated by the power of the ten great virtues of Buddha, the weapons of the evil one and of his soldiers being changed into beautiful flowers as they fell upon Buddha, and the rocks becoming nosegays as they were hurled at him; whereupon the spirits who had watched over his birth and who now followed his life on earth rent the air with shouts of joy at his victory. Afterward the tempter sent his three daughters, one a winning girl; one a blooming virgin; and one a middle-aged beauty, to allure him, but they could not. Buddha was proof against all the demon's arts, and his only trouble was whether it were well or not to preach his doctrines to men. Feeling how hard to gain was that which he had gained, and how enslaved men were by their passions so that they might neither listen to him nor understand him, he had well nigh resolved to be silent, but at the last deep compassion for all beings made him resolve to tell his secret to mankind that they too might be free, and he thus became the founder of the most popular religion of ancient or modern times. The spot where Buddha obtained his knowledge became one of the most sacred places in India. He first preached at Benares, or, as they say, "turned the wheel of the law," a phrase which may have given rise to the wheels on which some of his words are inscribed and which are set in motion by wind or water. He met with great opposition from the Brahmans, but kept on his way, converting the high and the low until in his eighty-fifth year he died peacefully while sitting under a tree. His remains were burnt amidst great pomp, and quarrels arose for the possession of the fragments. They were at last divided into eight portions, over each of which a *stupa* (a Hindu word for a bell-shaped building raised over relics) was built. Of course the usual legends teeming with stories of wonderful miracles grew around his memory, and this notwithstanding that he told his disciples the only true wonder was to "hide their good deeds and to confess before men their sins." The myths and traditions of the Buddhists about the universe and the things therein are absurd in the extreme.

Very soon after his death a general council of his disciples was held to fix the doctrines and rules of the religion. Buddha had written nothing himself, and the council is said to have chosen from his followers those who remembered most of his teaching. It is interesting to note that among these were two men, one of deep earnestness and zeal; the other of most sweet nature, loving Buddha much and most beloved by him; reminding us of two of Christ's disciples, Peter and John.

Two other councils were afterward held for the correction of errors that had crept into the faith, and for sending missionaries into other lands. The last of these councils

is said to have been held two hundred and fifty-one years before Christ, so that long before Christianity was founded we have this great religion with its sacred traditions of Buddha's words, its councils and its missions, besides, as we shall presently see, many things strangely like the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Buddhist scriptures are called the "Tripitaka," or "three baskets," being in three parts. The first "pitaka" contains rules of discipline; the second, the discourses of Buddha; and the third treats of philosophy and the subtle doctrines of the religion. The words of Buddha, handed on from age to age, and preserved in the memories of men, were at last set down in writing. They grew, as our Scriptures have grown, much entering into them which Buddha never said, but all the writings at last received as the sacred records of his teaching and religion.

Among the traditions concerning Buddha, there is one which tells of a young mother whose child died and whose dead body, in her great love and sorrow, she clasped to her bosom, and went about from house to house asking if any one would give her some medicine for it. The neighbors thought her mad, but a wise man, seeing that she could not or would not understand the law of death, said to her, "My good girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who can attend to it." She asked who it was and was sent by the wise man to Buddha. After doing homage to him she said, "Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?" Buddha replied that he did, and told her to fetch a handful of mustard seed, which must be taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave had died. Then the woman went in search, but no such house could she find, for whenever she asked if there had died any of those, the answer came from one, "I have lost a son;" from another, "I have lost my parents;" and from all, "Lady, the living are few, but the dead are many." At last, not finding any house where death had not been, the truth broke in upon her, and leaving the dead body of her boy in a forest, she returned to Buddha, and told her tale. He said to her, "You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is that among all living creatures there is nothing that abides," and when he had finished preaching the law, the woman became his disciple.

Once upon a time Buddha lived in a village, and in the sowing season, went with his bowl in hand to the place where food was being given by a Brahman, who, seeing him, spoke thus:

"O priest, I both plough and sow, and having ploughed and sown, I eat; you also, O priest, should plough and sow, and having ploughed and sown, you should eat."

"I too, O Brahman, plough and sow, and

having ploughed and sown, I eat," said Buddha.

"But we see neither the yoke, nor plough, nor ploughshare, nor goad, nor oxen, of the venerable Gautama. . . .

"Being questioned by us as to your ploughing, speak in such a manner as we may know of your ploughing."

The Buddha replied: "For my cultivation, faith is the seed; penance the rain; wisdom my yoke and plough; modesty the shaft for the plough; mind the string; presence of mind my ploughshare and goad."

Then the Brahman offered him rice boiled in milk from a golden vessel.

In a chapter very popular among the Buddhists of Ceylon, the demon Alavaka is said to have asked Buddha, "What is the best wealth to a man in this world? What thing well done produces happiness? Of savory things, which is indeed the most savory? The life of one who lives in what manner, do they say, is the best?"

Buddha answered: "Faith is the best wealth to a man here. The observing well the law produces happiness. Truth is indeed the most savory of all savory things. The living endowed with wisdom, they say, is the best of all modes of living."

On another occasion, when asked what was the greatest blessing, Buddha said:

"The succoring of mother and father, the cherishing of child and wife, and the following of a lawful calling, this is the greatest blessing."

"The giving alms, a religious life, aid rendered to relations, blameless acts, this is the greatest blessing."

"The abstaining from sins and the avoiding them, the eschewing of intoxicating drink, diligence in good deeds, reverence and humility, contentment and gratefulness, this is the greatest blessing."

"Those who having done these things, become invincible on all sides, attain happiness on all sides. This is the greatest blessing."

There is a discourse of Buddha's which some have called, from the place where it was preached, his "sermon on the mount," but it lacks clearness, nor could it be set down in language easy to grasp. The extracts from Buddhist sacred books just given show how forcefully Buddha could put much meaning into few words, and of this there is rich proof in a book called the "Dhammapada," or "Path of Virtue," which is believed to contain his sayings. For example:

"He who lives looking for pleasures only, his senses uncontrolled, idle and weak, Māra (the tempter) will certainly overcome him, as the wind throws down a weak tree."

"Let the wise man guard his thoughts, they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list; thoughts well guarded bring happiness."

"As the bee collects nectar, and departs

without injuring the flower, or its color and scent, so let the sage dwell on earth."

"Like a beautiful flower, full of color but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly. But like a beautiful flower, full of color and full of scent, are the fine and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly."

"He who lives a hundred years, vicious and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is virtuous and reflecting."

"Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, it will not come near unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool becomes full of evil even if he gathers it little by little."

"Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the Awakened." (This is one of the most solemn verses among the Buddhists).

"Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us! Let us dwell free from hatred among men who hate!"

"Let us live happily then, free from greed among the greedy! Let us dwell free from greed among men who are greedy!"

"Let us live happily then, though we call nothing our own! We shall be like the bright gods, feeding on happiness!"

Buddhism became the State religion of India in the reign of King Asoka (who ascended the throne about two hundred and sixty-eight years before Christ), and continued so for nearly nine centuries, until, from causes by no means clear, it was driven therefrom, and has since found its followers mainly among those great races of Asia which are neither Aryan nor Semitic, but which may be roughly classed as Mongol. It is one of the three State religions of China; it is the religion of Tibet, and spreads northward to the confines of Swedish Lapland and southward into Burmah, embracing nearly the whole of Eastern Asia, including Japan, in which island it is, however, not the State religion. The island of Ceylon supplies us with much of our knowledge about Buddha, and is rich in Buddhist architecture, cave-temples, shrines, ruined cities and relics, chiefest among which are a so called tooth of Buddha, and a famous tree, nearly two thousand two hundred years old, which is a branch of the tree under which he sat when he became the Enlightened. Buddhism as a great religion is a very different thing from Buddhism as a philosophy, and its marvelous success was surely not owing to Buddha's dreamy speculations about the misery of life, and to his dreary teaching as to the best way of escape therefrom.

We saw that he strove to find in this world of unrest something that was lasting, the knowledge of which might release him from change and decay. Now the great doctrines of the deeper part of his religion are given in what he called "the four sublime truths."

They assert that there is pain; that pain

comes through the desire or passion for things that cannot be ours for long; that both the pain and the desire can be ended by Nirvāna, to which in the fourth truth Buddha shows the right way. Many learned men think that by this Buddha meant *nothingness*, ceasing to be, the soul being "blown out" like the flame of a candle.

The four paths to this way are as follows:

He has entered the *first* path who sees the evils arising from separate existence, and who believes in Buddha and in the power of his system alone to obtain salvation, that is, deliverance from separate existence.

He has entered the *second* path who, besides the above, is free from lust and evil to others.

He has entered the *third* path who is further free from all kinds of evil desires, from ignorance, doubt, wrong belief and hatred; while

He has arrived at the *fourth* path who is entirely free from sin ("has cast it away as if it were a burden"), and passions, by which are meant the lust of the flesh, the love of existence, and the defilements of wrong-belief and ignorance.

The four paths have also been summed up in eight steps or divisions: right views, right thoughts, right speech, right actions, right living, right exertion, right recollection, right meditation.

After these doctrines there follow ten commandments, of which the first five apply to all people, and the rest chiefly to such as set themselves apart for a religious life. They are, not to kill; not to steal; not to commit adultery; not to lie; not to get drunk; to abstain from late meals; from public amusements; from expensive dress; from large beds; and to accept neither gold nor silver.

It is easy to see that the more difficult part of Buddha's teaching, which was largely caused by the love common to Hindus for knotty questions, and by his study of the systems of the Brahmans, might give rise to endless speculations among the learned few, but would never move or draw to itself the unlearned masses of men.

The success of Buddhism was in this: It was a protest against the powers of the priests; it to a large degree broke down caste by declaring that all men are equal, and by allowing any one desiring to live a holy life to become a priest. "Not from birth," said Buddha, "does one become a Vasala (slave), not from birth does one become a Brahman. By bad conduct does one become a Vasala, by good conduct does one become a Brahman." It abolished sacrifices; made it the duty of all men to honor their parents and care for their children, to be kind to the sick and poor and sorrowing, and to forgive their enemies and return good for evil; it spread a spirit of charity abroad which encompassed the lowest life as well as the highest, bidding

"Never to blend their pleasure or their pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives."

This was why the common people heard it gladly. They could not soar into the upper clouds, but needed some faith and hope by which to do the hard work of life; and when life was over, they looked for a paradise where they would be delivered from care and suffering. Toward such the millions of Buddhists look this day, for

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that we want."

The teaching of Buddha, like that of Christ, has been changed and overlaid with doctrines foreign to it by the nations who have accepted it, and the forms of worship adapted by Buddhists vary in the different countries, but consist mainly in adoration of the statues of Buddha, and of his relics, he being, in their view, that which any man may become by practice of the four sublime truths and the commandments. In Buddhism as a *philosophy* the being of God is not denied, it is ignored, nothing is said about it: as a *religion*, its millions of followers believe in many gods. We have seen how closely the teaching of Buddha's law of mercy and charity is like to that of Christ's, being in short the fruit of the loving nature of each of these holy men; and another feature hinted at above, is the likeness between certain rites of Buddhism and Christianity. When the Roman Catholic missionaries first met the Buddhist monks they were shocked when they saw that their heads were shaven, that they knelt before images, that they worshipped relics, wore strings of beads, used bells and holy water, and had confession of sin. They believed that the devil, as the father of all mischief and deceit, had tempted these men to dress themselves in the clothes of Catholics and mock their solemn practices; whereas it seems likely that there had been some connection in the past, the younger religion borrowing from the older.

Of the strange mode by which the Tibetans, on the death of the Grand Lama, who is their high priest, and regarded as infallible, like the Pope, elect his successor, into whom they believe his soul passes, space forbids an account. Monasteries for men and nunneries for women still exist, and especially in Tibet, vast numbers of monks are found, while the huge and deserted monasteries and temples cut in the solid rock, and of which hundreds exist in India, show how mightily a system, which had been thought to belong to Christianity only, had formed part of Buddhism two thousand years ago.

CHAPTER X.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

Although we are still in the East, we leave its gorgeous dazzlements behind, and once within the walls of China come amongst scenes where song gives place to prose, and golden romance to sober fact; where the people's faces, their houses, their junks and their hand-writing, seem made after one pattern.

On the soil of this great country there is crowded nearly half the human race. The manners and customs of the Chinese are those of their ancestors hundreds of years ago. Empires have risen and fallen around them, but they remain the same, nor have the races that have broken through their Great Wall and forced rulers upon them altered their laws or their language. The mariner's compass, printing, gunpowder and other arts were known to them long before they were in use in Europe. Theirs is a land where everything seems topsy-turvy. The soldiers wear petticoats, use fans, and fight the enemy at night with lanterns; the people have fireworks by daylight; white is the color used in mourning; boats are drawn by men and carriages are moved by sails; while visiting cards are four feet long and painted red. In the high honor paid to learning the Chinese teach us a lesson. The lowest among them can rise to the highest offices in the State, these being given, not to the best-born, but to those who have passed with the greatest merit the public examinations; so that knowledge is the road to power.

The ancient inhabitants of China, like the races with whom they are thought to be allied, were worshippers of the powers of nature and of the spirits of their ancestors, and these still largely enter into the religions of China. There is a State worship kept up by the Emperor and his court, in which sacrifices are offered to the heaven and earth, to the spirits of sages, rulers and learned men; also of mountains, fields and rivers; while each household has its family spirits to whom honor and reverence are paid. And behind all this there looms a supreme power, lord of the sky, "ancestor of all things," who is, however, as vague a being to the Chinese as is Brahm to the Hindus.

China has three national religions; Buddhism, which was admitted as a religion of the State sixty-five years after Christ, the Chinese name of Buddha being Fo; Taoism; and Confucianism.

The three religions are often professed by the same person, and there is none of that bitter feeling between the believers in different creeds which exists so much among Christians, Muslims, and others. This is, however, owing to the lack of earnestness; for they who feel deeply concerning what

they believe cannot be careless regarding what they think are the errors of others.

Lao-tse, the founder of Taoism, lived between five and six hundred years before Christ, and was an altogether different man from Confucius. He was a thinker, not a worker, seeking to unravel those same problems which perplexed Buddha, and what there is in the Chinese belief of a spiritual kind may have been aided by the teaching of Lao-tse. Confucius is said to have visited him and confessed that he could not understand him. Taoism has become mixed up with magic and other senseless beliefs, and its priests are for the most part ignorant men, so that it has no great hold upon the Chinese.

Their great teacher and lawgiver, whose "writings and life have given the law to the Chinese thought," is K'ung-Foo-Tse, "the master K'ung," whose name has been Latinized into Confucius. He is their patron saint; his descendants are held in special honor; the most famous temple in the empire is built over his grave, while hundreds of other temples to his memory abound, and thousands of animals are sacrificed on the two yearly festivals sacred to that memory. Each one of the thousands who compete in the examinations must know the whole system of Confucius and commit his doctrines to heart.

This man, who was reviled in life, but whose influence sways the hundreds of millions of China, was born five hundred and fifty-one years before Christ, not far from the time when Cyrus became king of Persia and the Jews returned from Babylon, and a few years before the death of Buddha. He lost his father, who was an old man and an officer of State in the kingdom of Loo, now a Chinese province, when he was three years old; but his mother trained him with tender care, and he is said to have shown from an early age great love for learning and for the laws and lore of his country. At the time when Confucius lived, China was divided into a number of petty kingdoms whose rulers were ever quarrelling, and although he became engaged in various public situations of trust, the disorder of the State at last caused him to resign them, and he retired to another part of the country. He then continued the life of a public teacher, instructing men in the simple moral truths by which he sought to govern his own life. The purity of that life, and the example of veneration for the old laws which he set, gathered round him many grave and thoughtful men, who worked with him for the common good. He afterward returned to Loo, and remaining for some years without office, became in his fiftieth year a minister of State, and great success attended his wise rule; but at last the wild excesses of the court upturned his good laws, and he had to resign his place. Poverty and other ills came upon him, few heed-

ed his words of wisdom, and after many wanderings, he returned to his native land a despised and poor man. He spent the remainder of his life in editing the sacred books of China, and in writing some additions to them, and passed away in the seventy-third year of his age.

His system can scarcely be called a religion, and yet that is the best name for it, because it teaches men how to live. Four things he is said to have taught: learning, morals, devotion of soul, and reverence. He counseled all to be sincere, just, loving, careful of duty to themselves and others, and observant of ancient laws and rites. He had nothing to say about God or another life. Here and there he speaks in vague words of "heaven," a power whose emblem is the sky, but not of One to whom praises should ascend, and toward Whom the love of children should be felt. This was not because Confucius was an unbeliever, for he, of all men, had reverence for the sacred, unknown power that underlies all things, but because his nature was so beautifully simple and sincere that he would not pretend to knowledge of that which he felt was beyond human reach and thought. This was shown in his reply to a disciple who asked him concerning death. "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"

His life was given to teaching a few great truths, obedience to which he believed would bring happiness to man. He says of himself: "At fifteen years, I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the decrees of heaven. At sixty, everything I heard I easily understood. At seventy, the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law."

The sacred books of China are called the *Kings*, and are five in number, containing treatises on morals, books of rites, poems and history. They are of great age, perhaps as old as the earliest hymns of the Rig-Veda, and are free from any impure thoughts. *King* means the warp threads of a web. The name is given as showing that which is woven together; like the use of our word *text*, which comes from the Latin *textum*, "that which is woven."

These books, which were deeply studied by Confucius, teach that there is one Supreme Being, everywhere present, all-seeing, who commands right deeds, pure thoughts and watchfulness over the tongue. "For a blemish may be taken out of a diamond by carefully polishing it; but if your words have the least blemish, there is no way to efface that." "Heaven penetrates to the bottom of our hearts, like light into a dark chamber. We must conform ourselves to it until we are like two instruments of music tuned to the same pitch. Our passions shut up the door of our souls against God."

Such are among the wise words of these

most ancient books, restored by Confucius to their rightful place. I should like ample space to quote many of his own pithy sayings, which are given in the first of the four *Shoo*, meaning *writings* or *books*, compiled by his disciples, but a few must suffice.

"The Master said, 'Shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.'"

"To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage."

"Worship as though the Deity were present."

"He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray."

"If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshiped not."

"Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow—happiness may be enjoyed even with these; but without virtue, both riches and honor seem to me like the passing cloud."

"Grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you know not men."

"A good man is serene; a bad man always in fear."

"There may be fair words and an humble countenance when there is little virtue."

"One of his disciples said, 'If you, Master, do not speak, what shall we, your disciples, have to read?' The Master said, 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced; but does Heaven say anything?'"

"In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in that one sentence, 'Have no depraved thoughts.'" (This reminds us of the saying of the later Jewish Rabbis that all the six hundred and thirteen precepts of the Law were summed up in the words; "The just shall live by his faith.")

"If a man in the morning hear the right way, he may die in the evening without regret."

"Tsze-kung said, 'What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men.' The Master said, 'You have not attained to that.'"

Such is the power of words, that those uttered by this intensely earnest man, whose work was ended only by death, have kept alive throughout the vast empire of China a reverence for the past and a sense of duty to the present which have made the Chinese the most orderly and moral people in the world. But to "the mighty hopes that make us men," they are strangers. Theirs is a dull, plodding life, and one can hardly say of them what Pope wrote of the Indian:

"To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire."

for their hold on life is slender, and it is a

great matter with them to have their coffins ready. They, however, speak of the dead as "ascended to the sky," and have a great horror of being beheaded, in the belief that there can be no hereafter for a headless trunk.

It is only of late years, and that not by the best means, that parts of their vast empire have been entered by foreigners; but we must hope that when the religion of Christ becomes known among them they will feel that it lends just that motive and aim to the life of man which their religions lack, and which is needed to make life complete.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SEMITIC NATIONS.

All that has been said about the common descent of Aryan or Indo-European nations applies to the Semitic nations. Their languages are shown to be even more closely related than the Aryan languages, and afford clear proof of a time when the ancestors of the Semitic peoples lived together, speaking the same tongue and worshipping the same gods. When further research is made we may look for as vivid a picture of old Semitic life as that which we have of old Aryan manners and customs.

Under the name of *Semitic*, or *Shemitic*, meaning people descended from Shem, one of the sons of Noah (a term which by no means truly describes them), there are included the Jews and other Syrian tribes, the Arabs, Assyrians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians. Of the home from which the old Semitic races migrated we cannot speak with certainty; it may have been in the country watered by the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, or in some part of Arabia.

These nations have filled an important place in human history, but they have never spread themselves over the earth as have the Aryans. They have been great in religion, in science, and in commerce, the cities which they founded, Jerusalem, Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, and their settlements in Carthage and Spain, reminding us what a splendid and deathless story their records tell.

In the ancient worship of the Semitic races before they separated, there are clear traces that the names of their chief gods had been fixed.

These names mostly express moral qualities; that is, instead of a god of fire, or storm, or sky, we have the Strong, the Exalted, the Lord, the King, etc. One of the highest and oldest names was *El*, meaning strong. "It occurs in the Babylonian inscription as *Ilu*, God, and in the very name of *Bab-il*, the gate or temple of *Il*. We have it in *Beth-el*, the house of God, and in many other names. The same *El* was wor-

shipped at Byblus by the Phœnicians, and was called there 'the son of heaven and earth.' *Eloah* is the same word as the Arabic *Ilâh*, God; *Ilâh*, without the article, means a god in general; with the article *Al-Ilâh* or *Allâh*, it becomes the name of the god of Mohammad, as it was the name of the God of Abraham and of Moses." Another famous name is *Baal* or *Bel*, the lord. He was not only a supreme god among the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians, but was a frequent object of worship by the Jews.

Then we have the Hebrew *Melech*, king, which is the *Moloch* of the Phœnicians, to whom children were sacrificed by their own parents, a horrible practice which they carried with them to Carthage and other places.

These and other names were common to the undivided Semitic people, but it is thought that the name *Jah*, *Jahveh* or *Jehovah*, was used by the Jews only. Be this as it may, "Hebrew, Syriac and Arabic point to a common source as much as Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin."

But the ancient history of the mighty empires of the East does not form part of my subject, and manuals of Jewish history especially are so numerous, that it is needless to give what must be, at the best, only a meager account.

We must ever feel the deepest interest in the Jews, because while Aryan blood flows in our veins, our Christian religion has come from a Semitic race. The long line of noble men to whom the Jewish nation has given birth from the time of its founder Abraham to the age when Jesus Christ and his apostles lived; the fearless witness which since the days of its captivity it has borne to the lofty truth that "there is One God and none other but He," must ever give to its scattered people a large place in our veneration and our love. Only it must be no blind, but a pure and true veneration, born of careful study of all that they have been and of all they have done. We must treat their history as we treat every other history, and not think that they could be dearer to God than those who, like the Persian Aryans, forsook Him less to worship many gods.

Of the Semitic religions those that concern us in the present day are only the Jewish and the Mohammadan, of which latter some account will now follow.

CHAPTER XII.

MOHAMMADANISM, OR ISLÂM.

This religion, which is the guide in life and the support in death of one hundred and fifty millions of our fellow creatures; which, like Christianity, has its missionaries scattered over the globe, and offers itself as a faith needed by all men; which for hundreds

of years has had firm hold upon the sacred places of Palestine so dear to Jew and Christian, is worth careful study. *Islām*, which is its correct name, comes from a word meaning in the first instance "to be at rest, to have done one's duty, to be at perfect peace," and is commonly held to mean "submission to the will and commandments of God."

Muslim, the name given to its believers (spelt also Moslem, Muslem, etc.), comes from *Islām*, and means "a righteous man."

While we know very little about the lives of the founders of some religions already sketched, and that little so mixed up with fable and legend as to make it hard work to sift the false from the true, nearly all the facts of Mohammad's life are well known to us, and are supported by the witness of thousands who knew him for many years.

And the value of *Islām*, the youngest of the great religions, is, that we are able to see how its first simple form became overlaid with legend and foolish superstition, and thus learn how, in like manner, myth and fable have grown around more ancient religions.

For example: although Mohammad came into the world like other children, wonderful things are said to have taken place at his birth; one legend being that angels took him from the arms of his nurse, drew his heart from his bosom, and then squeezed from it the black drop of sin which is in every child of Adam.

He never claimed to be a perfect man; he did not pretend to foretell events or to work miracles. He said, "My miracle is the Korān, which shall remain forever," and he pointed to those great signs in heaven and earth, greater than the wonders said to have been wrought by men,—the sun, and moon, and stars; the day and the night; the mountains which keep the earth steady (an old Arab notion); the water that slakes man's thirst and the cattle which change the grass into milk, as parts of one great, never-ceasing miracle.

In spite of all this, his followers said of him, while he was yet living, that he worked wonders, and they believed the golden vision, hinted at in the Korān (concerning which Mohammadan tradition tells how, clothed in robe and turban of light, he rode by night upon the lightning to Jerusalem, and then ascending to heaven, passed through the dwellings of the prophets into the presence of the Unseen, where stillness was, and nothing heard, "except the silent sound of the reed wherewith the decrees of God are written on the tablets of fate"), to have been a real event, although Mohammad said over and over again that it was but a dream. When he died, the people would not believe it; the places where he had trod became to them the holiest spots on earth, and the words which he had spoken, the very words of God. Thus it has been with other prophets

of the Most High. They have been too great for smaller men to understand, have towered too high for them to measure, and when they have passed away, have been looked upon as gods that "have come down in the likeness of men."

Mohammad has suffered much both from friend and foe. The former, who asked him to do something to prove his high mission, as the Jews asked Jesus for a sign, willingly believed anything they were told of him; the latter thought that nothing too vile or bad could be said of him. A story was invented that he had trained a dove to pick peas from his ear, so that it might be taken for an angel bringing him messages from God! Martin Luther called him "a horrid devil," and to this day most Christians believe that he was a shameless impostor. Mohammad was a man, and therefore not free from sin. Although that sin stained the later years of his life, he was no cheat or false prophet, but from the day when his strong soul burst the bonds of forty years' silence, a preacher of the eternal truth; "*La Ellāh Ellāla*," "There is no god but God."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." A religion which has fed the heart-hunger of millions of men for nigh thirteen hundred years cannot have been cradled in fraud. It did not grow without a struggle, for if stones and sneers could have killed it, it would have died during Mohammad's life-time.

Mohammad was born at Mekkeh, or, as it is usually spelt, Mecca, in Arabia, five hundred and seventy-one years after Christ. His father, who died before his birth, was of a noble tribe, the Koreish, who were guardians of the famous sacred stone of the Kaabah. As he lost his mother when he was six years old, he was left to the care of relatives. He was a sickly boy, subject to fits, which troubled him in after years; but he had to begin work, tending flocks, at an early age. He was of a nature given to silence and fondness for being alone, caring to have for company only his own thoughts and nature. The grim, lonely desert, and the stars, that shine their brightest in the East, fed his sense of wonder and opened the ear of his soul to any voice that spake the meaning of all that he saw. He could neither read nor write, and so the more used eye and ear, gathering much knowledge of men and things from journeys with his uncle into Syria. Although sweet-natured, faithful and truthful, he was, perhaps owing to the fits that distressed him, often cast down and gloomy; but in his bright moods he would enter with zest into the glad, free life of children, play with them, and tell them gorgeous tales of which the East has so rich a store. He lived a most simple life; his dress and food were of the plainest; he mended his own clothes; waited upon himself; and was ever ready to share his meal with the poor. When he was twenty-four years old, he entered the service

of a rich widow, who afterward became his wife and bore him children.

Now we come to the great event of his life. As he neared middle age, his gloom deepened, and he more and more fled from men. It had been his custom for years to spend in prayer and meditation the sacred month during which the Arab tribes laid down their weapons, and in his fortieth year he retired to a small cave on Mount Hira, a huge barren rock standing by itself in the desert, some three miles from Mecca.

Dreams and visions, strange sights and sounds, as he verily believed, came to him there, and one night a voice called to him, "Cry, in the name of thy Lord," and bade him spread the true religion among men by writing.

"Such light had come, as it could, to illumine the darkness of this wild Arab soul. A confused, dazzling splendor, as of life and heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death: he called it revelation and (said it was the voice of) the angel Gabriel,—who of us yet can know what to call it? It is the 'inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth understanding." He went home tremblingly and told his wife, who at once hailed him as the prophet of the nation.

The Arabs are to-day what they were hundreds of years ago; lovers of freedom, temperate, good-hearted; but withal crafty, revengeful, dishonest. They are very fond of music and poetry, and the rise of a poet in any tribe is a matter for great rejoicing.

Not much is known about their religion in the days of "Ignorance," as they call the time before Islâm, for until Mohammad came their history is almost a blank. They believed in many gods and worshiped sun, moon, trees and stones, the most famous among the last being the Black stone of the Kaabah, round which three hundred and sixty-five idols were placed. This stone, which travelers tell us is an aerolite (or *air-stone*, as the word means, which has fallen from space upon the earth), is said to have been one of the precious stones of Paradise and to have dropped to the earth with Adam; once white, it has become black through the kisses of sinful men or through the silent tears which it has shed for their sins. Arab legend also tells that the building which incloses it was erected by Abraham and Ishmael. To the place where it stands the Muslims all over the world turn five times every day in prayer to God.

Some of the Arab tribes had strange notions about a future state. They would tie a camel to a man's tomb and leave it without food. If it got away the man was lost forever; but if not, he would find it there at the day of judgment, and could mount on it to Paradise. There had been settlements of Jews among the Arabs from a very early period, and their religion had been embraced by a few. At the time when Mohammad appeared, there were also dotted here and there

societies of Jews and Christian sects who had sought refuge in the pathless desert from the cruel power of Rome. But the Christians who had come thither wasted their strength in vain and foolish wrangling. The soul of Christianity, the pure, sweet spirit which they might have kept by learning of Christ, had fled from their midst, and they were quarreling with each other about the structure of the dead and worthless body in which that soul had dwelt. Still earlier than any of these there had come sun-worshippers from Chaldea and Zoroastrians from Persia.

From this we may gather what strangely varied beliefs found a home in Arabia, and also see how the many Jewish and Christian ideas became mingled with Islâm.

There had risen before Mohammad men who preached against the old pagan creeds, but they were only forerunners of this mightier prophet who was nursing his soul in secret, who

"Yet should bring some worthy thing for waiting
souls to see,
Some sacred word that he had heard their light
and life to be."

Mohammad did not claim to preach a new faith, but "the religion of Abraham," who he said "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but pious and righteous, and no idolater," and whom he placed among the six chief prophets chosen by God to make known His truth. Mohammad said that these were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and himself. He made known an Almighty and Allwise God, who had spoken through these prophets, and to the lasting honor of Mohammad he spoke no slighting word of those who came before him. Although his knowledge of Christ was obtained from some childish and false gospels which have long since been treated by Christians as worthless, and although he knew nothing of Christ's holy life and beautiful teaching as given in the Four Gospels, he paid him great honor, and believed that he worked miracles.

Muslims have not treated Christ as we have treated Mohammad, for the devout among them never utter his name without adding the touching words, "on whom be peace," and in the great mosque of El Medîneh or Medina, there is a grave kept for him by the side of the prophet, it being a Muslim belief that Christ will one day return to earth to establish everywhere the religion of Mohammad, who will appear shortly before the day of judgment. Mohaminad borrowed from the religion of the Jews, of which he had only a hearsay knowledge, the belief in good and bad angels, some of the laws relating to marriage, fasting, etc., and there were certain customs so closely intertwined with the pagan faith of his countrymen that he wisely sought not to remove some of them, but to purify them. He abolished the frightful practice of killing female children and made the family tie more respected, although to this day,

its looseness is a great blot upon Islâm. He permitted the worship of the Kaabah stone, and the pilgrimages thereto, to be continued. In like manner the Roman Catholic missionaries, when they came to Northern Europe, made use of the best of what they found in the old Teutonic religion and worked it into their own. Where sacred trees had stood, they raised crosses; where holy wells had been dug and the babbling spring was a deity, they built churches and abbeys; where love and piety had named flower and insect after the "lady" Freyja, goddess of plenty, they put the Virgin Mary in her stead. The goddess Hel, who in a realm of bitter cold received the souls of those who died of old age or disease (for only to those who died in battle was there given endless mirth and feasting in Valhalla with the Alfadir, Odin) was changed from a person to a place where heat, not cold, is the torment. In the bleak North, life without fire is dreary, which explains why Hel was pictured as ruling in a cold region.

But we must return to Mohammad, not forgetting to say that Mecca had been a place of very great note long before his time, the Arabs having a tradition that it was the birthplace of their tribes. Near to the Kaabah, there is the well Zemzem, said to be fed by the spring that opened before Hagar's eyes when Ishmael was a-nigh dead with thirst, and when, in a mother's mad despair, she cast him from her that she might not see him die. The legend further relates that they settled on the spot with a tribe who were passing by, and thus arose the sacred city of Mecca.

Mohammad counseled men to live a good life, and to strive after the mercy of God by fasting, charity, and prayer, which he called "the key of paradise."

This is one among many passages in the Korân counselling men to prayer:

"Observe prayer at sunset, till the first darkening of the night, and the daybreak reading—for the daybreak reading hath its witnesses.

"And watch unto it in the night . . . and say, 'O my Lord, cause me to enter (Mecca) with a perfect entry, and to come forth with a perfect forthcoming, and give me from thy presence a helping power.'"

There is preserved a sermon on charity, said to have been preached by Mohammad, which is so beautiful that it deserves a place beside the apostle Paul's sweet words in 1 Corinthians xii., while in reading it, we think of that touching saying by Jesus as to the Eye that sees with approval a gift to the thirsty, although that gift be but "a cup of cold water."

"When God made the earth, it shook to and fro till He put mountains on it to keep it firm. Then the angels asked, 'O God, is there anything in Thy creation stronger than these mountains?' And God replied, 'Iron

is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything in Thy creation stronger than iron?' 'Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.' 'Is there anything stronger than fire?' 'Yes, water, for it quenches fire.' 'Is there anything stronger than water?' 'Yes, wind, for it puts water in motion.' 'O our Sustainer, is there anything in thy creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give it with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things. Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will ask, What property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?'"

Mohammad commanded his followers to make no image of any living thing, to show mercy to the weak and orphaned, and kindness to brutes; to abstain from gambling, and the use of strong drink.

The great truth which he strove to make real to them was that God is one, that, as the Korân says, "they surely are infidels who say that God is the third of three, for there is no God but one God."

To return to the story of his life. It says very much for the pure motives that swayed him that his own nearest friends were the first to believe in him. Others called him fool, mad poet, star-gazer, but he held on his way, although for some time with scant success, his followers being, up to the fourth year of his mission, few and humble. It is said that he was one day talking with a rich man whom he wished to convert, when a poor blind man came up and asked to be taught by Mohammad, who, cross at being interrupted, spoke roughly to him. But his conscience quickly smote him for his harshness, and the next day's Revelation reproved him. It is thus given in the Korân.

'He frowned, and he turned his back,
Because the blind man came to him!
But what assured thee that he would not
Be cleansed by the Faith,
Or be warned and the warning profit him.
As to him who is wealthy,
To him thou wast all attention;
Yet is it not thy concern if he be not cleansed:
But as to him who cometh to thee in earnest,
And full of fears—him dost thou neglect."

Mohammad afterward sought the man, saying, "He is thrice welcome on whose account my Lord hath reprimanded me."

He began to teach abroad in Mecca and other places, but the attacks on him grew so bitter, that he had to leave the city. On his return his wife died. She was a true and noble-natured woman and her memory is held in deep reverence, visits being paid to

her tomb every Friday. To add to Mohammed's troubles, poverty came upon him, and a plot being laid to kill him, he had to leave Mecca a second time, and started for Medina, where some of his converts lived. On his way thither he and a friend hid in a cave, over the mouth of which a spider spun its web as they lay inside. When their pursuers came to the cave they felt sure, on seeing the web, that Mohammad was not there. "We are but two," said his friend, full of fear. "There is a third," replied Mohammad, "it is God Himself."

The Muslims date their years from the prophet's flight to Medina, just as we date history from the birth of Jesus Christ. On reaching that city, all was changed. A glad welcome greeted Mohammad and he at once became ruler and lawgiver.

But he ceased to be only the preacher of a creed beautiful and simple, and became a warrior. He was angered against those who had refused to believe in him and, since he could not persuade them, he sought to compel them. So he offered idolaters and Jews either death or conversion to Islâm, and urged his followers to battle by promising immediate entrance into Paradise to those who fell in the fight. They flung themselves without fear into the contest, for to them it was God's battle against the unfaithful, and Islâm! His will be done.

Mohammad's anger was hottest against the Jews. He had striven hard to win them to his side. He admitted their religion to be divine; he adopted many of their rites and doctrines and made Jerusalem the Kiblah or place toward which men were to turn in daily prayer. But they ridiculed him and cut him to the quick with satire and sneer, so that to the day of his death he was their bitter foe. The Sabbath was changed to Friday, which was the day when the Arabs were used to meet in assembly, and Muslims were commanded to turn their faces toward Mecca. After wars against Arabs, Jews and Christians, in the greater number of which Mohammad was the victor, he had conquered the whole of Arabia and extended his rule to other parts. So great had his power become that he sent messages to kings and princes demanding that they would submit to Islâm.

Toward the tenth year after his flight, he went on his last pilgrimage to Mecca at the head of 40,000 Muslims. On his return to Medina, feeling death near, he dwelt near the mosque that he might take part as long as he could in the public prayers. After calling the people together he asked them, as did Samuel when he bade farewell to the children of Israel, "whether he had wronged any one or whether he owed ought to any one," and then after reading some verses from the Korân, went home to die. He passed away in his sixty-second year amidst the deep grief of the people, and a great

tumult arose at the news, for many thought him immortal.

He was a great and true man, and the religion which he set forth met the needs of men in the East as no other religion did in that day, nor is it likely that it will ever cease its hold upon men or that Mohammad will give place to any other prophet.

We must no more blame him for many of the sad errors and vices mixed up with Islâm than we should blame Jesus for the evils which have crept into Christianity. Even for the wars that he waged he may have found excuse in the history of the Jews. The Old Testament is reddened, in its books of their history, with the story of the shameful cruelty of which they were guilty, of tender children slaughtered, of whole cities put to the edge of the sword, and all this butchery done, as they would have us believe, in the name and at the command of the Lord, of Whom their ideas were so gross that they more than once offered human sacrifices to Him. And we all know what terrible wars and massacres have taken place in the name of our Christian religion; and how but a very few years ago it was held by many Christians that man could own, and buy and sell his fellow-man.

Brighter and better days have come since then, and Mohammadans, like Christians, do not now seek to spread their faith by violence and bloodshed. I have dwelt upon this because it is needful to see how little of the grosser part of each religion belongs, in most cases, to the idea of its founder.

In addition to what has been said about Islâm, Muslims believe that God in different ages made known His will to prophets in scriptures, of which all but four are lost; the Pentateuch (or first five books of the Bible), the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Korân; the Korân only being perfect. Also that there will be, after many strange events, a resurrection and a final judgment, when the souls of both the good and bad will have to pass over a bridge laid across hell, finer than a hair and sharper than a sword. The souls of the good will pass quickly across it, but the wicked will fall into hell headlong. The idea of heaven is that of a place of gross delights; while a never-ending hell will be the fate of all non-believers.

The success of Islâm was great. Not one hundred years after the death of the prophet, it had converted half the then known world, and its green flag waved from China to Spain. Christianity gave way before it, and has never regained some of the ground then lost, while at this day we see Islâm making marked progress in Africa and elsewhere. Travelers tell us that the gain is great when a tribe casts away its idols and embraces Islâm. Filth and drunkenness flee away, and the state of the people is bettered in a high degree.

When we hear good-meaning people lament

that negroes should become Mohammadans, let us remember that this was not the feeling of Jesus when his disciples told him that they had forbidden a man who was casting out demons in his name. "And Jesus said, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us." And this, I am sure, he would say to-day of the Mohammadan missionaries, if he were among us.

Along the northern coasts of Africa and nearly to the equator, from Turkey to within the borders of China, and among the larger islands of the East, the faith of Islâm spreads, divided into sects, and numbers millions who offer to Allah their five-fold daily prayer. From every mosque the blind mueddin or crier proclaims at daybreak: "There is no God but God; Mohammad is his prophet. Prayer is better than sleep; come to prayer," and then each pious Muslim falls faceward to the holy city Mecca.

I should add that the wars of Islâm did not leave waste and ruin in their path, but that the Arabs, when they came to Europe, alone held aloft the light of learning, and in the once famous schools of Spain, taught "philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and the golden art of song." The Arabic words used in science—*algebra, almanac, alcohol*, and others, together with many names of stars, remain among us as proofs of what Arabia has given to Europe.

The Mohammadan Bible is the Kuran or Korân. *Al-Korân* or *The Reading* (as we say, *The Bible*) contains the entire code of Islâm; that is, it is not a book of religious precepts merely, but it governs all that a Muslim does.

I shall not waste limited space in giving the absurd story which the Muslims tell about their Korân, but briefly speak of its contents. It is entirely the work of Mohammad, and is made up of revelations which he believed came to him from the time of his sojourn on Mount Hira. It is regarded not only as inspired every word, but as uncreated and eternal. It consists of one hundred and fourteen Sûrahs or chapters, which were dictated by Mohammad to a scribe, and the copies thus made were thrown into a box. A year after Mohammad's death, such portions as remained were collected "from date-leaves, tablets of white stone, bones, parchment leaves," and memories of men, and copied without order of time or subject, the longest chapters being put first.

The titles of the chapters are taken from some chief matter in them, but are mostly unmeaning, affording no clew to the contents, as for example, "The Cow," "Thunder," "The Fig," "The Elephant." Each begins with the words, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," and also tells where it was revealed to Mohammad.

The Korân is written in the purest and most elegant Arabic, and suffers much by

translation. Teaching the oneness of God, it is largely made up of stories, legends, laws and counsels which show how much use Mohammad made of all that he had heard of Jewish history and lore. Much of it, as we read it, seems utterly unmeaning, other parts of it move us by the beauty of their desert songs of God's majesty and purity.

The Muslims do not touch it with unwashed hands, and never hold it below the girdle round their waist, while to them nothing is more hateful than to see it in the hands of an unbeliever.

They regard this short chapter as equal to one-third of the whole book in value:

"Say there is one God alone—
God the eternal;
He begetteth not and He is not begotten,
And there is none like unto him."

I have marked many Sûrahs with the view of quoting from them, but can give only three or four specimens.

This Sûrah, named "the folding up," thus describes the last day:

"When the sun shall be folded up,

"And when the stars shall fall,

"And when the mountains shall be set in motion,

"And when the she-camels with young shall be neglected,

"And when the wild beasts shall be huddled together,

"And when the seas shall boil.

"And when the souls shall be joined again to their bodies,

"And when the leaves of the Book shall be unrolled,

"And when the heavens shall be stripped away like a skin,

"And when hell shall be made to blaze,

"And when paradise shall be brought near,

"Every soul shall know what it has done."

At the end of another Sûrah, and one of the latest in point of time, this fine passage occurs:

"God! there is no God but He, the Living, the Eternal. Slumber doth not overtake Him, neither sleep; to Him belongeth all that is in heaven and earth. Who is he that can plead with Him but by His own permission? He knoweth that which is past, and that which is to come unto them, and they shall not comprehend anything of His knowledge but so far as he pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the upholding of both is no burden unto Him. He is the Lofty and Great."

Again:

"It is God who hath ordained the night for your rest, and the day to give you light: verily God is rich in bounties to most men; but most men render not the tribute of thanks.

"This is God your Lord, Creator of all things; no god is there but He: why then do you turn away from Him?"

Again:

"O my son! observe prayer, and enjoin the right and forbid the wrong, and be patient under whatever shall betide thee: for this is a bounden duty. And distort not thy face at men; nor walk thou loftily on the earth; for God loveth no arrogant vain-glorious one.

"But let thy pace be middling; and lower thy voice; for the least pleasing of voices is surely the voice of asses."

And as a last quotation:

"There is no piety in turning your faces toward the east or the west, but he is pious who believeth in God, and the last day, and the angels, and the scriptures, and the prophets, who for the love of God disburseth his wealth to his kindred, and to the orphans, and to the needy, and the wayfarer, and those who ask, and for ransoming; who observeth prayer, and payeth the legal alms, and who is of those who are faithful to their engagements when they have engaged in them, and patient under ills and hardships, and in time of trouble; these are they who are just, and these are they who fear the Lord."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

In the remarks which were made on the right use of legends of the past, I promised to show you why the Bible should be read as we read other books. It is a common notion that the Bible has to be treated in some different way; and owing to that chiefly, it is, although one of the most read, yet the most misread of books and the least understood. The care which has to be applied, the free, full use of the powers of the mind which has to be made to enable us to get at the meaning of any book, is often most strangely withheld by people when reading the Bible.

The fact has already come before you that there are several book-religions in the world, and this will have caused you to ask in what way the book on which our Christian religion is founded differs from the books on which other religions are founded. For it is clear that what Christians believe concerning the Bible, namely, that it is the work of men specially helped by God, Who made use of them to reveal truths needful for us to know and which none of us could ever have found out for himself, and that it is free from the errors and defects which every other book contains; is believed in a still more intense degree by the Brahmans concerning the Veda, by the Muslims concerning the Korân, and so on.

The knowledge of this renders it needful for us to inquire whether our belief is ill or well grounded, whether we have surer proof of its truth than the Brahman has of his,

for to neglect this is to confess that we shrink from comparing the Bible with the Veda, fearful lest it might suffer thereby, and the grand truths which it contains become less dear to us.

There are plenty of books within reach which give an account of the contents of the Bible, of the order in which the books which compose it are believed to have been written, of the supposed dates and places, of the names of the authors, and like matters relating to its wonderful history. All these may here be passed by and give place to a few simple facts which are more or less known, but which are much overlooked, and upon which all proof as to the value of the Bible must ever rest.

The first of these is that the Bible was produced like every book; *men wrote it*. It is made up of a number of works of the most varied kind; history, poem, proverb, prophecy, epistle; all written by learned or unlearned men, many of them unknown to one another, since they lived in different lands and centuries apart; each as he wrote his history or poured forth his song little thinking that it would form part of a book which has been precious to millions of men for hundreds of years, which "goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king; which is woven into the literature of the scholar and colors the talk of the street; which mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life; which blesses us when we are born; gives names to half Christendom; rejoices with us; has sympathy for our mourning;" a book, every portion of which, strange to say, has been regarded of equal value; whether it be the Book of Esther or the Epistle to the Romans.

And not only did men write it; *men also collected its books together*. The books of the Old Testament were gathered together by the Jews when or by whom among them is not known. That ancient people guarded them with jealous care, using all pains to prevent errors entering into the copies which were made, every verse and letter being counted.

The books of the New Testament were chosen from many others and assumed their present form about the end of the second century after Christ, but men and churches have differed much and still differ as to which books should be left out and which admitted.

Not only did men write the several books of the Bible and collect them into one volume: *men also translated them* into our own and other languages, doing, in the case of our translation a great and noble work, filled with the richness, simplicity and power of our sweet mother-tongue, before cramped and stilted words of Latin birth were brought into it. But grand and lasting as their workmanship was, our translators made many mistakes, some of them wilful ones, (as, for example, when, in their rarely printed "Preface to the Reader," they say they have made

use of certain words by the express command of the king), which a body of learned men of our day are now busily employed in correcting. Then the division of the books of Scripture into chapters and verses, some of these, as where Genesis ii. 1-3 is severed from Genesis i., being wrong; and the headings to the chapters, some of which give a false idea of their contents, was each the work of men. The words printed in italics are not in the manuscripts which were translated, but were added by our translators to complete the sense, although in some cases they obscure it.

Now no one asserts that the men who collected the books together were inspired by God to do it, so that they could not by any means leave out the right books and put in the wrong books, nor that the men who translated the Bible were inspired, so that they could not give a wrong meaning to the Greek or Hebrew in turning it into our own or any other tongue. We must therefore put these on one side and pass to the men who wrote the books, and who, it is commonly believed, were inspired by God to do it, and preserved from all error in their work.

Various opinions are held about the nature and extent of this inspiration, some few believing that every word, every syllable and every letter is the direct utterance of God; others, that the writers were kept from error when revealing his will, but not when speaking upon matters of history, science, etc. All debate about this is in vain, because if any manuscripts ever existed, which were the work of men thus helped, we have no true copies of them, since the oldest manuscripts differ in important details. And even if the very handiwork of each writer could be found, the belief that he was inspired would in no way help us to understand what he had written. But it is said the Bible writers claim to speak the very words of God, and it is this which makes it so needful for us to listen to them with obedient heart and trustful soul. Of course such a claim, like the claims of certain men in past and present days to power to forgive sins, is more easily made than proven, and all we can do is to go to the Bible itself and see what is therein said and how far it supports the claim.

The frequent use in the Old Testament of such solemn phrases as "Thus saith the Lord;" "And God said;" "God spake these words and said;" the verses which tell us that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," form the chief foundation on which the claim is rested.

Upon the use of the phrases quoted, some very instructive facts are given by Sir Samuel Baker in his book on the "Nile Tributaries." He says (pp. 129-131) "the conversation of the Arabs is in the exact style of the Old Testament. The name of God is coupled with every trifling incident in life. Should a

famine afflict the country, it is expressed in the stern language of the Old Testament: 'The Lord has sent a grievous famine upon the land,' or 'The Lord called for a famine and it came upon the land.' Should their cattle fall sick, it is considered to be an affliction by divine command; or should the flocks prosper and multiply, the prosperity is attributed to divine interference. . . . This striking likeness to the descriptions of the Old Testament is most interesting to a traveler when living among these people. With the Bible in one hand, and these unchanged tribes before the eyes, there is a thrilling illustration of the sacred records; the past becomes the present: the veil of three thousand years is raised, and the living picture is a witness to the exactness of the historical description. At the same time there is a light thrown upon many obscure passages in the Old Testament by the experience of the present customs and figures of speech of the Arabs; which are exactly like those that were practiced at the periods described. . . . Should the present history of the country be written by an Arab scribe, the style of the description would be purely that of the Old Testament, and the various calamities, or the good fortunes that have, in the course of nature, befallen both the tribes and individuals would be recounted either as special visitations of divine wrath or blessings for good deeds performed. If in a dream a particular course of action is suggested, the Arab believes that God has *spoken* and directed him. The Arab scribe or historian would describe the event as the '*voice* of the Lord' having spoken unto the person; or that God appeared to him in a dream, and '*said*,' etc. Thus much allowance would be necessary on the part of a European reader for the figurative ideas and expressions of the people."

When we go to the Bible, we find therein exactly what those who have some knowledge of its wonderful history might expect. It bears the traces of the long years through which it was slowly growing, book by book. In its earlier pages we find legends which, as already shown, are very like to those of nations with whom the Jew were connected by race or came in contact; we find there ideas about God which are coarse and degrading, which became lofty only as the Jews advanced in the thought of Him as pictured in the worthy language of the prophets, and which were altogether different from the ennobling teaching of Jesus and of Paul; we find how deeply human all its writers were; how each differs in his style of telling anything and is marked by it: how fully they shared the common beliefs of their time; nor is it easy to find in what they have said truths which, in one form or another, have not been stated by the writers of some of the sacred books into which we have dipped.

The Bible records the experience of the wisest and best of men of the past in their

search after truth, but it is hard to discover proof that the claim to inspiration which is made for them, and which they would perhaps not claim for themselves, is one that cannot be denied. And if it be admitted, the inspiration would be without value unless it was also bestowed upon the men who copied the manuscripts, upon the men who collected them together, upon the men who translated them, and in short, upon every one who in any way has had to do with placing the Bible in the hands of people of any age and clime.

It may appear a graceless thing to write any words which shall seem to lessen the value of a book which for hundreds of years has been so precious to men. But the loss is more seeming than real, since riddance of error leaves room for truth to enter, and it is far better to be quit of false notions in early life than to undergo the painful and weary task of uprooting them in after years. The truths which are enshrined in the Bible are not less true because frail men spake them, nor is that, "inspiration of the Almighty" which "giveth understanding" a less mighty fact because we find that the writers of Scripture had it not different in kind to that which comes to every man who opens his soul to receive it. It dwelt in those earnest ones whose yearnings after the unseen found utterance in Bible, Rig-Veda, Zend-Avesta, Tripitaka, King and Koran, and it dwells in earnest souls to-day, wherever the love of truth abides. And for us, in whatever written or spoken word, or sound of many-voiced nature, we find that which speaks to our heart as true, *there is for us an inspired truth.*

CONCLUSION.

This outline sketch would have been more complete if an account had been given of some religions that have passed away, but of which fragments remain here and there in hoary rite and custom.

For example, there was the religion of Egypt, land of marvel and of mystery: fountain of knowledge at which Assyrian, Greek and Hebrew drank; noted for its discoveries in science, and for the majesty, and withal the delicacy, of its art; for the highly civilized state of its people, whose daily life—the luxury and pleasures of the few—the toil and hardship of the many—is pictured on wall-paintings, preserved from decay by a rainless climate through five thousand years. That religion, standing in awe before the mystery of life, looked upon all life as divine, and had its upper gods of Nature, Space and Time; its sun and river deities; its worship of insect, bird, reptile and beast, chiefest of which was the Apis bull of Memphis; its belief in an immortal life, and a judgment after death, of which the proofs are near us in the mummies of animals and

human beings, and in the great sacred book known as the "Ritual of the Dead." Behind the forms of that religion in pompous festivals, minute ceremonies, sacrifices, charms, and months and days each dedicate to the gods, there were secrets which the priests kept to themselves, through which the religion became a priestcraft.

There was the religion of Greece, reveling in sunlight and gladness; its gods most strong and goddesses most fair, dwelling on Mount Olympus, were beings not free from the follies and vices of men, for they spent their lives in fighting, feasting, scheming and love-making. Ruling mankind, they were in their turn ruled by Fate, and therefore inspired neither fear nor respect. In the Greek religion the beautiful was the divine, and he was accounted most godlike who added by his art to all that pleased the eye, or that fell musically upon the ear. Lovely forms filled every nook and corner of that sunny land: the echoes of the nymphs' soft voices were heard among the mountains, they dwelt within the forest-trees, and slept beside the streams. There was no priestly caste, for to pray and sacrifice was the right of every free-born Greek; there were no sacred books, but deep reverence for the poet's words. Rich feasts and festivals, mysteries and oracles, entered largely into the Greek religion, but the cheerfulness of this life did not lend itself to color the ideas of a life to come, which were dim and misty.

There was the religion of Rome, empire once splendid and stately beyond compare; a religion with no luster in its eye, no life in its heart, if heart it had, but as loveless a thing as the soul whom Tennyson so wonderfully describes in his "Palace of Art." It was a worship of law and duty, neither of which we would leave undone, but it was not an obedience to law and a loyalty to duty springing out of love. It was given to the gods as their due, as a man pays his just debts. There were gods many, Jupiter being the chief, and under him deities representing the powers of nature, or ruling over money, trade, the house, etc., and a goodly number had been borrowed from Greece, but they left their souls behind them. A long list of festivals filled the year, and song and dance entered into the honors paid the gods, but the true object of worship among the Romans was Rome. That a higher life beat within the souls of some is proved by the noble thoughts of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and others which have come down to us.

There was the religion of the Teutons and Scandinavians whose blood is in our veins. Its gods, huge, shaggy giants, took shape and character from the wild, bleak regions of the north. Their virtue was their strength and courage, and their work an unending fight against storm and snow and darkness. And as with the gods, so with the men. To them life was an earnest thing.

war its business, bravery its duty, cowardice its greatest crime. To escape death in bed, since for those thus dying Hela waited in her cold prison-house below, where hunger was her dish, starvation her knife, care her bed, and anguish its curtains; men would be carried into battle, or mimic a violent death by cutting wounds in their flesh, that Odin's Choosers of the Slain might lead them to his hall (Valhalla), where they fought at dawn, and if wounded, were healed by noon, ready for the feast and song. There was, withal, tenderness and warmth within these rough Norsemen's hearts, and when they gave up beautiful Baldur, son of Odin, for Jesus, Son of God, the missionaries of the cross gained their noblest triumph.

In brief, the Egyptians worshiped *nature*; the Greeks, *beauty*; the Romans, *law*; and the Northern races, *courage*.

Then there was the religions of Babylon, Phœnicia, and other mighty nations; of the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru; and there is a valuable field of study in learning about the beliefs and practices existing among the tribes of Africa, America, Polynesia, etc., since they furnish illustrations of those earliest forms of religion out of which have slowly risen the ennobling beliefs of the most advanced races of mankind.

But all this, and very much more, must be passed by.

There is, however, one question which makes itself heard in many parts of this book and to which an answer must be given. It is this: How do the facts brought together herein about the great religions of the world bear on our Christian religion, and what is the relation between them and it? To worthily answer this would fill many pages, and it must suffice to give one or two reasons for replying that our religion, while beyond question the highest of all, takes a place not distinct from, but among all religions, past or present. Its relation to them is not that they are earthborn, while it alone is divine, but it is the relation of one member of a family to other members, who are "all brothers, having one work one hope, and one All-Father."

I know that it is not always easy to think thus of it, because it is dear to us as no other religion ever could be, linked as it is by love toward him who lived the saintliest life, and died the martyr-death, and in following whose example we follow all that is beautiful and divine. But viewing it as one among others, much that otherwise perplexes and even dismays us is taken away, and we cease to wonder that its history is so like that of other religions. We are able to understand why it has grown from small beginnings and been subject to many changes, as they have, if we believe that it also had its rise in the nature of man. We understand how the early disciples of Jesus treasured with loving care the memory of what he had said, and

how, as the years rolled on, it seemed good to some of them to commit what they knew or had heard to writings which in course of time took shape as the New Testament. We see how the simple faith of the first Christians became sadly corrupted, how word-mongers and creed-makers stifled it, how, petted in kingly courts and clad in earthly armor, its kingdom became of this world. We read of its victories and defeats; its divisions and their brood of hate, cruelty, and martyrdom; its failure to regain some of the ground lost, and to win to itself races whose religions were gray with age when it was born. And we read too, how, in the good providence of God, it was embraced by the nations descended from those Aryan tribes who traveled into Europe, and to whom He has given so great a part to play in this world's rough story; and how, by that love of man which is its life, it made helpful to the world's good those mighty forces to which it was thus joined.

All this, and very much more that could be added, becomes clear as the noonday if Christianity be regarded as like in kind to other faiths; while treated as altogether unlike, its slow progress and varying fortunes bewilder us, and our trust grows feeble and perishes.

I have said thus much, because neither you nor I are likely to give up our religion and become Muslims or Buddhists, and also because I would have you without fear compare it with theirs, and gladly welcome in each that which we know is common to all, and which makes us "all brothers, because we have one work and one hope and one All-Father."

I have been more careful to collect facts relating to the matter of this book than to ask what they mean, since in every study the mastery of facts and the knowledge of their relation to one another is of the first importance. Conclusions can always wait and always take care of themselves. But now that the end of our story is reached, I must say a few words suggested by what it tells.

1. In all things we see purpose and progress. No race of people has been placed where it is found by chance, for God hath appointed the bounds of its habitation, and when it moves, it is His hand that guides it toward "one far-off, divine event."

Deep down in the earth's crust there are remains of the dim specks of life from which have come forms of life higher and still higher, till the lordliest and the best appeared.

The lichens that rest "starlike on the stone" and tree-trunk, that, with the mosses, cover the wide moorlands and adorn the mountain-side where naught else will grow, these prepare a soil into which the noblest trees of the forest can strike their roots.

The caves and old river-beds disclose the rough stone tools which the common sense

of *savage* man shaped to point and edge, and by the use of which he made possible that which we are to-day in this Age of Iron. And it is the same with man's higher nature. First cringing, awe-struck, before some misshapen stone, or before the dead yet moving powers in cloud and river, then worshiping living creatures, and so on step by step until, with now a stumble and now a fall, he rises from worship of the thing made to worship of its Maker; from reverence, born of fear, for the *strong*, to adoration, born of love, for the *holy*. Every morning there steal up the eastern sky the early rays that gently prepare our waking eyes for the brighter light of the sun, whose glory would dazzle if it burst upon us suddenly, and in like manner, in the dawn of this world's history, God let truth into the minds of men little by little, yet ever pouring forth more as they were able to receive it, and still it increases and will increase, shining "more and more unto the perfect day."

2. What has been said pre-supposes the fact that man is a religious being.

Look where we will, we find that when his bodily wants, be they few or many, have been supplied, there remains a craving which no gift of earth can satisfy, the craving of his heart after God. All men have it, although in some it sleeps, and it is the same in all none the less because it shows itself in different ways. Under various forms we see expressed a sense of need; a belief as in the *savage*, in a will *mightier* than his own; as in the *civilized* man, in a will *holier* than his own; a feeling of duty which, in the lowest races, takes what is to us a brutal shape, but which is none the less such a feeling; as, for example, when the Feejee kills his aged parent under the fear that he may become too feeble to undertake the journey to another world; and lastly, the universal belief that a man's soul or self does not die, but haunts the place it lived in, or betakes itself to some far-off happy land.

Such being the nature of man, we must be careful lest we speak or think meanly of him and thus dishonor his Creator. He who has a low and unworthy idea of his nature will act unworthily; while he who feels how great is the life of a being made in the image of God will not readily blot and blur that image. If any one be told that he cannot choose the right and love the true, and live out the pure,

he will feel that if it be so, to try is hopeless work. But we are very sure that it is not so, else how could there dwell within us sorrow and unquiet after doing wrong, if we did not feel that we can do, and ought to do the right? If such chilling unfaith in themselves and in their kind had been in the heart of saintly men whose lives have blessed the world; who, like salt, have kept the mass from decay; how, think you, could they have dared and done? They had faith in man as the fruit of faith in the God who made him; they felt that the life of man is not what it will one day become, and this it was that fired them to earnest effort in the service and salvation of their fellows, and to help, on the time when earth shall be the paradise it never has been yet:

"Who rowing hard against the stream
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream."

It is the faith of such men, some of whose lives have been looked at in this book, that you and I must share. Life is full of duty, and to do well the work that lies close at hand is to fulfill the purpose for which we were sent here. The weakest and youngest among us is a power for good as well as for evil, and it should be our aim to do our part on the side of ever-increasing human goodness against ever-lessening human badness.

There is but one life, if life it may be called, which seems to me to be God-forsaken; it is the life that is idle or selfish. Those few words express more than one might think, but their meaning has been set to sweeter music than I can command by Leigh Hunt in the story of Abou Ben Adhem, with which I close this book:

"Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw amid the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the vision in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made of all sweet accord,
Replied, 'The names of them that love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
'Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light;
He showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF MYTH.

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I.

NATURE AS VIEWED BY PRIMITIVE MAN.

THE application of the scientific method to the study of man has given a wider meaning to the word "myth" than that commonly found in the dictionaries. These explain it as fable, as designedly fictitious, whether for amusement only, or to point a moral. The larger meaning which it holds to-day includes much more than this—to wit, the whole area of intellectual products which lie beyond the historic horizon and overlap it, effacing on nearer view the lines of separation. For the myth, as fable only, has no place for the crude fancies and grotesque imaginings of barbarous races of the present day, and of races at low levels of culture in the remote past. And so long as it was looked upon as the vagrant of fancy, with no serious meaning at the heart of it, and as corresponding to no yearning of man after the truth of things, sober treatment of it was impossible. But now that it, with its prolific offspring, legend and tradition, is seen to be a necessary travelling through which the mind of man passed in its slow progress toward certitude, the study and comparison of its manifold, yet, at the center, allied forms, and of the conditions out of which they

arose, takes rank among the serious inquiries of our time.

Not that the inquiry is a new one. Five hundred years before Christ, *i.e.*, in the days of Euripides, the Greeks had identified the gods of their Olympus with the sun and sky, although Anaxagoras was sentenced to death and afterward banished for calling the moon a lump of lifeless matter, and in succeeding times myths were either emptied of their meaning or exalted to historic rank. In the hands of Christian apologists, from the ages of the Fathers to the present day "heathen" mythologies have been cited as witnesses to the corruptions of the faith, and, under the solvent of blundering etymologies, have been made to yield traces of a primitive revelation and of the doctrine of a Trinity! But if the inquiry is not a new one, the method of its prosecution is—a method justified by its works. Because, for the assigning of its due place in the order of man's mental and spiritual development to myth, there is needed that knowledge concerning his origin, concerning the conditions out of which he has emerged, and concerning the mythologies of lower races and their survival in unsuspected forms in the higher races, which was not only beyond the reach, but the conception also, of men until this century.

Except, therefore, as curiosities of literature, we may dismiss the Lemprière of our school-days, and with him "Cas-aubon"-Bryant and his key to all the mythologies—a key that fits no lock; with him, too, in all respect be it added, Mr. Gladstone, with his visions of the Messiah in Apollo, and of the Logos in Athéné.

After this short preface, we may start with the brief and plain statement, to be justified by what follows, that the birth-place of myth is in the endeavor of primitive man to interpret the meaning of his surroundings. By primitive man, I do not, of course, mean the nameless savage of the old Stone Age, who, if he had brains and leisure enough to make guesses about things, has left us no witness of the fact. His relics, and those of his successors to a period which is but as yesterday in the history of our kind, are material only, and not until we possess the symbols of man's thought, whether in language or rude picture, do we get an inkling of the meaning which the universe had for him, in the detail of his pitiless daily life, in the shapes and motions of surrounding objects, and in the majesty of the heavens above him. Even then the thought is more or less crystallized, and if we would watch it in the fluent form, we must have keen eye for the like process going on among savages yet untouched by the Time-Spirit, although higher in the scale than the Papuans and hill tribes of the Vindhya. For we cannot so far lull our faculty of thought as to realize the mental vacuity of the savage, but we may, from survivals now-days, lead up to reasonable guesses of savage ways of looking at things in by-gone ages, and the more so when we can detect relics of these among the ignorant and superstitious of modern times.

What meaning, then, had primitive man's surroundings to him when eye and ear could be diverted from prior claims of the body, and he could repose from watching for his prey and from listening to the approach of wild beast or enemy? He had the advantage, from greater demand for their exercise, in keener senses of sight, hearing, smell, and touch than we enjoy; nor did he fail to take in facts in plenty. Only there was this vital defect and difference, that in his brain every fact was pigeon-holed, charged with its own narrow meaning only, as in small minds among ourselves we find place given to inane, peddling detail, and no advance made to general and wide con-

ception of things. In sharpest contrast to the poet's utterance—

"Nothing in this world is single;
All things by a law divine
In each other's being mingle,"

every fact is unrelated to every other fact, and, therefore, interpreted wrongly.

Man, in his first outlook upon Nature, was altogether ignorant of the character of the forces by which he was environed; ignorant of that unvarying relation between effect and cause which it needed the experience of ages and the generalizations therefrom to apprehend, and to express as "laws of nature." He had not even the intellectual resource of later times in inventing miracle to explain where the necessary relation between events seemed broken or absent.

His first attitude was that of wonder, mingled with fear—fear as instinctive as the dread of the brute for him. The sole measure of things was himself; consequently, everything that moved or that had power of movement, did so because it was alive. A personal life and will was attributed to sun, moon, clouds, river, waterfall, ocean, and tree, and the varying phenomena of the sky at dawn or noonday, at gray eve or black-clouded night, were the manifestation of the controlling life that dwelt in all. In a thousand different forms this conception was expressed. The thunder was the roar of a mighty beast; the lightning a serpent darting at its prey, an angry eye flashing, the storm demon's outshot forked tongue; the rainbow a thirsty monster; the water-spout a long-tailed dragon. This was not a pretty or powerful conceit, not imagery, but an explanation. The men who thus spoke of these phenomena meant precisely what they said. What does the savage know about heat, light, sound, electricity, and the other modes of motion through which the Proteus force beyond our ken is manifest? How many persons who have enjoyed a "liberal" education can give correct answer, if asked off-hand, explaining how glaciers are born of the sunshine, and why two sounds, travelling in opposite directions at equal velocities, "interfere" and cause silence? I have been surprised at the number of young men, hailing from schools of renown, who have given me the most ludicrous replies when asked the cause of day and light, and the distance of the earth from the sun.

That the comparison between things inanimate and animate arising from su-

perfidious analogies is inborn in the savage, is illustrated all the world over. The North American Indians prefer a hook that has caught a big fish to the handful of hooks that have never been tried, and they never lay two nets together, lest they should be jealous of each other. The Bushmen thought that the traveler Chapman's big wagon was the mother of his smaller ones; and the natives of Tahiti sowed in the ground some iron nails given them by Captain Cook, expecting to obtain young ones. When that ill-fated discoverer's ship was sighted by the New Zealanders, they thought it was a whale with wings. The king of the Coussa Kaffirs, having broken off a piece of the anchor of a stranded ship, soon afterward died, upon which all the Kaffirs made a point of saluting the anchor very respectfully whenever they went near it, regarding it as a vindictive being. But, perhaps, one of the most striking and amusing illustrations is that quoted by Sir John Lubbock from the "Smithsonian Reports," concerning an Indian who had been sent by a missionary to a colleague with four loaves of bread, accompanied by a letter stating their number. The Indian ate some of the bread, and his theft was, of course, found out. He was sent on a second errand with a similar batch of bread and a letter, and repeated the theft; but took the precaution to hide the letter under a stone while he was eating the loaves, so that it might not see him!

As the individual is a type of the race, so in the child's nature we find analogy of the mental attitude of the savage ready to hand. To the child everything is alive. With what timidity and wonder he first touches a watch, with its moving hands and clicking works; with what genuine anger he beats the door against which he has knocked his head, whips the rocking-horse that has flung him, then kisses and strokes it the next moment in token of forgiveness and affection. Even among civilized adults, as Mr. Grote remarks, "the force of momentary passion will often suffice to supersede the acquired habit, and an intelligent man may be impelled in a moment of agonizing pain to kick or beat the lifeless object from which he has suffered." The mental condition which causes the wild native of Brazil to bite the stone he stumbled over, may, as Dr. Tylor has pointed out in his invaluable work on "Primitive Culture," be traced along the course of history, not merely in impulsive habit,

but in formally enacted law. If among barbarous peoples we find, for example, the relatives of a man killed by a fall from a tree taking their revenge by cutting the tree down and scattering it in chips, we find a continuity of idea in the action of the court of justice held at the Prytaneum in Athens to try any inanimate object, such as an axe, or a piece of wood, or stone, which had caused the death of any one without proved human agency, and which, if condemned, was cast in solemn form beyond the border. "The spirit of this remarkable procedure reappears in the old English law, repealed only in the present reign, whereby not only a beast that kills a man, but a cart-wheel that runs over him, or a tree that falls on him and kills him, is deodand, or given to God, *i.e.*, forfeited and sold for the poor." Among ancient legal proceedings in France we read of animals condemned to the gallows for the crime of murder, and of swarms of caterpillars which infected certain districts being admonished to take themselves off within a given number of days on pain of being declared accursed and excommunicated. When the New Zealander swallows his dead enemy's eye that he may see further, or gives his child pebbles to make it stony and pitiless of heart; when the Abipone eats tiger's flesh to increase his courage, such confusion in the existence of transferable qualities as these acts imply, has its survivals in the old wives' notion that the eye-bright flower, which resembles the eye, is good for diseases of that organ, in the medical remedy for curing a sword-wound by nursing the weapon that caused it, and in the old adage, "take a hair of the dog that bit you"—as the Scandinavian Edda says, "Dogs, hairs heal dogs, bites."

II.

PERSONIFICATION OF THE POWERS OF NATURE.

IN selecting illustrations from the literature of savage mythology, the material overburdens us by its richness. Much of it is old, and, like refuse-heaps in our mining districts, once cast aside as rubbish, but now made to yield products of value, it has, after long neglect, been found to contain elements of worth, which patience and insight have extracted from its travelers' tales and quaint speculations. That for which it was most prized in the

days of our fathers is now of small account; that within it which they passed by we secure as of lasting worth. Much of that literature is, however, new, for the impetus which has in our time been given to the rescue and preservation of archaic forms has reached this, and a host of accomplished collectors have secured rich specimens of relics, which in the lands of their discovery have still the authority of the past, unimpaired by the critical exposure of the present.

The subject itself is, moreover, so wide reaching, bringing the ancient and the modern into hitherto unsuspected relation, showing how in customs and beliefs, to us unmeaning and irrational, there lurk the degraded representations of old philosophies, and in what seems to us burlesque, the survivals of man's most serious thought.

One feels this difficulty of choice and this temptation to digress in treating of that confusion inherent in the savage mind between things living and not living, which was the main subject of my former paper. By numberless illustrations at hand, this confusion might be shown to extend to the names or images of persons, and to the persons themselves, as well as to other relations which are purely symbolic.

For example, the practice of burning or hanging in effigy, by which a crowd expresses its feelings toward any unpopular person, is a relic of the old belief in a real and sympathetic connection between a man and his image; a belief extant among the unlettered in by-places of civilized countries. When we hear of North American tribes making images of their foes, whose lives they expect to shorten by piercing these images with their arrows, we remember that these barbarous folk have their representatives among us in the Devonshire peasant, who hangs in his chimney a pig's heart stuck all over with thornprickles, so that the heart of his enemy may likewise be pierced. The practice among the Dyaks of Borneo, of making a wax figure of the foe, so that his body may waste away as the wax is melted, will remind the admirers of Dante Rossetti, how he finds in a kindred mediæval superstition the subject of his poem "Sister Helen," while they who prefer the authority of sober prose may turn to that storehouse of the curious, Brand's "Popular Antiquities." Brand quotes from King James, who, in his "Dæmonology," book ii. chap. 5, tells us that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or

clay, that by roasting thereof the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted or dried away by continual sickness;" and also cites Andrews, the author of a "Continuation of Henry's Great Britain," who, speaking of the death of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, by poison, in the reign of Elizabeth, says: "The credulity of the age attributed his death to witchcraft. The disease was odd, and operated as a perpetual emetic; and a waxen image, with hair like that of the unfortunate earl, found in his chamber, reduced every suspicion to certainty." The passage from practices born of such beliefs to the use of charms as protectives against the evil-disposed and those in league with the devil, and as cures for divers diseases, is obvious. But upon this it is not needful to dwell; what has been said will suffice to show that the superstitious man is on the same plane as the savage, but, save in rare instances, without such excuse for remaining, as Bishop Hall puts it, with "old wives and starres as his counsellors, charms as his physicians, and a little hallowed wax as his antidote for all evils."

But we have traveled in brief space a long way from our picture of primitive man, weaving out of streams and breezes and the sunshine his crude philosophy of personal life and will controlling all, to the peasant of to-day, his intellectual lineal descendant, with his belief in signs and wonders, his forecast of fate and future by omens, by dreams, and by such pregnant occurrences as the spilling of salt, the howling of dogs, and changes of the moon—in short, by the great mass of superstitions which yet more or less influence the intelligent, terrorize the ignorant, and delight the student of human development.

As, however, a good deal hinges upon the evidences in savage myth-making of the personification of the powers of nature, we must return to this for awhile. Obviously, the richest and most suggestive material would be supplied by the striking phenomena of the heavens, chiefly in sunrise and sunset, in moon, star, star-group, and meteor, cloud and storm, and, next in importance, by the strange and terrible among phenomena on earth, whether in the restless waters, the unquiet trees, the grotesquely-shaped rocks, and the fear inspired in man by creatures more powerful than himself. Though the whole range of the lower culture, sun, moon, and constellations are spoken of as living creatures, often as ancestors, he-

roes, and benefactors who have departed to the country above, to heaven, the *heaved* uplifted land. The Tongans of the South Pacific say that two ancestors quarreled respecting the parentage of the first born of the woman Papa, each claiming the child as his own. No King Solomon appears to have been concerned in the dispute, although at last the infant was cut in two. Vatea, the husband of Papa, took the upper part as his share and forthwith squeezed it into a ball and tossed it into the heavens, where it became the sun. Tonga-iti sullenly allowed the lower half to remain a day or two on the ground. But seeing the brightness of Vatea's half, he compressed his share into a ball and tossed it into the dark sky, during the absence of the sun in the nether world. Thus originated the moon, whose paleness is owing to the blood having all drained out of Tonga-iti's half as it lay upon the ground. Mr. Gill, from whose valuable collection of southern myth this is quoted, says that it seems to have its origin in the allegory of an alternating embrace of the fair Earth by Day and Night. But despite the explanations, more or less strained, which some schools of comparative mythologists find for every myth, the savage is not a conscious weaver of allegories, or an embryo Cabalist, and we shall find ourselves more in accord with the laws of his intellectual growth if, instead of delving for recondite and subtle meanings in his simple-sounding explanations of things, we take the meaning to be that which lies on the surface. More on this, however, anon. Among the Red Races, one tribe thought that sun, moon, and stars were men and women who went into the sea every night and swam out by the east. The Bushmen say that the sun was once a man who shed light from his body, but only for a short distance, until some children threw him into the sky while he slept, and thus he shines upon the wide earth. The Australians say that all was darkness around them till one of their many ancestors, who still shine from the stars, shedding good and evil, threw, in pity for them, an emu's egg into space, when it became the sun. Among the Manacicas of Brazil, the sun was their culture-hero, virgin-born, and their jugglers, who claimed power to fly through the air, said that his luminous figure, as that of a man, could be seen by them, although too dazzling for common mortals.

The sun has been stayed in his course in other places than Gibeon, although by mechanical means of which Joshua ap-

pears to have been independent. Among the many exploits of Maui, abounding in Polynesian myth, are those of his capture of the sun. He had like Prometheus, snatched fire from heaven for mortals, and his next task was to cure Ra, the sun-god, of his trick of setting before the day's work was done. So Maui plaited thick ropes of cocoanut fiber, and taking them to the opening through which Ra climbed up from the nether world, he laid a slip-noose for him, placing the other ropes at intervals along his path. Lying in wait as Ra neared, he pulled the first rope, but the noose only caught Ra's feet. Nor could Maui stop him until he reached the sixth rope, when he was caught round the neck and pulled so tightly by Maui that he had to come to terms, and agree to slacken his pace for the future. Maui, however, took the precaution to keep the ropes on him, and they may still be seen hanging from the sun at dawn and eve. In Tahitian myth, Maui is a priest, who, in building a house which must be finished by daylight, seizes the sun by its rays and binds it to a tree till the house is built. In North American myth, a boy had snared the sun, and there was no light on the earth. So the beasts held council who should undertake the perilous task of cutting the cord, when the dormouse, then the biggest among them, volunteered. And it succeeded, but so scorched was it by the heat that it was shriveled to the smallest of creatures. Such a group of myths is not easy of explanation; but when we find the sun regarded as an ancestor, and as one bound, mill-horselike, to a certain course, the notion of his control and check would arise, and the sun-catchers take their place in tradition among those who have deserved well of their race. It is one among numberless aspects under which the doings of the sun and of other objects in nature are depicted as the doings of mortals, and the crude conceptions of the Ojibwas and the Samoans find their parallel in the mythologies of our Aryan ancestors. Only in the former we see the mighty one shorn of his dignity, with noose round his neck or chains on either side; whilst in the latter we see him as Herakles, with majesty unimpaired, carrying out the twelve tasks imposed by Eurystheus, and thus winning for himself a place among the immortals.

III.

THE SUN AND MOON IN MYTHOLOGY.

THE names given to the sun in mythology are as manifold as his aspects and influences, and as the moods of the untutored minds that endowed him with the complex and contrary qualities which make up the nature of man. *Him*, we say, not *it*, thus preserving in our common speech a relic, not only of the universal personification of things, but of their division into sex.

The origin of gender is most obscure, but its investment of both animate and inanimate things with sexual qualities shows it to be a product of the mythopœic stage of man's progress, and demands some reference in these papers. The languages of savages are in a constant state of flux, even the most abiding terms, as numerals and personal pronouns, being replaced by others in a few years. And the changes undergone by civilized speech have so rubbed away and obscured its primitive forms that, look where he may, the poverty of the old materials embarrass the inquirer. If the similar endings to such undoubtedly early words as father, mother, brother, sister, in our own and other related languages, notably Sanskrit, afford any clue, it goes rather to show that gender was a later feature than one might think. But there is no uniformity in the matter. It seems pretty clear that in the early forms of our Indo-European speech there were two genders only, masculine and feminine. The assignment of certain things conceived of as sexless to neither gender, *neutrius generis*, is of later origin. Some of the languages derived from Latin, and, to name one of a different family, the Hebrew, have no neuter gender, whilst others, as the ancient Turkish and Finnish, have no grammatical gender. In our own, under the organic changes incident to its absorption of Norman and other foreign elements, gender has practically disappeared (although ships and nations are still spoken of as feminine), the pronouns *he*, *she*, *it*, being its representative. Such a gain is apparent when we take up the study of the ancestral Anglo-Saxon, with its masculine, feminine, and neuter nouns, or of our allied German with its perplexities of sex, as, *e.g.*, its masculine spoon, its feminine fork, its neuter knife. Turning for a moment to such slight aid as barbaric speech gives, we find in the languages of the hill tribes of South India a curious

disinction made; rational beings, as gods and men, being grouped in a "high caste or major gender," and living animals and lifeless things in a "casteless or minor gender." The languages of some North American and South African tribes make a distinction into animate and inanimate gender; but, as non-living things, the sun, the thunder, the lightning, are regarded as persons, they are classed in the animate gender.

Further research into the radicals of so relatively fixed a language as Chinese, and into more mobile languages related to it, may, perhaps, enlighten the present ignorance; but one thing is certain, that language was "once the scene of an immense personification," and has thereby added vitality to myth. Analogies and conceptions apparent to barbaric man, and in no way occurring to us, caused him to attribute sexual qualities not only to dead as to living things, but to their several parts, as well as, in the course of time, to intellectual and abstract terms. Speaking broadly, things in which were manifest size and qualities, as strength, independence, governing or controlling power, usually attaching to the male, were classed as masculine; whilst those in which the gentler and more subordinate features were apparent were classed as feminine. Of course, marked exceptions to this will at once occur to us, as, *e.g.*, in certain savage and civilized languages, where the sun is feminine and the moon is masculine, but in the main the division holds good. The big is male, and the small is female. The Dyaks of Borneo call a heavy down-pour of rain a *he* rain; and, if so strength-imparting a thing as bread is to be classed as either masculine or feminine, we must agree with the negro who, in answer to his master's question, "Sambo, where's the bread?" replied, "De bread, massa? him lib in de pantry." The mediæval Persians are said to have distinguished between male and female even in such things as food and cloth, air and water, and prescribed their proper use accordingly; while, as Dr. Tylor, from whom the above is quoted, adds, "even we, with our blunted mythologic sense, cannot give an individual name to a lifeless object, such as a boat or a weapon, without in the very act imagining for it something of a personal nature."

But we must not stay longer in these attractive byways of philology, however warranted the digression may be, and must return to the many-titled sun.

While in the more elaborate mythologies of classic peoples we find him addressed in exalted terms which are still the metaphors of poetry, we are nearer the rough material out of which all myth is shaped when among races who speak of sun, moon, and stars as father, mother, and children, and who mean exactly what they say. We may find similar relationships in the solar and lunar deities of Egyptian and classic myth, but profound moral elements have entered into these and dissolved the material. We are face to face with the awful and abiding questions personified in Osiris and Isis, in *Œdipus* and *Jocaste*, where for us the sunlight pales and the storm clouds are dispersed before the dazzling mysteries of human life and destiny.

No such matters confront us when in Indian myth we read that the moon is the sun's sister, an aged, pale-faced woman, who in kindness led to her brother two of the tribe who had sprung through a chasm in the sky to the pleasant moonlit land. Neither do they in Australian myth, which shows that the dwellers on Olympus had no monopoly of conjugal faithlessness. For in it the moon's motions are explained as the chase of a jealous husband, one of the bright stars, who found the inconstant in the act of eloping with the moon. Among the bushman, the moon has incurred the sun's anger and is hacked smaller and smaller by him, till, begging for mercy, a respite is given. But as soon as he grows larger the sun hacks him again. In Slavonic myth the sun cleaves him through, for loving the morning star. The Indians of the far west say that, when the moon is full, evil spirits begin nibbling at it, and eat a portion every night till it is all gone; then a great spirit makes a new moon, and, weary with his toil, falls asleep, when the bad spirits renew their attack. Another not uncommon group of myths is that which speaks of sun and moon as borne across the heavens on the backs of ancestors, as in Greek myth *Atlas* supports the world.

But a still larger and more widespread body of myth has its source in the patches on the moon's face. In the Samoan Islands there are said to be a woman, a child, and a mallet. A woman was once hammering out paper cloth, and seeing the moon rise, looking like a great bread-fruit tree, she asked it to come down and let her child eat a piece of it. But the moon was very angry at

the idea of being eaten, and gobbled up woman, child, and mallet, and there they are to this day. The Selish Indians of North-Western America say that the little wolf was in love with the toad, and pursued her one moonlight night, till, as a last chance, she made a desperate spring on to the face of the moon, and there she is still. In Greenland myth, the moon was in love with his sister and stole in the dark to caress her. She, wishing to find out who her lover was, blackened her hands so that the marks might be left on him, which accounts for the spots. The *Khasias* of the Himalaya say that the moon falls in love every month with his mother-in-law, who, like a well-conducted matron, throws ashes in his face.

Comparing these with our familiar myths, we have our own Man in the Moon, who is said to be the culprit found by Moses gathering sticks on the Sabbath, although his place of banishment is a popular addition to the Scripture narrative. According to the German legend he was a scoffer who did the same heinous offense on a Sunday, and was given the alternative of being scorched in the sun or frozen in the moon. The Frisians say that he stole cabbages, the load of which he bears on his back. In Icelandic myth the two children familiar to us as Jack and Jill were kidnaped by the moon, and there they stand to this day with bucket on pole across their shoulders, falling away one after the other as the moon wanes,—a phase described in the couplet:

Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Mr. Baring Gould, whose essay on this subject in his "*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*" gives a convenient summary of current legends, contends that Jack and Jill are the *Hjuki* and *Bil* of the *Edda*, and signify the waxing and waning of the moon, their bucket indicating the dependence of rainfall on her phases,—a superstition extant among us yet.

Poetry has made the man in the moon its theme. Dante calls him *Cain*: Chaucer describes him

Bearing a bush of thorns on his back
Whiche for his theft might clime so ner the
heaven;

and Shakespeare refers to him in "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" and the "*Tempest*."

The group of customs observed

among both barbaric and civilized peoples at the changes of the moon, customs which are meaningless except as relics of lunar worship, will be more fitly referred to when we deal with the passage of mythology into religion, of personifying into deifying.

IV.

THE THEORIES OF CERTAIN COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGISTS.

MANIFOLD are the phases of Nature; manifold is the life of man; and we must not lend a too willing ear to theories which refer the crude explanations of an unscientific age, when the whole universe is Wonderland, to one source. *Cave hominem unius libri*, says the adage, and we may apply it, not only to the man of one book, but also to the man of one idea, in whom the sense of proportion is lacking, and who sees only that for which he looks. Here such caution is introduced as needful of exercise toward the comparative mythologists who, not content with showing—as abundant evidence warrants—that myth has its germs in the investment of the powers of nature with personal life and consciousness, contend that the great epics of our own and kindred races are, from their broadest features to minute detail, but nature-myths obscured and transformed.

Certain scholars, notably Sir G. W. Cox and Professor de Gubernatis, as interpreters of the myths of the Indo-European peoples, and Dr. Goldziher, as an interpreter of Hebrew myth and cognate forms, maintain that the names given in the mythopœic age to the sun, the moon, and the changing scenery of the heaven as the myriad shades and fleeting forms passed over its face, lost their original signification wholly or partially, and came to be regarded as the names of veritable deities and men, whose actions and adventures are the disguised descriptions of the sweep of the thunder-charged clouds and of the victory of the hero-god over their light-engulfing forces. But it is better to state the theory in the words of its exponents, and for that purpose a couple of extracts from Sir George Cox's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations" will suffice.

"In the spontaneous utterances of thoughts awakened by outward phenomena, we have the source of myths which must be regarded

as *primary*. But it is obvious that such myths would be produced only so long as the words employed were used in their original meaning. If once the meaning of the word were either in part or wholly forgotten, the creation of a new personality under this name would become inevitable, and the change would be rendered both more certain and more rapid by the very wealth of words which were lavished on the sights and objects which most impressed their imagination. A thousand phrases would be used to describe the action of a beneficent or consuming sun, of the gentle or awful night, of the playful or furious wind; and every word or phrase become the germ of a new story as soon as the mind lost its hold on the original force of the name. Thus, in the polyonymy" (by which term Sir Geo. Cox means the giving of several names to one object) "which was the result of the earliest form of human thought we have the germ of the great epics of later times, and of the countless legends which make up the rich stores of mythical tradition. . . . and the legends so framed constitute the class of *secondary* myths" (p. 42).

"Henceforth the words which had denoted the sun and moon would denote not merely living things but living persons. . . . Every word would become an attribute, and all ideas, once grouped round a single object, would branch off into distinct personifications. The sun had been the lord of light, the driver of the chariot of the day; he had toiled and labored for the sons of men, and sunk down to rest, after a hard battle, in the evening. But now the lord of light would be Phoibos Apollôn, while Helios would remain enthroned in his fiery chariot, and his toils and labors and death-struggles would be transferred to Herakles. The violet clouds which greet his rising and his setting would now be represented by herds of cows which feed in earthly pastures. There would be other expressions which would still remain as floating phrases, not attached to any definite deities. These would gradually be converted into incidents in the life of heroes, and be woven at length into systematic variations. Finally, these gods and heroes, and the incidents of their mythical career, would receive each 'a local habitation and a name.' These would remain as genuine history when the origin and meaning of the words had been either wholly or in part forgotten" (p. 51).

Such is the "solar myth" theory, the general principles of which are sound enough, but the unqualified application of which has caused recoil in many minds inclined to its acceptance. "We can hardly," as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, "now look up at the sun without having the sensations of a moth," and if occasion has not been given to the adversary to blaspheme, he has been supplied with

ample material for banter and ridicule. Some of the happiest illustrations of this are made by Mr. Foster in his amusing and really informing essay on "Nature Myths in Nursery Rhymes," reprinted in "Leisure Studies," an essay which it seems the immaculate critics took *au sérieux*! With a little exercise of one's invention, given also ability to parody, it will be found that many noted events, as well as the lives of the chief actors in them, yield results comforting to the solar mythologists. Not only the Volsungs and the Iliad, but the story of the Crusades and of the conquest of Mexico; not only Arthur and Baldr, but Cæsar and Bonaparte, may be readily resolved, as Professor Tyndall says we all shall be, "like streaks of morning cloud, into the infinite azure of the past." Dupuis, in his researches into the connection between astronomy and mythology, had suggested that Jesus was the sun, and the twelve apostles the zodiacal signs; and Goldziher, analyzing the records of a remote period, maintains the same concerning Jacob and his twelve sons. M. Senart has satisfied himself that Gautama the Buddha, is a sun-myth. Archbishop Whately, to confound the skeptics, ingeniously disproved the existence of Bonaparte; and a French ecclesiastic has by witty etymological analogies shown that Napoleon is cognate with Apollo, the sun, and his mother Letitia identical with Leto, the mother of Apollo; that his *personnel* of twelve Marshals were the signs of the zodiac, his retreat from Moscow a fiery setting, and his emergence from Elba, to rule for twelve years, and then be banished to St. Helena, the sun rising out of the eastern waters to set in the western ocean after twelve hours' reign in the sky. But upon this solar theory, let us cite what Dr. Tylor, whose soberness of judgment renders him a valuable guide along the zigzag path of human progress, says:—"The close and deep analogies between the life of nature and the life of man have been for ages dwelt upon by poets and philosophers, who, in simile or in argument, have told of light and darkness, of calm and tempest, of birth, growth, change, decay, dissolution, renewal. But no one-sided interpretation can be permitted to absorb into a single theory such endless many-sided correspondences as these. Rash inferences which, on the strength of mere resemblance, derive episodes of myth from episodes of nature, must be regarded with utter mistrust, for the stu-

dent who has no more stringent criterion than this for his myths of sun and sky and dawn, will find them wherever it pleases him to seek them."

The investigations of comparative mythologists, more particularly in this country and Germany, have thrown such valuable light on the history of civilization that it will be instructive to learn what excited the inquiry, on what facts the solar theory rests, and what other facts its supporters overlook.

The researches of Niebuhr and his school into the credibility of early history made manifest that the only authority on which the chroniclers relied was tradition. To them—children of an uncritical age—that tradition was venerable with the lapse of time, and binding as a revelation from the gods. To us the charm and interest of it lie in detecting within it the ancient deposit of a mythopœic period, and in deciphering from it what manner of men they must have been among whom such explanation of the beginnings had credence. And in such an inquiry nothing can be "common or unclean," nothing too trivial or puerile for analysis; for where the most grotesque and impossible are found, there we are nearer to the conditions of which we would know more.

The serious endeavor to get at the fact underlying the fabulous was extended to the great body of mythology which had not been incorporated into history, and the interpretations of which satisfied only those who suggested them. As hinted already, the Greeks had sought out the meaning of their myths, with here and there a glimpse of the truth gained; but this was confined to the philosophers and poets. Euhéméros degraded them into dull chronicle, making Herakles a thief who carried off a crop of oranges; Jove a king crushing rebellion; Atlas an astronomer; Python a freebooter; Æolus a weather-wise seaman, and so on. Plutarch tried to "restore" them, but only defaced them, and after centuries of neglect they were discovered by Lord Bacon to be allegories with a moral. Then Banier and Lemprière emptied out of them what little life Euhéméros had left, and the believers in Hebrew as the original speech of mankind saw in them the fragments of a universal primitive revelation! Even the distinguished scholar, Professor Max Müller, is so upset by the many loathsome and revolting stories in a mythology current in the land of Lykurgos and Solon, that he can account for

them only by assuming "a period of temporary insanity through which the human mind had to pass," and a degradation from lovely metaphor to coarse fact which only a "disease of language" explains. There is, however, no need for assumptions of this or of any other kind, for language itself reveals the origin of myth, and shows it to be in keeping with all that is elsewhere established concerning primitive modes of thinking.

V.

ARYAN MYTHOLOGY.

WE said that language lays bare the mental condition under which myths are formed; in other words, that speech reveals the limitations of thought. It would be a useful corrective of theories concerning the origin of language to which many are yet wedded to show that not only terms for things material and concrete, but also for things immaterial and abstract, are of purely physical origin—that is to say, have been chosen from their analogy to something real. As an example, the several verbs whose relics survive in the substantive verb *to be* had each a distinct physical meaning. "Am," "are," "is," are derived from *as* (in Sanskrit *asu*, "life,"), meaning "to breath" or "sit"; "was" and "were" from *vas*, "abide"; and in "be" and "been" (from *bnā*, a Sanskrit cognate with Latin *fu*, Greek *phy*, "to grow") are contained the idea of *growing*. But to follow this would take us from the main business of these papers; enough that, out of manifold combinations of a few inarticulate or unjoined sounds, the larger proportion of which were imitative, have arisen the languages of the world, from the meager stock of words of the unlearned and the savage, to the nobly and expanding vocabularies of educated men.

Passing to the facts upon which the solar theory of myths rests, the following stands foremost. The researches of scholars, notably of the German Bopp and Jacob Grimm, have shown that the languages spoken in Europe by the Keltic, Teutonic, Slavonic, Greek, and Latin races, and in Asia by the Hindus, Persian, and some lesser people, are the common descendants, under modifications through various causes, of one mother-tongue known as the Aryan (from a Sanskrit

word cognate with the root *ar* to plow) a term applied in the Vedas to the dominant occupiers of the soil, the "tillers" in India, who spoke it. The above group of languages is also called the Indo-Germanic, and, with more appropriateness, as roughly defining the races included therein, the Indo-European. Of course, wherever the several branches of the old Aryan family finally settled they mixed more or less with the aboriginal races, whom they conquered. But, making such allowances as this demands, it holds good that people to-day, so unlike in complexion, physique, color of hair, and speech, as the Hindoo and the Iclander, the Russian and the Englishman, the Persian and the German, are the offspring of common ancestors, of whom, although no material relics survive, language remains to attest what considerable advance from primitive savagery they had made. Wave after wave of immigrants, among the earliest being the Kelt, followed one another westward, to wrestle for the fairest lands; so that when, centuries later, the veteran legions of Cæsar crossed swords with the Belgæ in this island, they fought against men remotely kin to themselves both in language and in blood.

Furthermore, the evidence which has yielded this most interesting fact also shows that the old Aryans, before they separated into tribes, each of varying dialect, had a common mythology. This, which had its source, as myth everywhere had, in man's endeavor to interpret the meaning of his surroundings, developed into a deification of the powers of nature, and likewise become the groundwork of traditional history, as well as the source of legend, folk-lore, and folk-tale. So venerable are these last-named in their antiquity, that the nursery stories told in Iceland and in the Tyrol, in the Highlands and in the Deccan, are identical. After allowing for local coloring, and for changes incident to the lapse of time, they are the variants of stories related to children in the Aryan fatherland at a period historically remote, and moreover are told in words which are phonetically akin. Their correspondences, often extending to minor detail, are not explained by any theory of borrowing, for no trace of intercourse between Aryans of the East and West occurs until long after the domiciling of the stories where we find them. Nor did they, with such close resemblances as appear between the German Faithful John, and the Hindu Rama. and

Luxman, and between our own Cinderella, the German Aschenputtal, and the Hindu Sodrwa Bai, spring native from their respective soils. And there is just that unlikeness in certain detail which might be expected from the different positions and products of the several Aryan lands. They explain, for example, the absence from Scandinavian folk-love of creatures like the elephant, the giant ape and turtle, which figure in Brahmanic beast epic. Now, what is true of the folk-tales applies with added force to the mythologies. In the great epics of the Greeks, the Iliad and Odyssey; of the Norsemen, the Volungs; of the Germans, the Nibelungs; of the English, King Arthur and his Round Table Knights; of the Hindus, the Ramâyanâ and Mahâbhârâtâ; of the Persians, the Shâh Nâmeh; we find similarities of incident and episode which are inexplicable, except upon the theory of a common origin. So far as the names and characteristics of the heroes and heroines are concerned, their phonetic identity reveals that common origin, while their analysis explains their common meaning.

The key to this is the Sanskrit language. In the history of the Indo-European family of speech, it served as the starting-point, because, although not the ancestor, it is the eldest member, and has more than the others preserved its roots and suffixes in a more perfect form. And in the history of Indo-European mythology, it is in the ancient Vedic texts, chiefly the Rig-Veda, that we find the materials for comparative study, since in these venerable hymns of a Bible older than our own are preserved the earliest extant forms of Aryan myth.

The method adopted was to compare a number of the Greek names of gods and heroes of somewhat obscure meaning with names of Vedic deities whose meaning is clear. The phonetic relationship between the two sets of names, hidden as it is by the interchange of sounds, is proved by the law which governs such interchange or "permutation of consonants," known, after its discoverer, as "Grimm's law." The causes of this are not easy to ascertain, but they are referable to physical influences, as climate and conditions of life, which in the course of time bring about changes in the organs of speech—such, for example, as make *th* so difficult of pronunciation to a German, in whose language *d* takes its place, as *drei* for *three*, *durstig* for *thirsty*, *dein* for *thine*, etc. We may note tendencies to variation in children of the same house-

hold, their prattle often affording striking illustration of Grimm's law, and it is easy to see that among semi-civilized and isolated tribes, where no check upon the variations is imposed, they would tend to become fixed and give rise to new dialects.

The method has been justified by its works. The familiar myth of the birth of Athênê gives a good illustration of this. She is said to have been the daughter of Zeus, and to have sprung from his forehead. Now the Greek *Zeus*, the Latin *Deus* (whence the French *Dieu* and our *deity*), the Lithuanian *dieuvas*, and the Sanskrit *Dyaus*, all come from an old Aryan root *dyu*, or *dyu*, meaning "to shine." The Sanskrit *dyu*, as a noun, means "sky" or "day," and in the Veda, *Dyaus* is the bright sky or heaven. Athênê is the Sanskrit Atanâ, one of the many Vedic names for the dawn. Thus the primitive meaning of the myth comes out; the dawn springs from the forehead of the sky; the daybreak appears rising from the East. But the Greek, in whose Pantheon Zeus had been exalted as god of gods, did not dream that to his remote ancestor that god was but the sky personified and deified; even his philosophers had traced it to the root *zeu*, "to live," and forever lost the track.

Ouranos, or Uranus, is the Vedic Varuna, the all-surrounding heaven, from a root *var*, to veil or cover; Helen, stolen by Paris (in Sans. *Pani*, "the deciever") from Sparta, is the Vedic Saramâ, the dawn, from the root, *sar*, to creep; the Charites, or Graces, are the Harits, or bright courses of the sun, from *ghar*, to shine, whence the idea of splendor in its transfer to the fair women who attended Aphrodite; the Erinyes, or Furies, are the Saranyû, or dawn, which brings evil deeds to light. Hence, they who did this became regarded as avengers, whose fury pursued the wrong-doer.

These comparisons might be followed throughout the whole range of classic as well as of Teutonic and other epic with the like result. They apply equally to the mythical phrases in which the adventures and general career of the gods and heroes are narrated, for the details of which my readers are referred to such works as Sir G. W. Cox's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations" and "Tales of Ancient Greece." That these majestic epics have one and all their germs in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year, seems to me demonstrated. But when the solar mythologists contend that "there is absolute

ly nothing left for further analysis in the stories," that every incident has its birth in the journey of the sun, the death of the dawn, the theft of the twilight by the powers of darkness, we rebel against so sweeping an application of the theory. They are nature-myths, but they are much more than that; the impetus that has shaped them as we now know them came from other forces than clouds and storms, and it is with these that our next paper must be concerned.

VI.

THE PRIMITIVE-NATURE MYTH TRANSFORMED.

IN a former paper, the facts on which the solar theory rests were summarized as witnessing to its inherent soundness, and we must now glance at certain other facts which are overlooked by its exponents. A needful task; because the claims preferred on its behalf to explain every incident in the complex mythology of the Greek and other races has caused a recoil in minds otherwise well disposed toward it. In fact, any one reading, without such caution as this paper is designed to supply, the minute analyses of myths in the writings of those who interpret them solely by the philological method, would conclude that it had laid bare the meteorological origin of every epic and folk-tale among the Indo-European peoples. He would learn that in a way rudely analogous to the supernatural guidance of the Christian Church, the several Aryan tribes had received from the fathers of the race an unvarying canon of interpretation of the primitive myths, a canon preserved with the jealous veneration with which the Jew regarded the Torah and the Brahman the Veda. He would also learn that the details of Norse and classic myth can be traced to the Veda, that these details, not of incident alone, but of thought and expression, survived unimpaired by time and untouched by circumstance, while, strange to say, the more prominent names and the leading characters became obscured in their meaning. Strange indeed, but not true. For what is the fact?

Long before the hymns of the Rig-Veda existed as we know them (and they have remained an inviolate sacred text since 600 B.C., when every word, verse, and syllable were counted), the Aryan tribes had swarmed from their parent hive across boundless steppes and over wind-

ing mountain passes, some westward into Europe, others southward into Hindustan. Among the slender intellectual capital of which they stood possessed was the common mythology of their ancestors, in which, as we have seen, sun and moon, storm and thunder-cloud, and all other natural phenomena, were credited with personal life and will. But that mythology had certainly advanced beyond the crude primitive form and entered the heroic stage, wherein the powers of nature were half human, half divine. Their language had passed into the inflective, or highest stage, and had undergone such changes that the relationship between its several groups and their origin from one mother-tongue were obscured and remained so until laid bare in our day. In short, the Aryan tribes had attained no mean state of civilization, some being more advanced than the others, according as external circumstances helped or hindered, and, one by one, they passed from the condition of semi-civilized nomads to become fathers and founders of nations that abide to this day.

These being the facts to which language itself bears witness, how was it possible for their mythologies, *i.e.*, their stock of notions about things, to remain unaffected and secure of transmission without organic change? The myths, unfixed in literary form, yielded themselves with ease as vehicles of new ideas; their ancient meaning, already faded, paled before the all-absorbing significance of present facts. These were more potent realities than the kisses of the dawn; the human and the personal, in its struggles of mightier interest than the battle of rosy morn or purple eve with the sons of thunder; and Homer's music would long since have died away were Achilles' "baneful wrath" but a passively told tale of the sun's grief for the loss of the morning.

In brief, the complex and varying influences which have transformed the primitive myth, are the important factors which the solar theorists have omitted in their attempted solution of the problem. They have forgotten the part which, to borrow a term from astronomy, "personal equation" has played. They have not examined myth in the light of the history of the race; and the new elements which it took into itself, while never wholly ridding itself of the old, have escaped them. They have secured a mechanical unity whereas, by combination of the historical with their own method, they might have secured a vital unity.

To all which classic myth itself bears record. The Greeks were of Aryan stock, but when they arrived in Europe is unknown. The period between their settlement and the Homeric age was, however, long enough to admit of their advance to the state of a nation rejoicing in the fulness of intellectual life. They remembered not from what rock they were hewn, from what pit they were digged. The nature-gods of their remote ancestors had long since changed their meteorological character and appeared in the likeness of men—or, at least played very human pranks on Olympus. In the Veda, the primitive-nature myth, although exalted and purified, is persistent; under one name or another it is still the ceaseless battle between the darkness and the light; Dyaus was still the bright sky, the cattle of Siva were still the clouds. But the Greek of Homer's time and his congener in the far north, had forgotten all that; the war in heaven was transferred to the strife of gods and men on the shores of the Hellespont and by the bleak seaboard of the Baltic. Their gods and goddesses, improved by age and experience, put off their physical and put on the ethical; the Heaven-father became king of gods and men, source of order, law and justice; the sun and the dawn, Apollo and Athênê, became wisdom, skill, and guardianship incarnate. And the story of human vicissitudes found in solar myth that "pattern of things in the heavens" which conformed to its design. Thus Homer, in whose day the old nature-myth had become confused with the vague traditions of veritable deeds of kings and heroes but dimly remembered, touched it as with heavenly fire unquenchable. The siege of Troy, so say the solar mythologists, "is a repetition of the daily siege of the east by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their highest treasures in the west." It is surely with a truer instinct that while we contend for that physical origin of the great epics to which their remarkable agreement witnesses, we also feel that the vitality which inheres in them is due to whatever of human experience, joy, and sorrow are the burden of their immortal song. As to the repulsive features of Greek myth, one can neither share the distress of the solar theorists nor feel their difficulties. Both are self-created, and are aggravated by the assumption of "periods of temporary insanity through which the human mind had to pass," as the rude health of childhood is checked

by whooping-cough and measles. They are explained by the persistence with which the lower out of which man has emerged asserts itself, as primary rocks pierce through and overlap later strata. The ancestors of the Aryans were savages in the remote past, and the "old Adam" was never entirely cast out; indeed, it is with us still. There are superstitions and credulities in our midst, in drawing-rooms as well as gypsy camps, quite as gross in nature, if less coarse in guise, as those extant among the Greeks. The future historian of our time, as he turns over the piles of our newspapers, will find contrasts of ignorance and culture in our midst as startling as any existing in the land of Homer, of Archimedes, and Aristotle. Spirit-rapping and belief in the "evil eye" have their cult among us, although Professor Huxley's "Hume" can be bought for two shillings, and knowledge has free course. And it certainly accords best with all that we have learnt as to the mode of human progress to believe that the old lived into the new, than that the old had been cast out, but had gained re-entry, making the last state of the Greeks to be worse than the first.

In this matter the Vedic hymns do not help us much. They are the products of a relatively highly-civilized time; the conception of sky and dawn as living persons has passed out of its primitive simplicity; these heavenly powers have become complex deities; there is much confounding of persons—the same god called by one or many names. The thought is that of an age when moral problems have presented themselves for solution and the references to social matters indicate a settled state of things far removed from the fisher and the hunter stage. Nevertheless, there lurk within these sacred writings survivals of the lower culture, traces of coarse rites, bloody sacrifices, of repulsive myths of the gods, and of cosmogonies familiar to the student of barbaric myth and legend.

Enough has been said to show that the extreme and one-sided interpretations of the solar theorists are due to a one-sided method. The philological method has yielded splendid results; this they have done; the historical yields results equally rich and fertile; this they have left undone. Language has given us the key to the kinship between the several members of the great body of Aryan myths; the study of the historical evolution of myths, the comparison of these, without

regard to affinity of speech, will give us the key to the kinship between savage interpretation of phenomena all the world over. The mythology of Greek and Bushman, of Kaffir and Scandinavian, of the Red Man and the Hindu, springs from the like mental condition. It is the uniform and necessary product of the human mind in the childhood of the race.

VII.

THE STARS IN MYTHOLOGY.

"REVENONS à nos moutons," as the impatient client who had lost some sheep reminded his rambling advocate.

In the great body of nature-myth, the stars are prominent members. In their multitude; their sublime repose in upper calms above the turmoil of the elements; their varying brilliancy, "one star differing from another star in glory"; their tremulous light; their scattered positions, which lend themselves to every vagary of the constellation maker; their slow procession, varied only by sweeping comet and meteor, or falling showers of shooting stars; they lead the imagination into gentler ways than do the vaster bodies of the most ancient heavens. Nor, although we may compute their number, weigh their volume, in a few instances reckon their distance, and, capturing the light that has come beating through space for unnumbered years, make it reveal the secret of their structure, is the imagination less moved by the clear heavens at night, or the feeling of awe and reverence blunted before that "mighty sum of things forever speaking."

In barbaric myth the stars are spoken of as the children of the sun and moon, but more often as men who have lived on the earth, translated without seeing death. The single stars are individual chiefs or heroes; the constellations are groups of men or animals. To the natives of Australia the brilliant Jupiter is a chief among the others, and the stars in Orion's belt and scabbard are young men dancing a corroboree, the Pleiades being girls playing to them. The Kasirs of Bengal say that the stars are men who climbed to the top of a tree, and were left in the branches by the trunk being cut away. To the Eskimos the stars in Orion are seal-hunters who have missed their way home; and in German folk-lore they are spoken of as the mowers, because, as Grimm says,

"they stand in a row, like mowers in a meadow." In North American myth two of the bright stars are twins who have left a home where they were harshly treated, and leaped into the sky, whither their parents followed them, and ceaselessly chase them. In Greek myth the faintest star of the seven Pleiades is Merope, whose light was dimmed because she alone among her sisters married a mortal. In German star-lore, the small star just above the middle one in the shaft of Charles's Wain, is a wagoner who, having given our Saviour a lift, was offered the kingdom of heaven for his reward, but who said he would sooner be driving from east to west to all eternity, and whose desire was granted—a curious contrast to the legend of the Wandering Jew, cursed to move unresting over the earth till the day of judgment, because he refused to let Jesus, weary with the weight of the cross, rest for a moment on his doorstep. The Housatonic Indians say that the stars in Charles's Wain are men hunting a bear, and that the chase lasts from spring to autumn, when the bear is wounded, and its dripping blood turns the leaves of the trees red. With this may be cited the myth that the red clouds at morn and eve are the blood of the slain in battle. In the Northern Lights, the Greenlanders see the spirits of the departed dancing, the brighter the flashes of the Aurora the greater the merriment; while the Dakotahs say of the meteors that they are spirits flying through the air.

Of the Milky Way—so called because Hêrê, indignant at the bantling Heraklê's being put to her breast, spilt her milk along the sky (the solar mythologers say that the "red cow of evening passes during the night across the sky, scattering her milk"); the Ottowas say that it was caused by a turtle swimming along the bottom of the sky, and stirring up the mud. According to the Patagonians, it is the track along which the departed tribesmen hunt ostriches; in African myth it is some wood-ashes long ago thrown up into the sky by a girl, that her people might be able to see their way home at night; in Eastern myth, it is chaff dropped by a thief in his hurried flight.

But the idea of a land beyond the sky—be it the happy hunting-ground of the Indian, or the paradise of Islam, or the new Jerusalem of the Apocalypse—would not fail to be imagined, and in both the Milky Way and the Rainbow barbaric fancy sees the ladders and bridges whereby the departed pass from earth to heaven. So we

find in the lower and higher culture alike the beautiful conceptions of the *chemin des ames*, the Red man's road of the dead to their home in the sun; the ancient Roman path of, or to, the gods; the road of the birds, in Lithuanian myth, because the winged spirits flit thither to the free and happy land. In prosaic contrast to all this, it is curious to find among ourselves the Milky Way described as Watling Street! That famous road, which ran from Richborough through Canterbury and London to Chester, now gives its name to a narrow, bustling street of Manchester warehousemen in the City. But who the Wætlings were, and why their name was transferred from Britain to the sky,* we do not know, although the fact is plainly enough set down in old writers, foremost among whom is Chaucer. In his "House of Fame"† he says:—

"Lo, there, quod he, cast up thine eye,
se yonder, to, the galaxie,
the whiche men clepe the Milky Way,
for it is white, and some parfay
ycallin it han Watlingestrete."

To the savage, the rainbow is a living monster, a serpent seeking whom it may devour, coming to earth to slake its unquenchable thirst, and preying on the unwary. But in more poetic myth, its mighty mani-colored arch touching, as it seems to do, the earth itself, is a road to glory. In the Edda it is the three-colored bridge Bifroset, the "quivering track" over which the gods walk, and of which the red is fire, so that the Frost-giants may not cross it. In Persian myth it is Chinvad, the "bridge of the gatherer," flung across the gloomy depths between this world and the home of the blessed; in Islam it is El-Sirat, the bridge thin as a hair and sharp as a scimitar, stretching from this world to the next; among the Greeks it was Iris, the messenger from Zeus to men, charged with tidings of war and tempest; to the Finns it was the bow of Tiernes, the god of thunder; whilst to the Jew it was the messenger of grace from the Eternal, who did set "his bow in the clouds" as the promise that never again should the world be destroyed by flood. Such belief in the heavens as the field of activities profoundly affecting the fortunes of mankind, and in the stars as influencing their destinies, has been persistent in the human mind. The delusions of the

astrologer are embalmed in language, as when, forgetful of a belief shared not only by sober theologians, but by Tycho Brahe and Kepler, we speak of "disaster," of our friends as "jovial," "saturnine," or "mercurial." But the illusions of the savage or semi-civilized abide as an animating part of many a faith, undisturbed by a science which has swept the skies and found no angels there, and whose keen analysis separates forever the ancient belief in a connection between the planets and man's fate. For convenience' sake, we retain on our celestial maps and globes the men and monsters pictured by barbaric fancy in the star-positions and clusters noting these as interesting examples of survival. Yet we are the willing dupes of illusions nebulous as these, and, charm he never so wisely, the Time-Spirit fails to disenchant us.

If the sun and moon are the parents of the stars, the heavens and the earth are the parents of all living things. Of this widely-found myth, one of the most striking specimens occurs among the Maoris. From Rangî, the heaven, and Papa, the earth, sprang all living things; but earth and sky clave together, and darkness rested on them and their children, who debated whether they should rend them asunder or slay them. Then Tanemahuta, father of forests, reasoned that it was better to rend them so that the heaven might become a stranger, and the earth remain as their nursing-mother. One after another they strove to do this, but in vain, until Tanemahuta, with giant strength and strain, pressed down the earth and thrust upward the heaven. But one of his brothers, father of wind and storm, who had not agreed to this parting of his parents followed Rangî into the sky, and thence sent forth his progeny, "the mighty winds, the fierce squalls, the clouds dense and dark, wildly drifting, wildly hunting," himself rushing on his foe, snapping the huge trees that barred his path, and strewing their trunks and branches on the ground, while the sea was lashed into high-crested waves, and all the creatures therein affrighted. The fish darted hither and thither, but the reptiles fled into the forests, causing quarrel between Tangaron, the ocean-god, and Tane-mahuta for giving them shelter. So the brothers fought, the ocean-god wrecking the canoes and sweeping houses and trees beneath the waters, and had not Papa hidden the gods of the tilled food and the wild within her bosom, they would have perished. Wars of revenge

* Perhaps the converse is true; if the name was a totem which the family adopted, and which was given, as tribute to an important clan, to one of the main roads of this island.

† II., 427.

followed quickly one upon the other; the storm-god's anger was not soon appeased; so that the devastation of the earth was well-nigh complete. But, at last, light arose, and quiet ensued, and the dry land appeared. Rangi and Papa, parted for ever, quarreled no more, but helped the one the other, and "man stood erect and unbroken on his mother Earth."

VIII.

MYTHS OF THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCES OF NATURE.

THE beliefs of the ancient Finns in the world as a divided egg, of which the white is the ocean, the yolk the earth, and the arched shell the sky, and of the Polynesians that the universe is the hollow of a vast cocoanut shell, at the tapering bottom of which is the root of all things, are to us so grotesque that it is not easy to regard them as explanations seriously invented by the human mind. Yet these, together with the notions of the two halves of the shell of Brahma's egg, and of the two calabashes which form the heaven and the earth in African myth, find their correspondences in the wide-spread conception of the overarching firmament as a hard and solid thing,* with holes (or windows†) to let the rain through, with gates through which angels descend,‡ or through which prophets peer into celestial mysteries; § a firmament outside which other people live, as instanced by the Polynesian term for strangers, "papalangi," or "heaven-bursters."

They are the less refined forms of myths which have held their ground from pre-scientific times till now, and the rude analogies of which are justified by the appearances of things as presented by the senses. Man's intellectual history is the history of his escape from the illusions of the senses, it is the slow and often reluctant discovery that nature is quite other than that which it seems to be. And this variance between appearances and realities remained hidden until the intellect challenged the report about phenom-

ena which the sense-perceptions brought. For in the ages when feeling was dominant, and the judgment scarce awakened, the simple explanations in venerable legends sung by bard or told by aged crone—legends to which age had given sanctity which finally placed them among the world's sacred literatures—were received without doubt or question. But, as belief in causality spread, men were not content to rest in the naïve explanations of an uncritical age. What man had guessed about nature gave place to what nature had to say about herself, and with the classifying of experience science had its birth.

Meanwhile, until this quite recent stage in man's progress was reached, the senses told their blundering tale of an earth flat and fixed, with sun, moon, and stars as its ministering servants, while gods or beasts upbore it, and mighty pillars supported the massive firmament. In Hindoo myth the tortoise which upholds the earth rests upon an elephant, whose legs *reach all the way down!* In Bogotà the culture-god Bochica punishes a lesser and offending deity by compelling him to sustain the part of Atlas, and it is in shifting his burden from shoulder to shoulder that earthquakes are caused. The natives of Celebes say that they are due to the world-supporting Hog as he rubs himself against a tree; the Thascaltecs that they occur when the deities who hold up the world relieve one another; the Japanese think that they are caused by huge whales creeping underground, an idea probably confirmed by the discovery of monster fossil bones.

As the myths about earth-bearers prevail in the regions of earthquakes, so do those about subterranean beings in the neighborhood of volcanoes. The superstitions which mountainous countries especially foster are intensified when the mountains themselves cast forth their awful and devastating progeny, "red ruin" and the other children born of them. Man in his dread, "caring in no wise for the external world, except as it influenced his own destiny; honoring the lightning because it could strike him, the sea because it could drown him,"* could do naught else than people them with maleficent beings, and conceive of their sulphur-exhaling mouths as the jaws of a bottomless pit.

Indeed, if in freeing ourselves from the tyranny of the "solar" theory we

* "And said the gods, let there be a hammered plate in the midst of the waters, and let it be dividing between waters and waters." Gen. i. 6. The verb from which the substantive is derived signifies, among other meanings, "to beat out into thin plates."

† Gen. viii. 2.
§ Ezekiel i. 1.

‡ Gen. xxviii. 17.

* "Modern Painters," Vol. III., 154.

shackled ourselves with some other, we should certainly prefer that which is known as the "meteorological," and which, in the person of Kuhn and other supporters, finds a more rational and persistent source of myth in phenomena which are fitful and startling, such as hurricane and tempest, earthquake and volcanic outburst. Sunrises and sunsets happen with a regularity which failed to excite any strong emotion or stimulate curiosity, and the remotest ancestor of the primitive Aryan soon shook off the habit—if, indeed, he ever acquired it—of going to bed in fear and trembling lest the sun should not come back again. Nature, in her softer aspects and her gracious bounties—in the spring-time with its promise, the summer with its glory, the autumn with its gifts—has moved the heart of man to song and festival and procession; as, by contrast, the frost that nipped the early buds and the fierce heat that withered the approaching harvest gave occasion for plaintive ditty and somber ceremony. It is in the fierce play and passionate outburst of the elements, in the storm, the lightning, and the thunder, that the feelings are aroused and that the terror-stricken fancy sees the strife of wrathful deities or depicts their dire work among men. Hence, all the world over, the Storm-God and the Wind-God have played a mighty part.

To the savage, the wind, blowing as it listeth, its whence and whither unknown, itself invisible, yet the sweep and force of its power manifest and felt, must have ranked among the most striking phenomena. And, as will be seen hereafter, the correspondences between wind and breath and the connection between breath and life, added their quota of mystery in man's effort to account for the impalpable element. In the legends of the Quiches, the mysterious creative power is Hurakan (whence *hurricane*); among the Choc-taws the original word for Deity is Hush-toli, the storm wind, and in Peru to kiss the air was the commonest and simplest sign of adoration to the collective divinities. The Guayacuans of South America, when a storm arose and there was much thunder or wind, all went out in troops, as it were to battle, shaking their clubs in the air, shooting flights of arrows in that direction whence the storm came.* But we are some steps nearer to the primitive myth when we find the wind conceived of as a mighty bird—which, in-

deed, is in both old and new world mythology a common symbol of thunder and lightning also. On this matter Dr. Brinton's remarks bear quoting:—

Like the wind, the bird sweeps through the aerial spaces, sings in the forests, and rustles on its course; like the cloud, it floats in mid-air, and casts its shadow on the earth; like the lightning, it darts from heaven to earth to strike its unsuspecting prey. These tropes were truths to savage nations, and led on by that law of language which forced them to conceive everything as animate or inanimate, itself the product of a deeper law of thought which urges us to ascribe life to whatever has motion, they found no animal so appropriate for their purpose here as the bird. Therefore the Algonkins say that birds always make the winds, that they create the waterspouts, and that the clouds are the spreading and agitation of their wings; the Navajos, that at each cardinal point stands a white swan, who is the spirit of the blasts; so, also, the Dakotas frequently explain the thunder as the sound of the cloud-bird flapping his wings; the lightning as the fire that flashes from his tracks, like the sparks which the buffalo scatters when he scours over a stony plain.

* Turning to the literatures of higher races, we find in the prose Edda, when Gangler asks whence comes the wind, that Har answers him: "Thou must know that at the northernmost point in the heavens sits a giant,

"In the guise of an eagle;
And the winds, it is said,
Rush down on the earth
From his outspreading pinions."

In the Veda, the Maruts, or Storm-gods, to whom many of the hymns are addressed, "make the rocks to tremble and tear asunder the kings of the forest," like Hermes in his violence and like Boreas in his rage. Whether or no they become in Scandinavian legend the grim and fearful Ogres swiftly sailing in their cloudships, we may see in them the "crushers" and "grinders,"* as their name imports, the types of northern deities like Odin, long degraded into the Wild Huntsman and his phantom crew, whose uncouth yells the peasant hears in the midnight air.

Of this personification of the elements, the following Ojibway folk-tale, cited by Dorman, gives poetic illustration:—"There were spirits from all parts of the country. Some came with crashing steps

* Dorman's "Primitive Superstitions," p. 350.

* From Sans. *mar*, "to grind." Ares and Mars come from the same root.

and roaring voice, who directed the whirlwinds which were in the habit of raging about the neighboring country. Then glided in gently a sweet little spirit, which blew the summer gale. Then came in the old sand-spirit, who blew the sand-squalls in the sand-buttles toward the west. He was a great speech-maker, and shook the lodge with his deep-throated voice, as he addressed the spirits of the cataracts and waterfalls, and those of the islands who wore beautiful green blankets."

In his valuable book on the Myths of the Red Race, Dr. Brinton has brought together a mass of evidence in support of a theory that the sanctity in which the number Four is held among that people is due to the adoration of the cardinal points, which are identified with the four winds, who, in hero myths, are the four ancestors of the human race. Certainly the illustrations with which the argument is supported are both numerous and valuable; but any elaborate system of mythology based upon a definite number of winds has, like the solar theory, to make the facts square with it, and while it explains much, to leave much unexplained. Here this bare reference to it must suffice.

Estimates differ much as to the size of the Thunder-Bird. In one tradition, an Indian found its nest, and secured a feather which was above two hundred feet long, while in another tradition the bird is said to be no bigger than one's little finger! But among the Western Indians he is an immense eagle. "When this aerial monster flaps his wings, loud peals of thunder roll over the prairie; when he winks his eye it lightens; when he wags his tail the waters of the lake which he carries on his back overflow and produce rain." The old and universal belief that stones were hurled by the Thunder-God is not so far-fetched as we, in our pride of science, might think, for the flints which are mistaken for thunderbolts, and which become objects of adoration as well as charms, produce a flash when struck by the lightning. Mixcoatl, the Mexican Cloud-serpent, as well as Jove, carries his bundle of arrows or thunderbolts, which in the hand of Thor are represented by his mighty club or hammer.

As in the conflict raging in the sky during gale or tempest, when the light and the darkness alternately prevail, the barbaric mind sees war waged between the heroes of the spirit-land who have car-

ried their unsettled blood-feuds thither, so in many myths the lightning is no comrade of the thunder, but its foe, the battle of bird with serpent. The resemblances of the lightning flash to the sharp, sudden, zigzag movements of a creature so mysterious, to barbaric man, in its unlikeness to the beasts of the field, account for the myth; the interest of which lies for us in the correspondences which it suggests with the group of storm-myths and sun-myths of the Aryan race, the battle between Indra and Vritra, Ormuzd and Ahriman, Thor and Midgard, Hercules and Cacus, Apollo and Python, and St. George and the Dragon. It is with the physical origin and, for us, deep theological significance of these, that the succeeding paper will deal.

IX.

THE HINDU SUN-AND-CLOUD MYTH.

THESE papers would not be worth the reader's attention if they were solely concerned with bringing together illustrations of myths from semi-savage races. Their other, and indeed their primary, concern is with the origin and growth of man's effort to understand the nature and meaning of things around him, and of his own acts and feelings. In this lies primitive philosophy, theology, and science, the beginnings of all knowledge that has been and that ever will be, and in the unbroken sequence of which we find the explanation of the existence of beliefs among us which are discredited whenever examined. It is the persistence of these which has made it increasingly difficult, as these papers proceed, to deal with the primitive myth apart from its later and more serious forms. Myth was the product of man's emotion and imagination, acted upon by his surroundings, and it carries the traces of its origin in its more developed forms, as the ancestral history of the higher organisms is embodied in their embryos. Man wondered before he reasoned. Awe and fear are quick to express themselves in rudimentary worship; hence the myth was at the outset a theology, and the gradations from personifying to deifying are too faint to be traced. Thus blended, the one as inevitable outcome of the other, they cannot well be treated separately, as if the myth was earth-born and the theology heaven-sent. And to treat them as one is to invade no province of religion,

which is quite other than speculation about gods. The awe and reverence which the fathomless mystery of the universe awakens, which steal within us unbidden as the morning light, and unbroken on the prism of analysis; the conviction, deepening as we peer, that there is a Power beyond humanity, and upon which humanity depends; the feeling that life is in harmony with the Divine order when it moves in disinterested service of our kind—these theology can neither create nor destroy, neither verify nor disprove. They can be bound within no formula that man or church has invented, but undefined—

"Are yet the fountain life of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."

If thus far my readers are with me as to the unrelation between religion and formulated theology, and if these papers have shown with any clearness the emergence of the latter from primitive speculations about the gods and their doings, their sympathetic interest may be reckoned on in what has now to follow concerning the survival of some old weather-myths in beliefs that have had profound and direful influence upon human conduct and fate.

All the Aryan nations have among their legends, often exalted into epic themes, the story of a battle between a hero and a monster. In each case the hero conquers, and releases treasures, or in some way renders succor to man, through his victory. In Hindu myth this battle is fought between Indra and Vritra.

Indra, one of the Vedic gods, comes, according to Professor Max Müller, from the same root as the Sanskrit *indū*, drop, sap, but the etymology is doubtful. What is not doubtful is that he is the god of the bright sky, and, although like the other gods invoked in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, a departmental or tribal deity, a sort of *primus inter pares*, of whose many titles, Vritrahan, or "Vritraslayer," is the pre-eminent one. The benefits showered by him upon mortals caused the attribution of moral qualities to him, and he was adored as "lord of the virtues," while the juice of the sacred soma plant was offered in his honor, for which reason he is also called Somapâ, or "soma-drinker." It is his struggle with Vritra which is a constant theme of the Vedic hymns, the burden of which remind us of the praises offered in the Psalms to Yahweh as a man of war, as mighty in battle. "The

gods do not reach thee, nor man, thou overcomest all creatures in strength. . . . Thou, thunderer, hast shattered with thy bolt the broad and massive cloud into fragments, and hast sent down the waters that were confined in it to flow at will; verily thou alone possessest all power." The primitive physical meaning of the myth is clear. Indra is the sun-god, armed with spears and arrows, for such did the solar rays appear to barbaric fancy. The rain-clouds are imprisoned in dungeons or caverns by Vritra, the "enveloper," the thief, serpent, wolf, wild boar as he is severally styled in the Rig-Veda. Indra attacks him, hurls his darts at him; they pierce the cloud-caverns, the waters are released, and drop upon the earth as rain.

Surely a most rational explanation; self-consistent as fitting into crude philosophy of personal life and volition in sun and cloud, and fraught with deep truth of meaning in regions like the Punjaub, where drought brought famine in its train.

The Aryans were a pastoral people, their wealth being in flocks and herds.* The cow yielded milk for the household; her dung fertilized the soil; her young multiplied the wealth of the family at an ever-increasing rate, and she naturally became the symbol of fruitfulness and prosperity, ultimately an object of veneration; while, for the functions which the bull performed, he was the type of strength. The Aryan's enemy was he who stole or injured the cattle; the Aryan's friend was he who saved them from the robber's clutch.

Intellectually, the Aryan tribes were in the mythopœic stage, and the personification of phenomena was rife among them. Their barbaric fancy, as kindred myths all the world over testify, would find ample play in the fleeting and varied scenery of the cloud-flecked heavens, suggestive, as this would be, of bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial. To these children of the plain the heavens were a vast, wide expanse, over which roamed supramundane beasts, the two most prominent figures in their mythical zoology being the cow and the bull. The sun, giver of blessed light, was the bull of majesty and strength; the white clouds were cows, from whose swelling udders dropped the milk of heaven—the blessed rain. But there were dark clouds also, clouds of night and clouds of storm, and within these lurked the monster rob-

* Both "pecuniary" and "fee" are, as established by Grimm's law, from *pecu*. Lat. *pecu-a*, pl. *pecus*, "cattle"; Sansk. *paçu*, "cattle" from *pac*, to fasten (that which is tied up, i.e., domestic cattle). Cf. Skeats's Etymol. Dict. *in loc.*

ber; into them he lured the herds, and withheld both light and rain from the children of men. To the sun-god, therefore, who smote the thief-dragon, Vritra, with his shaft, and set free the imprisoned cows, went up the shout of praise, the song of gratitude. This myth, as hinted already, survives, in many legends of the Aryan race, and their family likeness is unmistakable. In its Latin guise, it appears as Hercules* and Cacus, although the preciseness of detail narrated by Virgil, Livy, and other writers, has given it quasi-historical rank. Hercules, after his victory over Geryon, stops to rest by the Tiber, and while he is sleeping the three-headed monster, Cacus, steals some of his cattle, dragging them by their tails into his cavern in Mons Avertinus. Their bellowing awakens Hercules, who attacks the cavern, from the mouth of which Cacus vomits flames, and roars as in thunder. But the hero slays him and frees the cattle, a victory which the earlier Romans celebrated with solemn rites at the Ara Maxima. In Greek myth the most familiar examples are the struggles between the sun-god, Apollo, and the storm-dragon, Python, and the deliverance of the Princess Andromeda by Perseus from the sea-monster sent by Poseidon to ravage the land. In the northern group we have the battle of Siegfried with the Niflungs, or Niblungs, and of Sigurd with the dragon of Fafnir, who guards golden treasures; while, in the Eddor, Thor goes fishing with the giant Hymir, and, baiting his hook with a bull's head, catches the great serpent Midgard. Among ourselves, Beowulf, hero of the poem of that name, attacks Grendel, the grim and terrible Jotun that haunts a marsh by the German Ocean (the watery habitat of these monsters is a noticeable common feature), and carries off young and old alike, so that the land is desolated. With mighty grip Beowulf tears him limb from limb, and when, later on, another "winged worm," devourer of fair damsels and hoarder of stolen riches, appears, Beowulf slays him with his enchanted sword.

These brief illustrations would hardly be complete without some reference to our national saint. Opinions differ as to his merits, Gibbon stigmatizing him as a fraudulent army contractor,† while the re-

searches of M. Ganneau seek to establish his relation to the Egyptian Horus and Typhon. Be this as it may, the stirring old legend tells how George of Cappadocia delivered the city of Silene from a dragon dwelling in a lake hard by. Nothing that the people could give him satisfied his insatiate maw, and in their despair they cast lots who among their dearest ones should be flung to the dread beast. The lot fell to the king's daughter and she went unflinchingly, like Jephthah's daughter, to her fate. But on the road the hero learns her sad errand, and bidding her fear not, he, making sign of the cross, brandishes his lance, attacks and transfixes the dragon, and leading him into Silene, beheads him in sight of all the people, who, with their king, are baptized to the glory of Him who made Saint George the victor.*

While, however, the myth of Indra and Vritra has in its Western variants remained for the most part a battle between heroes and dragons, the moral element rarely or never obscuring the undoubted physical features, it gave rise among the Iranians, or ancient Persians, to a definite theology, the strange fortunes of which have profoundly affected Christendom. How this came about needs another paper to tell.

X.

DEMONOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH in the Vedic hymns the features of the primitive nature-myth reappear again and again, Indra himself boasting, "I slew Vritra, O Maruts, with might, having grown strong with my own vigor; I who hold the thunderbolt in my arms, I have made these all-brilliant waters to flow freely for man," we find an approach in them to some conception of that spiritual conflict of which the physical conflict was so complete a symbol. Indra, as victor, is an object of adoration and invested with purity and goodness; Vritra, as the enemy of men, is an object of dread, and invested with malice and evil.

But while in the Zend-Avesta, the Scriptures of the old Iranian religion, the struggle between Thraetaôna and the three-headed serpent Azhi-Dahâka (in which names are recognizable the Traitana and Ahi of the Veda and the Feri-

* Not the same as the Greek Herakles. The similarity of name led the Romans to identify their Hercules, who was a god of boundaries, like Jupiter Terminus, with the Greek hero. Cacus is not cognate with Gr. *kakos*, bad, but was originally *Cacius*, the "blinder" or "darkener."

† "Decline and Fall," vol. iii., c. xxiii., 171. (Smith's Ed.).

* See Ralston's "Russian Folk-Tales," p. 347, for similar Bulgarian legend about St. George.

dum and Zohak of Persian epic) is narrated, the normal idea is dominant throughout. The theme is not the attack of the sun-god to recover stolen milch cows from the dragon's cave, but the battle between Ormuzd, the Spirit of Light, and Ahriman, the Spirit of Darkness. The one seeks to mar the earth which the other has made. Into the fair paradise, Airayana-Vaêjô, "a delightful spot," as the Avesta calls it, "with good waters and trees," and into other smiling lands which Ormuzd has blessed, Ahriman sends "a mighty serpent . . . strong, deadly frost . . . buzzing insects, and poisonous plants. . . . toil and poverty," and, worse than all, "the curse of unbelief."* Between these two spiritual powers and their armies of good and bad angels the battle rages for supremacy in the universe for possession of the citadel of Mansoul.

Early in the history of the Aryan tribes there had arisen a quarrel between the Brahminic and Iranian divisions. The latter had become a quiet-loving, agricultural people, while the former remained marauding nomads, attacking and harassing their neighbors. In their plundering inroads they invoked the aid of spells and sacrifices, offering the sacred soma-juice to their gods, and nerving themselves for the fray by deep draughts of the intoxicating stuff. Not only they, but their gods as well, thereby became objects of hatred to the peaceful Iranians, who forswore all worship of freebooters' deities, and transformed these *devas* of the old religion into demons. That religion, as common to the Indo-European race, was polytheistic, a worship of deities each ruling over some department of nature, but a worship exalting now one, now another god, be it Indra, or Varuna, or Agni, according to the indications of the deity's supremacy, or according to the mood of the worshiper. As remarked by Jacob Grimm, "the idea of the devil is foreign to all primitive religions," obviously because in all primitive thought evil and good are alike regarded as the work of deities. In the Old Testament, Yahweh is spoken of as the author of both;† the angels, whether charged with weal or woe, are his messengers. In the "Iliad," Zeus dispenses both:—

"Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood.
The source of evil one, the other good;

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distribute ills,
To most, he mingles both."*

and 'tis a far way from this to the loftier conception of Euripides: "If the gods do evil, then are they no gods." So there was a monotheistic—or, as Prof. Max Müller terms it, a henotheistic—element in the Vedic religion which in the Iranian religion, and this mainly through the teaching of the great thinker and reformer, Zarathushtra (Zoroaster), was largely diffused. In his endeavor to solve the old problem of reconciling sin and misery with Omnipotent goodness, he supposes "two primeval causes," one of which produced the "reality," or good mind; the other the "non-reality," or evil mind. Behind these was developed belief in a philosophical abstraction, "uncreate time," of which each was the product; but such doctrines were too subtle for the popular grasp, and, wrapped in the old mythological garb, they appeared in concrete form as dualism. Vritra survived in Ahriman, who, like him, is represented as a serpent; and in Ormuzd we have the phonetic descendant of Ahura-mazdas.

Now, it was with this dualism, this transformed survival of the sun and cloud myth, that the Jews came into association during their memorable exile in Babylon. Prior to that time, their theology, as hinted above, had no devil in it. But in that belief in spirits which they held in common with all semi-civilized races, as a heritage from barbarous ancestors, there were the elements out of which such a personality might be readily evolved. Their *satan*, or "accuser," as that word means, is no prince of the demons, like the Beelzebub of later times; no dragon, or old serpent, as of the Apocalypse, defying Omnipotence and deceiving the whole world; but a kind of detective who, by direction of Yahweh, has his eye on suspects, and who is sent to test their fidelity. In all his missions he acts as the intelligent and loyal servant of Yahweh. But although therefore not regarded as bad himself the character and functions with which he was credited made easy the transition, from such theories about him to theories of him as inherently evil, as the enemy of goodness, and, therefore, of God. He who, like Vritra, was an object of dread, came to be regarded as the incarnation of evil, the author and abetter of things harmful to man. Persian dualism gave concrete form to this

* Haig's "Essays on the Parsis," tr. Vendidad, pp. 225, ff.

† Cf. Isaiah xlv. 7; 1 Kings xxii. 21-23; Amos iii. 6.

* "Iliad," Book xxiv. p. 663, ff.

conception, and from the time of the Exile we find Satan as the Jewish Ahri-man, the antagonist of God. Not he alone, for "the angels that kept not their first estate" were the creatures of his evil designs, creatures so numerous that "every one has 10,000 at his right hand and 1000 at his left hand, and because they rule chiefly at night no man should greet another lest he should salute a demon. They haunt lonely spots, often assume the shape of beasts, and it is their presence in the bodies of men and women which is the cause of madness and other diseases."*

From the period when the Apocryphal books, especially those having traces of Persian influence, were written,† this doctrine of an archfiend with his army of demons received increasing impetus. It passed on without check into the Christian religion, and wherever this spread the heathen gods, like the *devas* of Brahminism among the Iranians, were degraded into demons, and swelled the vast crowd of evil spirits let loose to torment and ruin mankind.

This doctrine of demonology, it should be remembered, was but the elaborated form of that ancestral belief in spirits referred to above. In the Christian system it was associated with that belief in magic which has its roots in fetishism, and from the two arose belief in witchcraft. The universal belief in demons in early and mediæval times supplied an easy explanation of disasters and diseases; the sorcerers and charm-workers, the wizards and enchanters, had passed into the service of the devil. For power to work their spite and malevolence, they had bartered their souls to him, and sealed the bargain with their blood. It was enough for the ignorant and frightened sufferers to accuse some poor, misshapen, squinting old woman of casting on them the evil eye, or of appearing in the form of a cat, to secure her trial by torture and her condemnation to an unpitied death. The spread of popular terror led to the issue of Papal bulls and to the passing of statutes in England and in other countries against witchcraft, and it was not until late in the eighteenth century that the laws against that imaginary crime were repealed.

There is no sadder chapter in the an-

nals of this tearful world, than this ghastly story of witch-finding and witch-burning. Sprenger computes that during the Christian epoch no less than *nine millions* of persons, mostly women of the poorer classes, were burned; victims of the survival into relatively civilized times of an illusion which had its source in primitive thought. It was an illusion which had the authority of Scripture on its side; * the Church had no hesitation concerning it, such men as Luther, Sir Thomas Browne, and Wesley never doubted it, the evidence of the bewitched was supported by honest witnesses, and judges disposed to mercy and humanity had no qualms in passing the dread sentence of the law on the condemned.†

And although it exists not to-day, save in by-places where gross darkness lurks, it was not destroyed by argument, by disproof, by direct assault, but only through the growth of the scientific spirit, before which, like the miasma of the Campagna before the planting of the Eucalyptus, it has dispersed. It could not live in an atmosphere thus purified, an atmosphere charged with belief in unchanging causation, and in a definite order unbroken by caprice or fitfulness, whether in the sweep of a planet or the pulsations of a human heart.

Of course the antecedents of the archfiend himself could not fail to be the subject of curious inquiry in the time when his existence was no matter of doubt. The old theologians scraped together enough material about him from the sacred books of the Jews and Christians to construct an elaborate biography of him; but in this they would seem to have explained too much in certain directions and not enough in others, thus provoking a reaction which ultimately discredited their painful research. Their genealogy of him was carried further back than they intended or desired, for the popular notions credited him with both a mother and grandmother. Their theory of his fall from Heaven gave rise to the droll conception of his lameness and to the legends of which the "devil on two sticks" is a type. Their infusion of foreign element into his nature aided his pictorial presentment in motley form and garb. To Vedic descriptions of Vritra's darkness may perchance be traced his murkiness and blackness; Greek satyr and German forest-sprite his goat-like body,

* Vide my "Jesus of Nazareth," p. 144.

† Notably "Tobit" and "Baruch," and cf. "Book of Wisdom," II. 24, for earliest indications of the belief. The Asmodeus of Tobit iii. 8 and 17, appears to be the Aeshmô dêrvô of the Zend-Avesta.

* Exodus xxii. 18.

† For details of witch trials in this island, cf. Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Witch Stories," *passim*.

his horns, his cloven hoofs, his tail; to Thor his red beard and trident, vulgarized into a pitchfork; to dwarfs and goblins his red cloak and nodding plume; to theories of transformation of men and spirits into animals his manifold metamorphoses, as black cat, wolf, hellhound, and the like.

But his description was his doom; it was by a natural sequence that the legends of mediæval times present him, not, with the Scotch theologians, as a scholar and a swindler, disguising himself as a parson, but as gullible and stupid, as overreaching himself, and as befooled by mortals. And, like the Trolls of Scandinavian folk-lore who burst at sunrise, it needed only the full light thrown upon his origin and development by the researches of comparative mythologists to dissipate this creation of man's fears and fancies into the vaporous atmosphere where he had his birth.

XI.

METEMPSYCHOSIS AND TRANSFORMATION.

THE belief that human beings could change themselves into animals was alluded to in my remarks on witchcraft, but, in view of its large place in the history of illusions, too incidentally, and it is proposed to give it further reference here.

Superstitions which now excite a smile, or which seem beneath notice, were no sudden phenomena, appearing now and again at the beck and call of willful deceivers of their kind. That they survive at all, like organisms, atrophied or degenerate, which have seen "better days," is evidence of remote antiquity and persistence. Every seeming vagary of the mind had serious importance, and answered to some real need of man as a sober attempt to read the riddle of the earth and get to its inmost secret.

So with this belief. It is the outcome of that early thought of man which conceived a common nature and fellowship between himself and brutes, a conception based on rude analogies between his own and other forms of life, as also between himself and things without life, but having motion, be they waterspouts or rivers, trees or clouds, especially these last, when the wind, in violent surging and with howling voice, drove them across the sky. Where he blindly, timidly groped, we

walk as in the light, and with love that casts out fear. Where rough resemblances suggested to him like mental states and actions in man and brute, the science of our time has, under the comparative method, converted the guess into a certainty; not to the confirmation of his conclusions, but to the proof of identity of structure and function, to the demonstrating of a common origin, however now impassable the chasm that separates us from the lower animals.

The belief in man's power to change his form and nature is obviously nearly connected with the widespread doctrine of metempsychosis, or the passing of the soul at death into one or a series of animals, generally types of the dead man's character, as where the timid enter the body of a hare, the gluttonous that of a swine or vulture.

"Fills with fresh energy another form,
And towers an elephant or glides a worm;
Swims as an eagle in the eye of noon;
Or wails a screech-owl to the deaf, cold
moon, [and glare,
Or haunts the brakes where serpents hiss
Or hums, a glittering insect, in the air."

But while in transmigration the soul returns not to the body which it had left, transformation was only for a time, occurring at stated periods, and effected by the will of the transformed, or by the aid of sorcery and magic, or sometimes imposed by the gods as a punishment for impious defiance and sin.

Other causes, less remote, aided the spread of a belief to which the mind was already inclined. Among these were the hallucinations of men who believed themselves changed into beasts, and who, retreating to caves and forests, issued thence howling and foaming, ravening for blood and slaughter; hallucinations which afflicted not only single persons, as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar, whose milder monomania (he, himself, saying in the famous prize poem:—

"As he ate the unaccustomed food,
It may be wholesome, but it is not good.")

rather resembled that of the daughters of Prætus, who believed themselves cows, but which also spread as virulent epidemic among whole classes. It is related that, in 1600, multitudes were attacked by the disease known as lycanthropy, or wolf-madness (from Greek, *lukos*, a wolf, and *anthropos*, a man), and that they herded and hunted in packs, destroying and eating children, and keeping in their mount-

ain fastnesses a cannibal or devil's Sabbath, like the nocturnal meetings of witches and demons known as the Witches' Sabbath. Hundreds of them were executed on their own confession, but some time elapsed before the frightful epidemic, and the panic which it caused, passed away. Besides such delusions, history down to our own time records instances where a morbid, innate craving for blood, leading sometimes to cannibalism, has shown itself. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his "Book of Werewolves," cites a case from Gall of a Dutch priest who had such a desire to kill and to see killed that he became chaplain to a regiment for the sake of witnessing the slaughter in battle. But still more ghastly are the notorious cases of Elizabeth, an Hungarian lady of title, who inveigled girls into her castle and murdered them that she might bathe her body in human blood to enhance her beauty; and of the Maréchal de Retz who, cursed with the abnormal desire to murder children, allured them with promises of dainties into his kitchen, and killed them, inhaling the odor of their blood with delight, and then burned their bodies in the huge fireplace in the one room devoted to these horrors. When the deed was done, the Maréchal would lie prostrate with grief "would toss weeping and praying on a bed, or recite fervent prayers and litanies on his knees, only to rise with irresistible craving to repeat the crime."

Such instances as the foregoing, whether of delusion or morbid desire to destroy, are among secondary causes; they may contribute, but they do not create, being inadequate to account for the world-wide existence of transformation myths. The animals which are the supposed subject of these vary with the habitat but are always those which have inspired most dread from their ferocity. In Abyssinia we find the man-hyæna; in South Africa, the man-lion; in India, the man-tiger; in Northern Europe, the man-bear; and in other parts of Europe the man-wolf or were-wolf (from A.-S. *wer*, a man).

Among the many survivals of primitive thought in the Greek mythology, which are the only key to its coarser features, this of belief in transformation occurs, and, indeed, along the whole line of human development it appears and re-appears in forms more or less vivid and tragic. The gods of the South, as of the North, came down in the likeness of beasts and birds, as well as of men, and among the references to these myths in classic writers,

Ovid, in the "Metamorphoses," tells the story of Zeus visiting Lykaon, king of Arcadia, who placed a dish of human flesh before the god to test thereby his omniscience. Zeus detected the trick, and punished the king by changing him into a wolf, so that his desire might be toward the food which he had impiously offered to his god.

"In vain he attempted to speak; from that very instant
His jaws were besplattered with foam, and only he thirsted
For blood, as he raged among flocks and panted for slaughter.
His vesture was changed into hair, his limbs became crooked.
A wolf—he retains yet large traces of his ancient expression,
Hoary he is as afore, his countenance rabid,
His eyes glitter savagely still, the picture of fury."

But we may pass from this and such-like tales of the ancients to the grim realities of the belief in mediæval times.

XII.

TRANSFORMATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE closing remarks in my last paper made reference to the terribly real form which belief in transformation assumed in the middle ages.

If wolves abounded, much more did the were-wolf abound. According to Olaus Magnus, the sufferings which the inhabitants of Prussia and neighboring nations endured from wolves were trivial compared with the ravages wrought by men turned into wolves. On the feast of the Nativity, these monsters were said to assemble and then disperse in companies to kill and plunder. Attacking lonely houses, they devoured all the human beings and every other animal found therein. "They burst into the beer-cellars and there they empty the tuns of beer or mead, and pile up the empty casks one above another in the middle of the cellar, thus showing their difference from natural wolves." In Scandinavia it was believed that some men had a second skin, out of which they could slip and appear in the shape of a beast. Perhaps the phrase "to jump out of one's skin" is a relic of this notion. The Romans believed that the were-wolf simply effected the change

by turning his skin inside out, hence the term "versipellis," or "skin-changer." So in mediæval times it was said that the wolf's skin was under the human, and the unhappy suspects were hacked and tortured for signs of such hairy growth. Sometimes the change was induced, it is said, by putting on a girdle of human skin round the waist; sometimes by the use of magical ointment. Whatever the animal whose shape a man took could do, that he could do, plus such power as he possessed in virtue of his manhood or acquired by sorcery, his eyes remaining as the only features by which he could be recognized. If he was not changed himself, some charm was wrought on the eyes of onlookers whereby they could see him only in the shape which he was supposed to assume. The genuine monomaniacs aided such an illusion. The poor demented one who conceived himself a dog or a wolf, who barked, and snapped, and foamed at the mouth, and bit savagely at the flesh of others, was soon clothed by a terror-stricken fancy in the skin of either brute, and believed to have the canine or lupine appetite in addition to his human cunning. The imagination thus projects in visible form the specters of its creation; the eye in this, as in so much else, sees the thing for which it looks. Some solid foundation for the belief would, however, exist in the custom among warriors of dressing themselves in the skins of beasts to add to their ferocious appearance. And it was amid such that the remarkable form of mania in Northern Europe known as the Berserkr rage ("bear-sark" or "bear-skin" wearer) arose. Working themselves by the aid of strong drink or drugs and contagious excitement into a frenzy, these freebooters of the Northland sallied forth to break the back bones and cleave the skulls of quiet folk and unwary travelers. As with flashing eyes and foaming mouth they yelled and danced, seemingly endowed with magic power to resist assault by sword or club, they aroused in the hysterically disposed a like madness, which led to terrible crimes, and which died away only as the killing of one's fellows became less the business of life.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the belief in men-beasts reached its maximum, and met with no tender treatment at the hands of a Church whose Founder had manifested such soothing pity toward the "possessed" of Galilee and Judæa. That Church had a cut-and-dried explanation

of the whole thing, and applied a sharp and pitiless remedy. If the devil, with countless myrmidons at his command, was "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," what limit could be put to his ingenuity and arts? Could he not as easily change a man into a wolf or a bear, as a woman into a cat; and had not each secured this by a compact with him, the foe of God and His Church? The evidence in support of the one was as clear and cogent as in support of the other; hence were-wolf hunting and burning became as Christian a duty and as paying a profession as witch-smelling and torturing. Any cruelty was justified by its perpetrators when the object in view was the vindication of the majesty of God; and not until the advancing intelligence of men recoiled against the popular explanations of witchcraft and lycanthropy were the laws against both repealed.

Those explanations were survivals of savage mental philosophy blended with a crude theology. To the savage, all diseases are the work of evil spirits. If a man hurts himself against a stone, the demon in the stone is the cause. If the man falls suddenly ill, writhes or shrieks in his pain, the spirit which has smuggled itself in with the food or the drink or the breath is twisting or tearing him; if he has a fit, the spirit has flung him; if he is in the frenzy of hysteria, the spirit within him is laughing in fiendish glee. And when the man suddenly loses his reason, goes, as people say, "out of his mind," acts and looks no longer like his former self, still more does this seem the work of an evil agent within him. It is kindred with the old belief that the sickly and ugly infant had been left in the cradle by the witch in place of the child which she had stolen before its baptism.* And the thing to do is to find some mode of conjuring or frightening or forcing the demon out of the man just as it became a sacred duty to watch over the newly born until the sign of the Cross had been made on its forehead, and the regenerating water sprinkled over it.

"Presbyter is but old priest writ large." And the theory of demoniacal agency was but the savage theory in a more elaborate guise. To theologians and jurists it was a sufficing explanation; it fitted in with the current notions of the government of the universe, and there was no

* Spenser says:—

"Such, men do *changelings* call, so changed by fairies' theft."

need to frame any other. Body and mind were to them as separate entities, as they are to the savage and the ignorant. Each regarded the soul as independent of the body, and framed his theories of occasional absence therefrom accordingly. But science has taught us to know ourselves not as dual, but as one. She lays her finger on the subtle, intricate framework of man's nervous system, and finds in the derangement of this the secret of those delusions and illusions which have been so prolific in agony and suffering. She makes clear how the yielding to morbid tendencies can still foster delusions, which, if no longer the subject of pains and penalties in the body politic, are themselves ministers of vengeance in the body where they arise. And in the recognition of a fundamental unity between the physical and the mental, in the healthy working of the one as dependent on the wholesome care of the other, she finds not only the remedy against mental derangement and all forms of harmful excitement, but also the prevention which is better than cure.

XIII.

THE BELIEF IN TRANSFORMATION UNIVERSAL.

TRADITIONS of transformation of men into beasts are not confined to the Old World. In Dr. Rink's "Tales of the Eskimo" there are numerous stories both of men and women who have assumed animal form at will, as also incidental references to the belief in stories such as that telling how an Eskimo got inside a walrus skin, so that he might lead the life of that creature. And among the Red Races, that rough analogy which led to the animal being credited with life and consciousness akin to the human, still expresses itself in thought and act. If even now it is matter of popular belief in the wilds of Norway that Finns and Lapps, who from remote times have passed as skillful-witches and wizards, can at pleasure assume the shape of bears, the common saying, according to Dr. Dament, about an unusually daring and savage beast being, "that can be no Christian bear," we may not be surprised that lower races still ascribe power of interchange to man and brute. The werewolf superstition is extant among the North-Western Indians, but free from those dia-

bolical features which characterized it in mediæval times among ourselves. It takes its place in barbaric myth generally, and although it may have repellent or cruel elements, it was never blended with belief in the demoniacal. The Ahts say that men go into the mountains to seek their manitou (that is, the personal deity, generally the first animal seen by the native in the dream produced by his fasting on reaching manhood), and, mixing with wolves, are after a time changed into these creatures. Although the illustration bears more upon what has to be said concerning the barbaric belief in animal ancestors, it has some reference to the matter in hand to cite the custom among the Tonkanays, a wild and unruly tribe in Texas, of celebrating their origin by a grand annual dance. One of them, naked as he was born, is buried in the earth, then the others, clothed in wolfskins, walk over him, sniff around him, howl in wolfish style, and then dig him up with their nails. The leading wolf solemnly places a bow and arrow in his hands, and, to his inquiry as to what he must do for a living, advises him "to do as the wolves do—rob, kill, and rove from place to place, never cultivating the soil." Dr. Brinton, in quoting the above from Schoolcraft, refers to a similar custom among the ancient dwellers on Mount Soracte.

As in past times among ourselves, so in times present among races such as the foregoing, their wizards and shamans are believed to have power to turn themselves as they choose into beasts, birds, or reptiles. By whatever name these professional impostors are known, whether as medicine-men, or, as in Cherokee, by the high-sounding title of "possessors of the divine fire," they have traded, and wherever credulity or darkest ignorance abide, still trade, on the fears and fancies of their fellows by disguising themselves in voice and gait and covering as the animal which they pretend to be. Among races believing in transformation such tricks have free course, and the more dexterous the sorcerer who could play bear's antics in a bear's skin proved himself in throwing off the disguise and appearing suddenly as a man, the greater his success, and he more firmly grounded the belief.

The whole subject, although presented here only in the barest outline, would not be fitly dismissed without some reference to the survival of the primitive belief in men-animals in the world-wide stories known as Beast-fables, in which animals act and talk like human beings. When

to us all Nature was wonderland, and among our playfellows were the four-footed, the birds, and the fishes; when in fireside tale and rhyme they spoke our language and lived that free life which we then shared and can never share again, the feeling of kinship to which the old fables gave expression may have checked mady a wanton act, and, if we learned it not fully then, at least have taken the lesson to heart since,

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.

And then those "Fables" of Æsop, even with the tedious drawback of the "moral," as powder beneath the jam, did they not lighten for us in school-days the dark passages through our Valpy (for the omniscient Dr. William Smith was not then the tyro's dread), and again give us communion with the fowl of the air and the beast of the field? Now, our mature thought may interest itself in following the beast-myths to the source whence Babrius and Phædrus, knowing not its springhead and antiquity, drew their vivid presentments of the living world, and find in the storied East the wellspring that fed the imagination of youngsters thousands of years ago. With some authorities the Egyptians have the credit of first inventing the beast-fable, but among them, as among every other advanced race, such stories are the remains of an earlier deposit; relics of a primitive philosophy, in which wisdom, and skill, and cunning are no monopoly of man's. The fondness of the negro races, whose traditions are not limited to South and Central Africa, for such fables is well known, as witness the tales of which "Uncle Remus" is a type, and it is strikingly illustrated in the history of the Vai tribe, who having, partly through contact with whites elaborated a system of writing, made the beast-fable their earliest essay in composition.*

In former papers, the evidence in support of the common ancestry of the languages spoken by the leading peoples in Europe, and by such important historical races in Asia as the Hindu and the Persian, has been summarized. That evidence is likewise conclusive, not only as to the origin of the myths on which the great Indo-European epics are founded, but also as to the possession by the several clans of a common stock of folklore and folk-tale, in which, of course, the

beast-fable is included, these being the relics in didactic or humorous guise of that serious philosophy concerning the life of man and beast among the barbaric ancestors of the Indo-Europeans, upon which stress enough has been laid.

Even if the common origin could be disproved, the evidence would merely be shifted from local to general foundations, because the uniform attitude of mind before the same phenomena would be proven; but the resemblances are too minute in detail to be explained by a theory of independent creation of the tales where now we find them. The likenesses are many; the unlikenesses are few, being the result of local coloring, historical fact blended with the fiction, popular belief, and superstition, all affected by the skill of the professional storyteller. As in the numerous variants of the familiar Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, Punchkin, and the like, the same fairy prince or princess, the same wicked magician and clever, versatile Boots peep through, disclosing the near relationship of Hindu nursery tales to the folk-tales of Norway and the Highlands, of Iceland and Ceylon, of Persia and Serbia, of Russia and the lands washed by the Mediterranean. In the venerable collection of "Buddhist Birth Stories," now in course of translation by Dr. Rhys Davids,* and to which he has prefaced an interesting introduction on the source and migration of folk-tales, we are face to face with many a fable familiar to us in the "Æsop" of our school-days. There is the story of the Ass in the Lion's Skin, not in which, as Æsop has it, the beast dressed himself, but which the hawker put on him to frighten the thieves who would steal his goods. Left one day to browse in a field while his master refreshed himself at an inn, some watchmen saw him, and, raising hue and cry, brought out the villagers, armed with their rude implements. The ass, fearing death, made a noise like an ass, and was killed. Long might he, adds the ancient moral,

Clad in a lion's skin
Have fed on the barley green;
But he brayed!
And that moment he came to ruin.

The variants of this old fable are found in mediæval, in French, German, Indian, and Turkish folk-lore, as are also those of the tortoise who lost his life through

* Vol. I. Trübner & Co. See also, for some valuable illustrations from early English and other sources, an article by Rev. Dr. Morris, in *Contemp. Rev.*, May, 1881.

** Cf. Mahaffy's "Prolegomena to Ancient History," p. 392.

"much speaking." Desiring to emigrate, two ducks agreed to carry him, he seizing hold of a stick which they held between their beaks. As they passed over a village, the people shouted and jeered, whereupon the irate tortoise retorted, "What business is it of yours?" and, of course, thereby let go the stick and, falling down, split in two. Therefore

Speak wise words not out of season;
You see how, by talking overmuch,
The tortoise fell."

In Æsop, the tortoise asks an eagle to teach him to fly; in Chinese folk-lore he is carried by geese.

Jacob Grimm's researches concerning the famous mediæval fable of "Reynard the Fox," revealed the ancient and scattered materials out of which that wonderful satire was woven, and there is no feature of the story which reappears more often in Eastern and Western folk-lore than that cunning of the animal which has been for the lampooner and the satirist the type of self-seeking monk and ecclesiastic. When Chanticleer proudly takes an airing with his family, he meets master Reynard, who tells him he has become a "religious," and shows him his beads, and his missal, and his hair shirt, adding in a voice "that was child-like and bland," that he had vowed never to eat flesh. Then he went off singing his Credo, and slunk behind a hawthorn. Chanticleer, thus thrown off his guard, continues his airing, and the astute hypocrite, darting from his ambush, seizes the plump hen Coppel. So in Indian folk-tale, a wolf living near the Ganges is cut off from food by the surrounding water. He decides to keep holy day, and the god Sakka, knowing his lupine weakness, resolves to have some fun with him, and turns himself into a wild goat. "Aha!" says the wolf, "I'll keep the fast another day," and springing up he tried to seize the goat, who skipped about so that he couldn't be taken. So Lupus gives it up, and says as his solatium: "After all, I've not broken my vow."

The Chinese have a story of a tiger who desired to eat a fox, but the latter claimed exemption as being superior to the other animals, adding that if the tiger doubted his word, he could easily judge for himself. So the two set forth, and, of course, every animal fled at sight of the tiger, who, too stupid to see how he had been gulled, conceived high respect for the fox, and spared his life.

Sometimes the tables are turned.

Chanticleer gets his head out of Reynard's mouth by making him answer the farmer, and in the valuable collection of Hottentot tales which the late Dr. Bleek, with some warrant, called "Reynard in South Africa," the cock makes the jackal say his prayers, and flies off while the outwitted beast folds his hands and shuts his eyes.

But I must forbear quoting further. Enough if it is made clear to the reader that the beast-fable is the lineal descendant of barbaric conceptions of a life shared in common by man and brute, and another link thus added to the lengthening chain of the continuity of human history.

XIV.

BEAST-FABLES.

THE beast-fables cited in my last paper were drawn from widely-severed sources, as illustrative of ideas common to all barbarous races, concerning the community of life in man and brute.

They are thus shown to embalm the relics of a serious philosophy, and the like is true of the great mass of folk-tales of which they are a branch. The connection of the two is, indeed, manifest in the group of which "Beauty and the Beast" is a well-known example, in which the husband or wife is of fair human form by night and a hideous monster by day, until freed from the sorcerer's enchantment. Such tales have not fallen in the East to the low level which they have reached here, because they yet accord in some degree with extant superstitions in India, whereas in Europe they find little or nothing to which they correspond. But, dismissing these, we will deal with a group of stories culled from various collections, the leading idea of which is the dwelling apart of the soul or heart, as the seat of life, from the body, in some secret place, as in an egg, or a necklace, or a flower; the destruction of the soul involving that of the body.

In the Norse tale of "The giant who had no heart in his body," the monster turns six princes and their wives into stone, whereupon the seventh and only surviving son, Boots, sets out to avenge their fate. On his journey he saves the lives of a raven, a salmon, and a wolf, and the wolf, having eaten his horse, compensates Boots by carrying him to the giant's castle, where the lovely princess who is

to be his bride is confined. She promises to find out where the giant keeps his heart, and by blandishments and divers arts known to the fair sex both before and since the time of Delilah, she worms out the secret. He tells her that "far, far, away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling!" Boots, taking fond farewell of the princess, rides on the wolf's back to the island. Then the raven he had befriended flies to the steeple and fetches the key of the church; the salmon, in like return for kindness, brings him the egg from the well where the duck had dropped it.

Then the wolf told him to squeeze the egg, and as soon as ever he did so, the giant screamed out. "Squeeze it again," said the wolf; and when the prince did so, the giant screamed still more piteously, and begged and prayed so prettily to be spared, saying he would do all that the prince wished if he would only not squeeze his heart in two. "Tell him if he will restore to life again your six brothers and their brides, you will spare his life," said the wolf. Yes, the giant was ready to do that, and he turned the six brothers into kings' sons again, and their brides into kings' daughters. "Now squeeze the egg in two," said the wolf. With questionable morality, doing evil that good might come, Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the giant burst at once.

Some interesting variants of this story are given by Mr. Ralston in his "Russian Folk-Tales," in which Koshchei is the counterpart of the giant, his death being brought about by the destruction of the object in which his soul is hidden. In one story he is killed by a blow on the forehead inflicted by the mysterious egg—that last link in the magic chain by which his life is darkly bound. In another version the fatal blow is struck by a small stone found in the yolk of an egg, which is inside a duck, which is inside a hare, which is inside a stone, which is on an island. In another variant, Koshchei attempts to deceive his fair captive, pretending that his "death" resides in a besom, or in a fence, both of which she adorns with gold in token of her love. Then he confesses that his "death" really lies in an egg, inside a duck, inside a log which is floating on the sea. Prince Ivan gets hold of the egg, and shifts it from one hand to the other. Koshchei rushes wildly from side to side of the room. At last the prince breaks the egg, and Koshchei falls on the floor and dies.

In Serbian folk-tale the strength of a baleful being who had stolen a princess lies in a bird which is inside the heart of a fox, and when the bird was taken out of the heart and set on fire, that moment the wife stealer falls down dead, and the prince regains his bride. In Bohemian, Gaelic, Greek, Finnish, as also among the Hottentot and Samoyed folk-tales, the same incident occurs of an external soul, generally hidden in an egg, the breaking of which ends the life of giant or other monster. In the "Arabian Nights" the Jinni's soul is enclosed in the crop of a sparrow, and the sparrow is imprisoned in a small box, and this again in seven other boxes, which are put into seven chests, contained in a coffer of marble, which is sunk in the ocean that surrounds the world. Seyfel-Mulook raises the coffer by the aid of Suleyman's seal-ring, and having extricated the sparrow, strangles it, whereupon the Jinni's body is converted into a heap of black ashes.

The most venerable form in which we possess the myth of a man's soul outside his body comes to us from the valley of the Nile, but before narrating this we must seek in the "storied East" the close parallels to the folk-lore of the Western Aryans. As in the Rig-Veda we are in certain respects nearer to the older forms of the parent language of the Indo-European peoples, so in the folk-tales of Bengal and the Deccan we are nearer the earliest forms of the fireside stories of both east and west:

In the story of "Punchkin" given in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," a Rajah has seven daughters, and his wife dying when they were quite children, he marries the widow of his prime minister. Her cruelty to his children made them run off to a jungle, where seven neighboring princes, who were out hunting, found them, and each took one of them to wife. After a time they again went hunting, and did not come back. So when the son of the youngest princess, who had also been enchanted away, grew up, he set out in search of his mother and father and uncles, and at last discovered that the seven princes had been turned into stone by the magician Punchkin, who had shut up the princess in a tower because she would not marry him. Recognizing her son, she plotted with him to feign agreement to marry Punchkin if he would tell her where the secret of his life was hidden. Overjoyed at her yielding to his wish, the magician told her that it was true that he was not as others.

Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the center of the circle stand six chattees full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth chattee is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die. But, he added, this was not possible, because thousands of genii "surround the palm-trees, and kill all who approach the place."

The princess told her son this, and he set forth on his journey. On the way he rescued some young eagles from a serpent, and the grateful birds carried him until they reached the jungle, where, the genii being overcome with sleep by the heat, the eaglets swooped down. "Down jumped the prince; in an instant he had overthrown the chattees full of water and seized the parrot, which he rolled up in his cloak," then mounted again into the air and was carried back to Punchkin's palace. Punchkin was dismayed to see the parrot in the prince's hands, and asked him to name any price he willed for it, whereupon the prince demanded the restoration of his father and his uncles to life. This was done; then he insisted on Punchkin doing the like to "all whom he had thus imprisoned," when, at the waving of the magician's wand, the whole garden became suddenly alive.

"Give me my parrot!" cried Punchkin. Then the boy took hold of the parrot, and tore off one of his wings; and as he did so the magician's right arm fell off. He then pulled off the parrot's second wing, and Punchkin's left arm fell off; then he pulled off the bird's legs, and down fell the magician's right leg and left leg. Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes, and cried, "Give me my parrot!" "Take your parrot, then," cried the boy, and with that he wrung the bird's neck, and threw it at the magician, and as he did so, Punchkin's head twisted round, and, with a fearful groan he died. Of course, all the rest "lived very happily ever afterward," as they do in the plays and the novels.

In the story of "Sodewa Bai," the Hindu Cinderella, the heroine's soul is contained in a string of golden beads, and in the Bengali tale, "Life's Secret," a Rajah's favorite wife gives birth miraculously to a boy, whose soul is bound up in a necklace in the stomach of a boal-fish. In both instances the jewels are stolen, and while they are worn by the

thieves, prince and princess alike are lifeless, while with the recovery of the jewels, life returned to each.

The family likeness of these Indian folk-tales to those given above is explicable on no theory of borrowing, and finds its sole and rational explanation in the possession of a common stock of folklore by the several ancestors of the Indo-European races. As Sir G. W. Cox remarks, "the substantial identity of stories told in Italy, Norway, and India can but prove that the treasure-house of mythology was more abundantly filled before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes than we had taken it to be."

The Egyptian tale of the "Two Brothers" is of great value on account of its high antiquity, and, moreover, specially interesting as recording an incident similar to that narrated in the life of Joseph. It is contained in the d'Orbiney papyrus preserved in the Bibliothèque Impériale, the date being about the fourteenth or fifteenth century B.C.

There were two brothers, Anepou and Satou, joined as one in love and labor. One day Satou was sent to fetch seed-corn from Anepou's house, where he found his brother's wife adorning her hair. She urged him to stay with her, but he refused, promising, however, to keep her wickedness secret. When Anepou returned at even, she, being afraid, "made herself to seem as a woman that had suffered violence," and told him exactly the reverse of what had happened. Anepou's wrath was kindled against Satou, and he went out to slay him; but Satou called on Phra to save him, and the god placed a river between the brothers, so that when day dawned Anepou might hear the truth. At sunrise Satou tells his story, and, mutilating himself, he says that he will leave Anepou and go to the valley of the cedar, in the cones of which he will deposit his heart, "so that if the tree be cut, his heart would fall to the earth, and he must die."

Space forbids further outline of the venerable story, which finally ends with the reconciliation of the two brothers.

For us the value of these folk-tales lies in the relics of barbaric notions concerning the nature of man and his relation to external things which they preserve. They have amused our youthhood; they may instruct our manhood. Not if we go to the solar mythologist for their interpretation. We shall learn from Sir G. W. Cox that "the magician Punchkin and the heartless giant are only other forms

of the Panis who steal bright treasures from the gleaming west," that "Balna herself is Helen shut up in Ilion . . . the eagles the bright clouds," * and from Professor de Gubernatis that the duck is the dawn and the egg the sun.

These venerable tales have a larger, richer meaning than this, expressive of the wonder deep-seated in the heart of man. Like the beautiful prisms of topaz and beryl revealed when a "drusy" cavity in granitic rock is broken open, they hold within them the crystallized thought of the past. The soul existing apart from the body, whether in bird or casket, and determining its fate, is the relic of barbaric belief in one or more entities *in* the body, yet not *of* it—a belief extant among tribes still uncivilized, and surviving in unsuspected forms among more advanced races.

XV.

TOTEMISM.

IN addition to the beliefs in the transformation of men into animals and in the transmigration of souls into the bodies of animals, we find among barbarous peoples a belief which is probably the parent of one and certainly nearly related to both, namely, in descent from the animal or plant, more often the former, whose name they bear. Its connection with transmigration is seen in the belief of the Moquis, an Indian tribe, that after death they live in the form of their totemic animal, those of the Deer family becoming deer, and so on through the several clans. The belief survives in its most primitive and vivid forms among two races, the aborigines of Australia and the North American Indians. The word "totemism," given to it both in its religious and social aspects, is derived from the Algonquin "dodaim" or "dodhaim," meaning "clanmark." Among the Australians, the word "kobong," meaning "friend" or "protector," is the generic term for the animal or plant by which they are known. It is akin in significance to the Indian words "manitou," "oki," etc., comprehending "the manifestations of the unseen world, yet conveying no sense of personal unity," which are commonly translated by the misleading word "medicine;" hence, "medicine-men."

The family name, or second name borne

by all the tribes in lineal descent, and which corresponds to our surname, *i.e.*, *super nomen*, or "over-name," is derived from names of beasts, birds, etc., around which traditions of their transformation into men linger. Sir Geo. Grey* says that there is a mysterious connection between a native and his kobong. It is his protecting angel, like the "daimon" of Socrates, like the "genius" of the early Italian. "If it is an animal, he will not kill one of the species to which it belongs, should he find it asleep, and he always kills it reluctantly and never without affording it a chance of escape. The family belief is that some one individual of the species is their dearest friend, to kill whom would be a great crime," as, in Hindu belief, when a Rajah was said to have entered at death into the body of a fish, a "close time" was at once decreed. Among the Indian tribes we find well-nigh the whole fauna represented, their totem being the Bear, Turtle, Deer, Hawk, Eagle, Pike, Buffalo, etc. Like the Australians, these tribes regarded themselves as being of the breed of their particular animal-totem, and avoided hunting, slaying and eating (of which more presently) the creature under whose form the ancestor was thought to be manifest. The Chippaways carried their respect even further. Deriving their origin from the dog, they at one time refrained from employing their supposed canine ancestors in dragging their sledges. The Bechuana and other people of South Africa will avoid eating their tribe-animal or wearing its skin. The same prohibitions are found among tribes in Northern Asia, and the Vogulitzi of Siberia, when they have killed a bear, address it formally, maintaining "that the blame is to be laid on the arrows and iron, which were made and forged by the Russians!" Among the Delawares the Tortoise gens claimed supremacy over the others, because their ancestor, who had become a fabled monster in their mythology, bore their world on his back. The Californian Indians are in interesting agreement with Lord Monboddoo when, in claiming descent from the prairie wolf, they account for the loss of their tails by the habit of sitting, which, in course of time, wore them down to the stump! The Kickapoos say their ancestors had tails, and that when they lost them the "impudent fox sent every morning to ask how their tails were, and the bear shook his fat sides at the joke."

* "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," Vol. I., p. 140, n.

* "Travels in N. W. and W. Australia," Vol. II., 229.

The Patagonians are said to have a number of animal deities, creators of the several tribes, some being of the caste of the guanaco, others of the ostrich, etc. In short, the group of beliefs and practices found among races in the lower stages of culture point to a widespread common attitude toward the mystery of life around them. In speaking of totemism among the Red Races, Dr. Brinton thinks that the free use of animate symbols to express abstract ideas, which he finds so frequent, is the source of a confusion which has led to their claiming literal descent from wild beasts. But the barbaric mind bristles with contradictions and mutually destructive conceptions; nothing is too wonderful, too *bizarre* for its acceptance, and the belief in actual animal descent is not the most remarkable or far-fetched among the articles of its creed.

The subject of totemism is full of interest both on its religious and social side:—

On its religious side it has given rise, or, if this be not conceded, impetus, to that worship of animals which assuredly had its source in the attribution of mysterious power through some spirit within them, making them deity incarnate.

On its social side it has led to prohibitions which are inwoven among the customs and prejudices of civilized communities. But before speaking of these prohibitions, the barbaric mode of reckoning descent should be noticed.

The family name borne by any Australian tribe is perpetuated by the children, whether boys or girls, taking their mother's name. Precisely the same custom is found among the American Indians—the children of both sexes being of the mother's clan. Now, the family, as we define it, does not exist in savage communities, nor, as Mr. McLennan says in his very remarkable work on "Primitive Marriage," had "the earliest human groups any idea of kinship, . . . the physical root of which could be discerned only through observation and reflection." Where the relations of the sexes were confused and promiscuous, the oldest system in which the idea of blood-ties was expressed was a system of kinship through the mother. The habits of the "much-married" primitive men made mistake about any one's mother less likely than mistake about his father; and, if in civilized times it is, as the saying goes, a wise child that knows its own father, he was, in barbarous times, a wise father who knew his own child. Examples tracing the kinship through females,

father and offspring being never of the same clan, abound in both ancient and modern authorities, and perhaps the most amusing one that can be given is found in Dr. Morgan's "Systems of Consanguinity." He says that the "natives of the province of Keang-se are celebrated among the natives of the other Chinese provinces for the mode, or form, used by them in address, namely, 'Laon peon,' which, freely translated, means, 'Oh, you old fellow, brother mine by some of the ramifications of female relationship!'"

The prohibitions arising out of totemism are two: 1. Against intermarriage between those of the same name or crest. 2. Against the eating of the totem by any member of the tribe called after it.

I. Among both Australians and Indians a man is forbidden to marry his own clan, *i.e.*, any woman of his own surname or badge, no matter where she was born or however distantly related to him.

Were this practice of "Exogamy," as marriage outside the tribe is called, limited to one or two places, it might be classed among exceptional local customs based on a tradition, say, of some heated blood-feud between the tribes. But its prevalence among savage or semi-savage races all the world over points to reasons the nature of which is still a *crux* to the anthropologists. The late Mr. McLennan, whose opinion on such a matter is entitled to the most weight, connects it with the custom of female infanticide, which, rendering women scarce, led at once to polyandry, or one female to several males, within the tribe, and to the capturing of women from other tribes. This last-named practice strengthens Mr. McLennan's theory. He cites numerous instances from past and present barbarous races, and traces its embodiment in formal code until we come to the mock relics of the custom in modern times—as, for example, that harmless "survival" in bride-lifting, that is, stealing, as in the word "cattle-lifting."

Connected with this custom is the equally prevailing one which forbids intercourse between relations, as especially between a couple and their fathers and mothers-in-law, and which also forbids mentioning their names. (I have, by the way, heard more than one cynical son-in-law express regret that certain features of this custom had not survived among ourselves.) So far as the aversion which the savage has to telling his own name, or uttering that of any person (especially the dead), or thing feared by him is concerned,

the reason is not far to seek. It lies in that confusion between names and things which marks all primitive thinking. The savage, who shrinks from having his likeness taken in the fear that a part of himself is being carried away thereby, regards his name as something through which he may be harmed. So he will use all sorts of roundabout phrases to avoid saying it, and even change it that he may elude his foes, and puzzle or cheat Death when he comes to look for him. But why a son-in-law should not see the face of his mother-in-law, for so it is among the Aranaks of South America, the Caribs and other tribes of more northern regions, the Fijians, Sumatrans, Dayaks, the natives of Australia, the Zulus, in brief, along the range of the lower culture, is a question to which no satisfactory answer has been given, and to which reference is here made because of its connection with totemism.

II. That the animal which is the totem of the tribe should not be eaten, even where men did not hesitate to eat their fellows, is a custom for which it is less hard to account. The division of flesh into two classes of forbidden and permitted, of clean and unclean, with the resulting artificial liking or repulsion for food which custom arising out of that division has brought about, is probably referable to old beliefs in the inherent sacredness of certain animals. The Indians of Charlotte Island never eat crows, because they believe in crow-ancestors, and they smear themselves with black paint in memory of that tradition; the Dacotahs would neither kill nor eat their totems, and if necessity compels these and like barbarians to break the law, the meal is preceded by profuse apologies and religious ceremonies over the slain. The abstention of the Brahmins from meat, the pseudo-revealed injunction to the Hebrews against certain flesh-foods (that against pork has its origin, it has been suggested, in the tradition of descent from a boar) need no detailing here. But, as parallels, some restrictions among the ancient dwellers in these islands are of value. It was, according to Cæsar,* a crime to eat the domestic fowl, or goose, or hare, and to this day the last-named is an object of disgust in certain parts of Russia and Brittany. The oldest Welsh laws contain several allusions to the magical character of the hare, which was thought to change its sex every month or year, and to be the com-

panion of the witches, who often assumed its shape.* The revulsion against horse-flesh as food may have its origin in the sacredness of the white horses, which, as Tacitus remarks,† were kept by the Germans at the public cost in groves holy to the gods, whose secrets they knew, and whose decrees regarding mortals their neighings interpreted. That this animal was a clan-totem among our forefathers there can be no doubt, and the proofs are with us in the white horses carved in outline on the chalk hills of Berkshire and the west, as in the names and crests of clan descendants.

The survival of the totem in heraldry is worth more than a passing remark, and will have further reference in a succeeding chapter.

XVI.

HERALDRY: ANCESTOR-WORSHIP.

AS we have seen, the totem is the clan-name indicating descent from a common ancestor. It is also the clan-symbol, badge, or crest. Where the tribes among whom it is found are still in the picture-writing stage, *i.e.*, when the idea is expressed by a portrait of the thing itself instead of by some sound-sign—a stage in writing corresponding to the primitive stage in language, when words were imitative—there we find the rude hieroglyphic of the totem a means of intercourse between different tribes, as well as with whites. A striking example of this is given in the sketch (Fig. 1), which is a copy of a petition sent by some Western Indian tribes to the United States Congress for the right to fish in certain small lakes near Lake Superior.

The bird represents the leading clan, the crane; then follow three martens, as totems of three tribes; then the bear, the man-fish, and the cat-fish, also totems. From the eye and heart of each of the animals runs a line connecting them with the eye and heart of the crane, to show that they are all of one mind, and the eye of the crane has also a line connecting it with the lakes on which the tribes have their eyes; and another line running toward Congress.

In the barbaric custom of painting or carving the totem on oars, on the bows and sides of canoes, on weapons, on pillars in the front of houses, and on the

* "De Bell. Gall.," V., c. 12.

* Elton's "Origins of English History," p. 297.
† Germania, IX., 10.

houses themselves; in tattooing it on various parts of the body (in the latter case, in some instances, together with pictures of exploits; so that the man carries on his person an illustrated history of his own life) we have the remote and forgotten origin of heraldic emblems. The symbols of civilized nations, as, *e.g.*, the Imperial eagle, which so many states of ancient and modern renown have chosen; the crests of families of rank, with their fabulous monsters, as the cherub, the Greek *gryps*, surviving in the griffin, the dragon, the unicorn; which, born of rude fancy or terrified imagination, are now carved on

rance then and till recently existing as to the origin of crests, and also the discredit into which a seemingly meaningless vanity had fallen, have made it difficult to trace the survival of the totem in the crests even of that numerous company of the Upper Ten who claim descent from warriors who came over with the Conqueror. But there is no doubt that an inquiry conducted on the lines suggested above, and not led into by-paths by false analogies, would yield matter of interest and value. It would add to the evidence of that common semicivilized stage out of which we have risen. Such names as the



FIG. 1.

the entrance-gates to the houses of the great; the armorial bearings on carriages; the crest engraven on ring or embossed on writing-paper, these are the lineal descendants of the totem; and the Indians, who could see no difference between their system of manitous and those of the white people, with their spread-eagle or their lion-rampant, made a shrewd guess that would not occur to many a *parvenu* applying at the Herald's College for a crest. The continuity is traceable in the custom of the Mexicans and other civilized nations of painting the totemic animals on their banners, flags, crests, and other insignia; and it would seem that we have in the totem the key to the mystery of those huge animal-shaped mounds which abound on the North American continent.

The arbitrary selection in the "ages of chivalry" of such arms as pleased the knightly fancy, or ministered to its pride, or, as was often the case, resembled the name in sound, together with the igno-

Horsings, the Wylfings, the Derings, the Ravens, the Griffins, may hold within themselves traces of the totem name of the horse, wolf, deer, raven, and that "animal fantastical," the griffin. In Scotland we find the clan Chattan, or the wild cat; in Ireland "the men of Osory were called by a name signifying the wild red deer." On the other hand such names may have been given merely as nicknames (*i.e.*, ekename, or the *added* name, from *eke*, "also," or "to augment"), suggested by the physical or mental likeness to the thing after which they are called.

But it is time to turn to the religious significance of the totem, as shown among races worshipping the animal which is their supposed ancestor.

At first glance this seems strong argument in support of Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory that all forms of religion (and all myth) have their origin in ancestor-worship. The mysterious power of stimulation, of excitation to frenzy, or of heal-

ing and soothing, or of poisoning, which certain plants possess, has been attributed to indwelling spirits, which, as Mr. Spencer contends, are regarded as human and ancestral. Very many illustrations of this occur, as, *e.g.*, the worship of the Soma plant, and its promotion as a deity among the Aryans; the use of tobacco in religious ceremonies among the tribes of both Americas; while now and again we find plants as totems. The Pueblos have a tribe called the tobacco-plant, and also one called the red grass. One of the Peruvian Incas was called after the native name of the tobacco-plant; and among the Ojibways the buffalo grass was carried as a charm, and its god said to cause madness. Its manlike character is seen in the accompanying picture (Fig. 2).



FIG. 2.

The worship of animals is on the like theory explained as due to the giving of a nick-name of some beast or bird to a remote ancestor, the belief arising in course of time that such animal was the actual progenitor, hence its worship. We call a man a bear, a pig, or a vampire, in symbolic phrase, and the figure of speech remains a figure of speech with us. But the savage loses the metaphor and it crystallizes into hard matter-of-fact. So the traditions have grown, and Black Eagle, Strong Buffalo, Big Owl, Tortoise, etc., take the shape of the actual forefathers of the tribe having their name and crest. According to the same theory, the adoration of sun, moon, and mountains, etc., is due to a like source. Some famous chief was called the Sun; the metaphor was forgotten; the personal and concrete, as the more easily apprehended, remained; hence, worship of the powers of nature "is a form of ancestor-worship, which has lost in a still greater degree the character of the original."*

The objection raised in former papers of this series to the extreme application

of the solar theory applies, so it seems to me, with equal force to Mr. Spencer's limitation of the origin of myth and religion to one source. Having cleared Scylla, we must not dash against Charybdis. Religion has its origin neither in fear of ghosts, as Mr. Spencer's theory assumes, nor in a perception of the Infinite inherent in man, as Professor Max Müller holds. Rather does it lie in man's sense of vague wonder in the presence of powers whose force he cannot measure, and his expressions toward which are manifest. There is underlying unity, but there are, to quote St. Paul, "diversities of operation." There is just that surface unlikeness which we might expect from the different physical conditions and their resulting variety of subtle influences surrounding various races; influences shaping for them their gods, their upper and nether worlds; influences of climate and soil which made the hell of volcanic countries an abyss of sulphurous, stifling smoke and everlasting fire, and the hell of cold climates a place of deadly frost; which gave to the giant-gods of northern zones their rugged awfulness, and to the goddesses of the sunny south their soft and stately grace. The theory of ancestor-worship as the basis of every form of religion does not allow sufficient play for the vagaries in which the same thing will be dressed by the barbaric fear and fancy, nor for the imagination as a creative force in the primitive mind even at that lowest at which we know it. And of course beneath that lowest lies a lower never to be fathomed. We are apt to talk of primitive man as if his representatives were with us in the black fellows who are at the bottom of the scale, forgetting that during unnumbered ages he was a brute in everything but the capacity by which at last the ape and tiger were subdued within him, of the beginnings of his *thought* we can know nothing, but the fantastic forms in which it is first manifest compel us to regard him as a being whose feelings were uncurbed by reason. That ancestor-worship is one mode among others of man's attitude toward the awe-begetting, mystery-inspiring universe, none can deny. That his earliest temples, as defined sacred spots, were tombs; that he prayed to his dead dear ones, or his dead feared ones, as the case might be, is admitted. From its strong personal character, ancestor-worship was, without doubt, one of the earliest expressions of man's attitude before the world which his fancy filled with spirits. It

* "Principles of Sociology," p. 413.

flourishes among barbarous races to-day; it was the prominent feature of the old Aryan religion; it has entered into Christian practice in the worship of the saints, and perhaps the only feature of religion which the modern Frenchman has retained is the *culte des morts*. That it was a part of the belief of the Emperor Napoleon III. the following extract from his will shows:—"We must remember that those we love look down upon us from heaven and protect us. It is the soul of my great-uncle which has always guided and supported me. Thus will it be with my son also if he proves worthy of his name.

But the worship of ancestors is not primal. The remarks in my former paper on the late recognition of kinship by savages, among whom some rude form of religion existed, tell against it as the earliest mode of worship. Moreover, nature is bigger than man, and this he was not slow to feel. Even if it be conceded that sun-myth and sun-worship once arose through the nick-naming of an ancestor as the Sun, we must take into account the force of that imagination which enabled the unconscious myth-maker, or creed-maker, to credit the moving orbs of heaven with personal life and will. The faculty which could do that might well express itself in awe-struck forms without intruding the ancestral ghost. Further, the records of the classic religions, themselves preserving many traces of a primitive nature-worship, point to an adoration of the greatness and bounty, as well as to a sense of the maleficent and fateful, in earth and heaven which seem prior to the more concrete worship of forefathers and chieftains.

If for the worship of these last we substitute a general worship of spirits, there seems little left on which to differ. As aid to the explanation of the belief in animal ancestors and their subsequent deification and worship, as of the lion, the bull, the serpent, etc., we have always present in the barbaric mind the tendency to credit living things, and indeed lifeless, but moving ones, with a passion, a will, and a power to help or harm immeasurably greater than man's. This is part and parcel of that belief in spirits everywhere, which is the key to savage philosophy, and the growth of which is fostered by such secondary causes as the worship of ancestors.

XVII.

SURVIVAL OF MYTH IN HISTORICAL NARRATIVES.

BEFORE bringing this series of papers to an end, it may be well to give an illustration or two of the survival of myth in historical narrative.

For proofs of the emergence of the higher out of the lower in philosophy and religion, to say nothing of less exalted matters, whether the beast-fable or the nursery rhyme as holding barbaric thought in solution, examples have necessarily been drawn from the mythology of past and present savage races. But these are too remote in time or standpoint to stir other than a languid interest in the reader's mind; their purpose is served when they are cited and classified as specimens. Not thus is it with examples drawn nearer home from sources at which our young thirst for the stirring and romantic was slaked. When we learn that famous names and striking episodes are in some instances only transformed and personified natural phenomena, or, as occurring everywhere, possibly variants of a common legend, the far-reaching influence of primitive thought comes to us in more vivid and exciting form. And although one takes in hand this work of disenchantment in no eager fashion, the loss is more seeming than real. Whether the particular tale of bravery, of selflessness, of faithfulness, has truth of detail, matters little compared with the fact that its reception the wide world over witnesses to human belief, even at low levels, in the qualities which have given man empire over himself and ever raised the moral standard of the race. Moreover, in times like these, when criticism is testing without fear or favor the trustworthiness of records of the past, whether of Jew or Gentile, the knowledge of the legendary origin of events woven into sober history prepares us to recognize how the imagination has fed the stream of tradition, itself no mean tributary of that larger stream of history, the purity of which is now subject of analysis. As a familiar and interesting example let us take the story of William Tell.

Everybody has heard how, in the year 1307 (or, as some say, 1296) Gessler, Vogt (or governor) of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, set a hat on a pole as symbol of the Imperial power, and ordered every one who passed by to do obeisance to it; and how a mountaineer named Wilhelm Tell, who hated Gessler and the tyranny

which the symbol expressed, passed by without saluting the hat, and was at once seized and brought before Gessler, who ordered that, as punishment, Tell should shoot an apple off the head of his own son. As resistance was vain, the apple was placed on the boy's head, when Tell bent his bow, and the arrow, piercing the apple, fell with it to the ground. Gessler saw that Tell, before shooting, had stuck a second arrow in his belt, and, asking the reason, received this for answer: "It was for you; had I shot my child, know that this would have pierced your heart."

Now, this story first occurs in the chronicle of Melchior Russ, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century, *i.e.*, about one hundred and seventy years after its reputed occurrence. The absence of any reference to it in contemporary records caused doubt to be thrown upon it three centuries ago. Guillimann, the author of a work on Swiss Antiquities, published in 1598, calls it a fable, but subscribes to the current belief in it, because the tale is so popular! The race to which he belonged is not yet extinct. A century and a half later, a more fearless skeptic, who said that the story was of Danish origin, was condemned by the Canton of Uri to be burnt alive, and in the well-timed absence of the offender; his book was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. But the truth is great, and prevails. G. von Wyss, the Swiss historian, has pointed out that the name of Wilhelm Tell does not occur even once in the history of the three cantons, neither is there any trace that a "Vogt" named Gessler ever served the house of Hapsburg there. Moreover, the legend does not correspond to any fact of a period of oppression of the Swiss at the hands of their Austrian rulers.

"There exist in contemporary records no instances of wanton outrage and insolence on the Hapsburg side. It was the object of that power to obtain political ascendancy, not to indulge its representatives in lust or wanton insult," and, where records of disputes between particular persons occur, "the symptoms of violence, as is natural enough, appear rather on the side of the Swiss than on that of the aggrandizing imperial house."*

Candor, however, requires that the evidence in support of the legend should be stated. There is the fountain on the supposed site of the lime-tree in the mar-

ket-place at Altdorf by which young Tell stood, as well as the colossal plaster statue of the hero himself which confronts us as we enter the quaint village. But more than this, the veritable cross-bow itself is preserved in the arsenal at Zurich!

However, although the little Tell's chapel, as restored, "was opened with a national *fête* in the presence of two members of the Federal Council, in June last,"* the Swiss now admit in their school-teaching that the story of the *Apfelschuss* is legendary.

Freudenberger, who earned his death-sentence for affirming that the story came from Denmark, was on the right track, for the following variant of it is given by Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish writer of the twelfth century, who puts it as happening in the year 950:—

"Nor ought what follows to be enveloped in silence. Palnatoki, for some time in the body-guard of King Harold (Harold Gormson, or Bluetooth), had made his bravery odious to many of his fellow-soldiers by the zeal with which he surpassed them. One day, when he had drunk too much, he boasted that he was so skilled a bowman that he could hit the smallest apple, set on the top of a stick some way off, at the first shot, which boast reached the ears of the king. This monarch's wickedness soon turned the confidence of the father to the peril of the son, for he commanded that this dearest pledge of his life should stand in place of the stick, adding a threat that if Palnatoki did not at his first shot strike off the apple, he should with his head pay the penalty of making an empty boast. This command forced him to attempt more than he had promised, and what he *had* said, reported by slanderous tongues, bound him to accomplish what he had *not* said. Yet did not his sterling courage, though caught in the snare of slander, suffer him to lay aside his firmness of heart. As soon as the boy was led forth, Palnatoki warned him to await the speeding of the arrow with calm ears and unbent head, lest by any slight movement of the body he should frustrate the archer's well-tried skill. He then made him stand with his back toward him, lest he should be scared at the sight of the arrow. Then he drew three arrows from his quiver, and with the first that he fitted to the string he struck the apple. When the king asked him why he had taken more than one arrow from his quiver, when he

* *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1869, p. 134. Article on Rilliet's "Origines de la Confédération Suisse: Histoire, et Légende."

* London *Times's* telegram from Geneva, June 25, 1883.

was to be allowed to make but one trial with his bow, he made answer, "That I might avenge on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the others, lest perchance my innocence might have been punished, while your violence escaped scot-free." * *

Going further northward we find tales corresponding in their main features to the above, in the Icelandic Saga, the *Vilkinna*; in the Norse Saga of Saint Olaf or Thidrik; and in the story of Harold, son of Sigurd. In the Olaf Saga it is said that the saint or king, desiring the conversion of a brave heathen, named Eindridi, competed with him in various athletic sports, swam with him, wrestled with him, and then shot with him. Olaf then dared Eindridi to strike a writing-tablet from off his son's head with an arrow, and bade two men bind the eyes of the child and hold the napkin so that the boy might not move when he heard the whizz of the arrow. Olaf aimed first, and the arrow grazed the lad's head. Eindridi then prepared to shoot, but the mother of the boy interfered and persuaded the king to abandon this dangerous test of skill. The story adds that had the boy been injured, Eindridi would have revenged himself on the king.†

Somewhat like this, as from the locality might be expected, is the Faroe Isles variant. King Harold challenges Geyti, son of Aslak, and, vexed at being beaten in a swimming match, bids Geyti shoot a hazel-nut from off his brother's head. He consents, and the king witnesses the feat, when Geyti

"Shot the little nut away,
Nor hurt the lad a hair."

Next day Harold sends for the archer, and says:—

"List thee, Geyti, Aslak's son,
And truly tell to me,
Wherefore hadst thou arrows twain
In the wood yestreen with thee?"

To which Geyti answers:—

"Therefore had I arrows twain
Yestreen in the wood with me,
Had I but hurt my brother dear
The other had pierced thee."

With ourselves it is the burden of the ballad of William of Cloudeslee, where the brave archer says:—

"I have a sonne seven years old;
Hee is to me full deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here—
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe;
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in towe."

In the *Malleus Maleficarum*, Puncher, a magician on the Upper Rhine, is required to shoot a coin from off a lad's head; while traveling eastward, as far as Persia, we find the Tell myth as an incident in the poem "Mantic. Ultraïr," a work of the twelfth century.

Thus far I have spoken of the variants of the legend found among Aryan peoples, and it is tempting to base upon this diffusion of a common incident a theory of its origin among the Central Asian ancestors of the Swiss and the Norseman, the Persian and the Icclander. But it is found among non-Aryans also. The ethnologist, Castren, whose researches in Finland have secured a valuable mass of fast-perishing materials, obtained this tale in the village Ultuwa. "A fight took place between some freebooters and the inhabitants of the village of Alajärä. The robbers plundered every house, and carried off among their captives an old man. As they proceeded with their spoils along the strand of the lake, a lad of twelve years old appeared from among the reeds on the opposite bank, armed with a bow and amply provided with arrows; he threatened to shoot down the captors unless the old man, his father, was restored to him. The robbers mockingly replied that the aged man would be given to him if he could shoot an apple off his head. The boy accepted the challenge, pierced the apple, and freed his father." Among a people in close contact with an Aryan race as the Finns are in contact with both Swedes and Russians, the main incident of the Tell story may easily have been woven into their native tales. But in reference to other non-Aryan races Sir George Dasent, who has treated of the diffusion of the Tell story very fully in the Introduction to his "Popular Tales from the Norse" (a reprint of which would be a boon to students of folk-lore), says that it is common to the Turks and Mongolians, and a legend of the wild Samoyedes, who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen. What shall we say, then, but that "the story of this bold master-shot was prominent among many

* Bk. x., p. 166. Cf. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths," p. 117; and Fiske's "Myths and Myth-makers," p. 4.

† Baring Gould, p. 119.

tribes and races, and that it only crystallized itself round the great name of Tell by that process of attraction which invariably leads a grateful people to throw such mythic wreaths, such garlands of bold deeds of precious memory, around the brow of its darling champion."* Of course the solar mythologists see in Tell the sun or cloud deity; in his bow the storm-cloud or the iris; and in his arrows the sun-rays or lightning darts.

This is a question which we might leave to the champions concerned to settle. Apart from the evidence of the survival of legend in history, and the lesson of caution in accepting any ancient record as gospel which we should learn therefrom, it is the human element in the venerable tale which interests us most.

Remote in time, far away in place, as its origin it moves us yet. The ennobling qualities incarnated in some hero (whether he be real or ideal matters not) meet with admiring response in the primitive listeners to the story, else it would have been speedily forgotten. Thus does it retain for us witness to the underlying oneness of the human heart beneath all surface differences.

XVIII.

MYTHS OF KING ARTHUR AND LLEWELLYN.

WIDESPREAD as a myth may be, it takes depth of root according to the more or less congenial soil where it is dropped. That about Tell found favorable home in the uplands and the free air of Switzerland; with us, S. George, falling on times of chivalry, had abiding place, as also, less rugged of type than the Swiss marksman, had Arthur, the "Blameless King," who, if he ever existed, is smothered in overgrowth of legends both native and imported.

For such cycle of tales as gathered round the name of Arthur, and on which our youthhood was nourished, is as mythical as the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. Modern criticism and research have thoroughly sifted the legendary from the true, and if the past remains vague and shadowy, we at least know how far the horizon of certainty extends. The criticism has made short work of the ro-

mancing chronicles which so long did duty for sober history, and has shown that no accurate knowledge of the sequence of events is obtainable until late in the period of the English invasions. Save in scattered hints here and there, we are quite in the dark as to the condition of this island during the Roman occupation, while for anything that is known of times prior to this, called for convenience "pre-historic," we are dependent upon unwritten records preserved in tombs and mounds. The information gathered from these has given us some clue to what manner of men they were who confronted the first Aryan immigrants, and, enriched by researches of the ethnologist and philologist, enabled us to trace the movements of races westward, until we find old and new commingled as one English-speaking folk.

All or any of which could not be known to the earlier chronicles. When Geoffry of Monmouth set forth the glory and renown of Arthur and his court, he recorded and embellished traditions six hundred years old, without thought of weighing the evidence or questioning the credibility of the transmitters. Whether there was a king of that name who ruled over the Silures, and around whom the remnant of brave Kelts rallied in their final struggle against the invading hordes, and who, wounded in battle, died at Glastonbury, and was buried, or rather sleeps, as the legend has it, in the Vale of Avilion, "hath been," as Milton says, "doubted heretofore, and may again, with good reason, for the Monk of Malmesbury and others, whose credit hath swayed most with the learned sort, we may well perceive to have known no more of this Arthur nor of his doings than we now living."

The comparative mythologists say that he is a myth pure and simple; a variant of Sigurd and Perseus; the winning of his famous sword but a repetition of the story of the Teutonic and Greek heroes; the gift of Guinevere as fatal to him as Helen to Menelaus; his knights but reproductions of the Achaian hosts. Much of which is doubtless true. But the romance corresponded to some probable event; it fitted in with the national traditions. There were struggles between the Kelts and subsequent invaders—Romans, Angles, Saxons, Jutes. There were brave chieftains who led forlorn hopes or fought to the death in their fastnesses. There were, in the numerous tribal divisions, petty kings and queens ruling over mimic

* Introd. xxxv.

courts, with retinues of knights bent on chivalrous, unselfish service. These were the nuclei of stories which were the early annals of the tribe, the glad theme of bards and minstrels, and from which a long line of poets, to the latest singer of the "Idylls of the King," have drawn the materials of their epics. The fascination which such a cycle of tales had for the people, especially in days when the ballad was history and poetry and all literature rolled into one, was so strong, that the Church wisely imported an element which gave loftier meaning to the knightly life, and infused religious ardor into the camp and court. To the stories of Tristram and Gawayne already woven into the old romance, she added the half-Christian, half-pagan, legend of the knights who left the feast at the Round Table to travel across land and sea that they might free the enslaved, remove the spell from the enchanted, and deliver fair women from the monsters of tyranny and lust, set forth on what in her eyes was a nobler quest—to seek and look upon the San Graal, or Holy Vessel used by Jesus at the Last Supper, and into which Joseph of Arimathea collected the blood and water that streamed from the side of the crucified Jesus. This mystic cup, in which we have probably a sacrificial relic of the old British religion imported into the Christian incident with which it blended so well, floated, according to Arthurian legend, suddenly into the presence of the King and his Round Table knights at Camelot as they sat at supper, and was as suddenly borne away, to be henceforth the coveted object of knightly endeavor. Only the baptized could hope to behold it; to the unchaste it was veiled; hence only they among the knights who were pure in heart and life vowed to go in quest of the San Graal, and return not until they had seen it. So to Sir Galahad, the "just and faithful," Tennyson sings how the sacred cup appeared,

"Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And, star-like, mingles with the stars."

While in such legends as the Arthurian

group the grain of truth, if it exists, is so imbedded as to be out of reach, there are others concerning actual personages, notably Cyrus and Charlemagne, not to quote other names from both "profane" and sacred history, in which the fable can be separated from the fact without difficulty. Enough is known of the life and times of such men to detach the certain from the doubtful, as, *e.g.*, when Charlemagne is spoken of as a Frenchman and as a Crusader before there was a French nation, or the idea of Crusades had entered the heads of Most Christian Kings; and as in the legends of the infancy of Cyrus, which are of a type related to like legends of the wonderful round the early years of the famous.

This, however, by the way, since, leaving illustration of the fabulous in heroic story, it will be interesting to trace it through such a tale of pathos and domestic life as the well-known one of Llewellyn and his faithful hound, Gellert.

Whose emotions have not been stirred by the story of Llewellyn the Great going out hunting, and missing his favorite dog; of his return, to be greeted by the creature with more than usual pleasure in his eye, but with jaws besmeared with blood; of the anxiety with which Llewellyn rushed into the house, to find the cradle where had lain his beautiful boy upset, and the ground around it soaked with blood; of his thereupon killing the dog, and then seeing the child lying unharmed beneath the cradle, and sleeping by the side of a dead wolf, from whose ravenous maw the faithful Gellert had delivered it? Most of us, in our visits to North Wales, have stood by Gellert's grave at Beddgelert, little suspecting that the affecting story occurs in the folk-lore of nearly every Aryan people, and of several non-Aryan races, as the Egyptians and Chinese.

Probably it comes to us as many other tales have come, through collections like the well-known "Gesta Romanorum," compiled by mediæval monks for popular entertainment. In the version given in that book, the knight who corresponds to Llewellyn, after slaying his dog, discovers that it had saved his child from a serpent, and thereupon breaks his sword and departs on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But the monks were no inventors of such tales; they recorded those that came to them through the pilgrims, students, traders, and warriors who traveled from West to East and from East to West in the Middle Ages, and it is in the native

home of fable and imagery, the storied Orient, that we must seek for the earliest forms of the Gellert legend. In the Panchatantra, the oldest and most celebrated Sanskrit fable book, the story takes this form :—An infirm child is left by its mother while she goes to fetch water, and she charges the father, who is a Brahman, to watch over it. But he leaves the house to collect alms, and soon after this a snake crawls toward the child. In the house was an ichneumon, a creature often cherished as a house pet, who sprang at the snake and throttled it. When the mother came back, the ichneumon went gladly to meet her, his jaws and face smeared with the snake's blood. The horrified mother, thinking it had killed her child, threw her water-jar at it, and killed it; then seeing the child safe beside the mangled body of the snake, she beat her breast and face with grief, and scolded her husband for leaving the house.

We find the same story, with the slight difference that the animal is an otter, in a later Sanskrit collection, the Hitopadesa, but we can track it to that fertile source of classic and mediæval fable, the Buddhist Jatakas, or Birth Stories, a very ancient collection of fables, which, professing to have been told by Buddha, narrates his exploits in the 550 births through which he passed before attaining Buddhahood. In the Vinaya Pitaka of the Chinese Buddhist collection, which, according to Mr. Beal, dates from the fifth century A.D., and is translated from original scriptures supposed to have existed near the time of Asoka's council in the third century B.C., we have the earliest extant form of the tale. That in the Panchatantra is obviously borrowed from it, the differences being in unimportant detail, as, for example, the nakula, or mongoose, is killed by the Brahman on his return home, the wife having neglected to take the child with her as bidden by him. He is filled with sorrow, and then a Deva continues the strain :—

Let there be due thought and consideration,
Give not way to hasty impulse,
By forgetting the claims of true friendship
You may heedlessly injure a kind heart (person)
As the Brahman killed the nakula.

The several versions of the story which could be cited from German, Russian, Persian, and other Aryan folk-lore, would merely present certain variations due to local coloring and to the inventiveness of the narrators or transcribers; and, omit-

ting these at the demand of space, it will suffice to give the Egyptian variant or corresponding form, in which the tragical has given place to the amusing, save, perhaps, in the opinion of the Wali. This luckless person "once smashed a pot full of herbs which a cook had prepared. The exasperated cook thrashed the well-intentioned but unfortunate Wali within an inch of his life, and when he returned, exhausted with his efforts at belaboring the man, he discovered among the herbs a poisonous snake."

In pointing to the venerable Buddhist Birth Stories as the earliest extant source of Aryan fables, it should be added that these were with Buddha and his disciples the favorite vehicle of carrying to the hearts of men those lessons of gentleness and tenderness toward all living things which are a distinctive feature of that non-persecuting religion, and thus of diffusing a spirit which would have us.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.

XIX.

SEMITIC MYTHS AND LEGENDS.

WITH the important exception of reference to the change effected in the Jewish doctrines of spirits, and its resulting influence on Christian theology, by the transformation of the mythical Ahriman of the old Persian religion into the archfiend Satan, but slight allusion has been made in these pages to the myths and legends of the Semitic race. Under this term, borrowed from the current belief in their descent from Shem, are included extant and extinct people, the Assyrians, Chaldeans or Babylonians, Phœnicians, Arabs, Syrians, Jews and Ethiopians.

The mythology of the Aryan nations has had the advantage of the most scholarly criticism, and the light which this has thrown upon the racial connection of peoples between whom all superficial likeness had long disappeared, as well as upon the early condition of their common ancestors, is of the greatest value as aid to our knowledge of the mode of man's intellectual and spiritual growth. And the comparisons made between the older and cruder forms underlying the elaborated myth and the myths of semi-barbarous races have supported conclusions concerning man's primitive state identical with those de-

duced from the material relics of the Ancient and Newer Stone Ages, namely, that the savage races of to-day represent not a degradation to which man has sunk, but a condition out of which all races above the savage have, through much tribulation, emerged. An important exception to this has, however, been claimed on behalf of at least one branch of the Semitic race—namely, the Hebrews or Jews. This claim has rested on their assumed selection by the Deity for a definite purpose in the ordering and directing of human affairs; a theory of the divine government which this journal is concerned neither to defend nor deny. No assumption of supernatural origin can screen documents of disputed authorship and uncertain meaning from the investigation applied to all ancient records; nor can the materials elude dissection because hitherto regarded as organic parts of revelation. The real difficulties are in the structure of the language and in the scantiness of the material as contrasted with the flexile and copious mythology of the Aryan race. And the investigation has been in some degree checked by the mistaken dicta of authorities such as M. Renan and the late Baron Bunsen; the former contending that “the Semites never had a mythology,” and the latter (although any statement of his carries far less weight) that “it is the grand, momentous, and fortunate self-denial of Judaism to possess none.”

But, independently of the refusal of the student of history to admit that exceptional place has been of direct Divine purpose accorded to any particular race, the discoveries of literatures much older than the Hebrew, and in which legends akin to those in the earlier books of the Old Testament are found, together with the proofs of historical connection between the peoples having these common legends, have given the refutation to the distinctive character of the Semitic race claimed by M. Renan. That a people dwelling for centuries, as the Hebrews did, in a land which was the common highway between the great nations of antiquity; a people subject to vicissitudes bringing them, as the pipkin between iron pots, into collision and subject relations to Egyptians, Persians, and other powerful folk, should remain uninfluenced in their intellectual speculations and religious beliefs, would indeed be a greater miracle than that which makes their literature inspired in every word and vowel-point. The remarkable collection of cuneiform inscriptions (so called from their wedge-like shape)

Lat. *cuneus*, a wedge) on the baked clay cylinders and tablets of the vast libraries of Babylon and Nineveh, has brought out one striking fact, namely, that the Semitic civilization, venerable as that is, was the product of, or at least greatly influenced by, the culture of a non-Semitic people called the Akkadians, from a word meaning “highlanders.” These more ancient dwellers in the Euphrates valley and uplands were not only non-Semitic, but non-Aryan, and probably rationally connected with the complex group of peoples embracing the Tartar-Mongolians, the distinguishing features of whose religion are Shamanistic, with belief in magic in its manifold forms. “In Babylonia, under the non-Semitic Akkadian rule, the dominant creed was the fetish worship, with all its ritual of magic and witchcraft; and when the Semites conquered the country, the old learning of the land became the property of the priests and astrologers, and the Akkadian language the Latin of the Empire.”*

It was during the memorable period of the Exile that the historical records of the Jews underwent revision, and from that time dates the incorporation into them of legends and traditions which, invested with a purity and majesty distinctively Hebrew, were borrowed from the Babylonians, although primarily Akkadian. They are here, as elsewhere, the product of the childhood of the race, when it speculates and invents, framing its theory of the beginnings, their when and how; when it prattles of the Golden Age, which seems to lie behind, in the fond and not extinct delusion that “the old is better;” when it frames its fairy tales, weird or winsome, in explanation of the uncommon, the unknown, and the bewildering.

The Babylonian origin of the early biblical stories is now generally admitted, although the dogmas based upon certain of them still retard the acceptance of this result of modern inquiry in some quarters. That reluctance is suggestively illustrated in Dr. Wm. Smith’s “Dictionary of the Bible,” where, turning to the heading “Deluge,” the reader is referred to “Flood” and hence to “Noah!”

So much for the legendary; but the analysis, of the more strictly mythical, the names of culture-ancestors and heroes, sons of Anak and of God, scattered over the Pentateuch, is not so easy a matter. The most important work in this direction has been attempted by Dr. Gold-

* *Academy*, Nov. 17, 1877, p. 472.

ziher,* but even his scholarship has failed to convince sympathetic readers that Abraham and Isaac are sun-myths, and that the twelve sons of Jacob are the zodiacal signs! Under the Professor's etymological solvent the personality of the patriarchs disappears, and the charming idylls and pastorals of old Eastern life become but phases of the sun and the weather. The Hebrew, like the Aryan myth-maker, speaks of the relations of day and night, of gray morning and sunrise, of red sunset and the darkness of night, as of love and union, or strife and pursuit, or gloomy desire and coy evasion. Abh-râm is the High or Heaven-Father (from *râm*, "to be high") with his numberless host of descendants. Yis-châk, commonly called Isaac, denotes "he who laughs," and so the Laughing one, whom the High Father intends to slay, is the smiling day or the smiling sunset, which gets the worst of the contest with the night sky and disappears. Sarah signifies princess, or the moon, the queen who rules over the great army glittering amid the darkness. The expulsion of Hagar (derived from a root *hajara*, meaning "to fly," and yielding the word *hijrâ* or "flight," whence the Mohammedan *Hegira*) is the Semitic variant of the inexhaustible theme of all mythology, the battle of Day and Night; Hagar flying before the inconstant sun and the jealous moon. And so on through the whole range of leading characters in Hebrew history; Cain and Abel, in which the critic overlooks the more likely explanation of the story as a quarrel between nomads and tillers of the soil; Jephthah, in which the sun-god kills at mid-day the dawn, his own offspring; Samson, or more correctly Shim-shôn, from the Hebrew word for sun, the incidents of whose life, as expounded by Professor Steinthal,† are more clearly typical of the labors of the sun; Jonah and the fish, a story long ago connected with the myth of Herakles and Hésionê; "as on occasion of the storm the dragon or serpent swallows the sun, so when he sets he is swallowed by a mighty fish, waiting for him at the bottom of the sea. Then when he appears again on the horizon, he is spat out on the shore by the sea-monster."‡

These bare references must suffice to

show that there is in Hebrew literature a large body of material which must undergo the sifting and the criticism which has been applied with success to Indo-European and non-Aryan myth. This done, the Semitic race will contribute its share of evidence in support of those conditions under which it has been the main purpose of these papers to show that myth has its birth and growth.

XX.

CONCLUSION.

THE serial form of publication* has its advantages in these run-and-read days in compelling the writer to pack his thoughts closely together, but it has its disadvantages in breaking their sequence, and compelling the reader to turn to back numbers for the missing links.

The multitude of subjects traversed in these chapters compelled presentment in so concise a form that any attempt to gather into a few sentences the sum of things said would be as a digest of a digest, and it is, therefore, better to briefly emphasize the conclusions to which the gathered evidence points. It was remarked at the outset, when laying stress on the serious meaning which lies at the heart of myths, that they have their origin in the endeavor of barbaric man to explain his surroundings. The mass of fact brought together illustrates and confirms this view, and has thereby tended to raise what was once looked upon as fantastic, curious, and lawless, to the level of a subject demanding sober treatment and examination on strictly scientific methods.

Archbishop Trench, in his "Study of Words," quotes Emerson's happy characterization of language as fossil poetry and fossil history: "Just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, the graceful fern, or the finely-vertebrated lizard, such as have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up with the stone, so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, preserved and made safe forever."† In like manner, we may speak of myths as

* "Mythology among the Hebrews, and its Historical Development." London: Longmans.

‡ 377. † "Goldziher," pp. 392, ff.

‡ Ibid. p. 103.

* These papers were originally published in Mr. R. A. Proctor's weekly scientific magazine, *Knowledge*.

† "Study of Words," HUMBOLDT LIBRARY, No. 30, p. 2.

fossil ethics and fossil theology, but, with more appositeness, as embryonic ethics and theology, since they contain potentially all the philosophies and theologies "that man did ever find."

And to the student of the history of humanity who rejoices in the sure foundation on which, tested in manifold ways, the convictions of the highest and noblest of the race rest, the value of myth is increased in its being a natural outgrowth of the mind when, having advanced to the point at which curiosity concerning the causes of surrounding things arises, it frames its crude explanations. For not that which man claims to have received as a message from the gods, as a revelation from heaven, but that which he has learned by experience often painful and bitter, and which succeeding generations have either verified or improved upon, or disproved altogether, is, in the long run, of any worth. Through it alone, as we follow the changes wrought in the process from guess to certainty, can we determine what was the intellectual stage of man in his mental infancy, and how far it finds correspondences in the intellectual stage of existing barbaric races.

Thus, the study of myth is nothing less than the study of the mental and spiritual history of mankind. It is a branch of that larger, vaster science of evolution which so occupies our thoughts to-day and with which the philosopher and the theologian must reckon. The evidence which it brings from the living and dead mythologies of every race is in accord with that furnished by their more tangible relics, that the history of mankind is a history of slow but sure advance from a lower to a higher; of ascent, although with backslidings oft. It confirms a momentous canon of modern science, that the laws of evolution in the spiritual world are as determinable as they are in the physical. To this we, for the enrichment of our life and helpful service of our kind, do well to give heed. Wherever we now turn eye or ear the unity of things is manifest, and their unbroken harmony heard. With the theory of evolution in our hands as the master-key, the immense array of facts that seemed to lie unrelated and discrete, are seen to be interrelated and in necessary dependence—"a mighty sum of things forever speaking." That undisturbed relation of cause and effect which science has revealed and confirmed, extends backward as well as reaches forward; its continuity involves the inclusion of man

as a part of nature, and the study of his development as one in which both the biologist and the mythologist engage toward a common end.

APPENDIX.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN MYTH.

[This interesting mythic tale is taken from J. W. Powell's "Mythology of the North American Indians" (First Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology). It is entitled "Ta-vwots' has a fight with the Sun."]

Ta-vwots', the little rabbit, was wont to lie with his back to the sun when he slept. One day he thus slept in camp while his children played around him. After a time they saw that his back was smoking, and they cried out, "What is the matter with your back, father?" Startled from his sleep, he demanded to know the cause of the uproar. "Your back is covered with sores, and full of holes," they replied. Then *Ta-vwots'* was very angry, for he knew that *Ta'-vi*, the sun, had burned him, and he sat down by the fire for a long time in solemn mood, pondering on the injury and insult he had received. At last, rising to his feet, he said, "My children, I must go and make war upon *Ta'-vi*." And straightway he departed.

Now his camp was in the valley of the Mo-a-pa [a stream in South-eastern Nevada]. On his journey he came to a hill, and standing on its summit he saw in a valley to the east a beautiful stretch of verdure, and he greatly marveled at the sight, and desired to know what it was. On going down to the valley he found a cornfield, something he had never before seen, and the ears were ready for roasting. When he examined them, he saw that they were covered with beautiful hair, and he was much astonished. Then he opened the husk, and found within soft white grains of corn, which he tasted. Then he knew that it was corn, and good to eat. Plucking his arms full he carried them away, roasted them on a fire, and ate until he was filled.

Now when he had done all this, he reflected that he had been stealing, and he was afraid; so he dug a hole in which to hide himself.

Cin-ai'-äv was the owner of this field, and when he walked through and saw that his corn had been stolen he was ex-

ceedingly wroth, and said, "I will slay this thief *Ta-vvots'*; I will kill him, I will kill him." And straightway he called his warriors to him and made search for the thief, but could not find him, for he was hid in the ground. After a long time they discovered the hole, and tried to shoot *Ta-vvots'* as he was standing in the entrance, but he blew their arrows back. This made *Cin-ai'-äv's* people very angry, and they shot many arrows, but *Ta-vvots'*'s breath was as a warder against them all. Then with one accord they ran to snatch him up with their hands, but, all in confusion, they only caught each other's fists, for with agile steps *Ta-vvots* dodged into his retreat. Then they began to dig, and said they would drag him out. And they labored with great energy, all the time taunting him with shouts and jeers. But *Ta-vvots'* had a secret passage from the main chamber of his retreat, which opened by a hole above the rock overhanging the entrance where they were at work.

When they had proceeded with this digging until they were quite under ground, *Ta-vvots'*, standing on the rock above, hurled the magical ball which he was accustomed to carry with him, and striking the ground above the diggers, it caved the earth in, and they were all buried. "Aha," said he, "why do you wish to hinder me on my way to kill the Sun? *A'-nier ti-tik-a-nümp kwaik-ai'-gar* (fighting is my eating tool, I say; that's so)," and he proceeded on his way musing, "I have started out to kill; vengeance is my work; every one I meet will be an enemy. It is well; no one shall escape my wrath."

The next day he saw two men making arrow-heads of hot rocks, and drawing near he observed their work for a time from a position where he could not be seen. Then stepping forth he said, "Let me help you," and when the rocks were on the fire again and were hot to redness he said, "Hot rocks will not burn me." And they laughed at him. "May be you would have us believe that you are a ghost?" "I am not a ghost," said he, "but I am a better man than you are. Hold me on these hot rocks, and if I do not burn you must let me do the same to you." To this they readily agreed, and when they had tried to burn him on the rocks, with his magic breath he kept them away at a distance so slight they could not see but that the rocks did really touch him. When they perceived that he was not burned

they were greatly amazed, and trembled with fear. But having made the promise that he should treat them in like manner, they submitted themselves to the torture, and the hot rocks burned them until, with great cries, they struggled to get free, but unrelenting *Ta-vvots'* held them until the rocks had burned through their flesh into their entrails, and so they died. "Aha," said *Ta-vvots'*, "lie there until you can get up again. I am on my way to kill the Sun. *A'-nier ti-tik-a-nümp kwaik-ai'-gar*." And sounding the war-whoop he proceeded on his way.

The next day he came to where two women were gathering berries in baskets, and when he sat down they brought him some of the fruit and placed it before him. He saw there were many leaves and thorns among the berries, and he said, "Blow these leaves and thorns into my eyes," and they did so, hoping to blind him; but with his magic breath he kept them away, so that they did not hurt him.

Then the women averred that he was a ghost. "I am no ghost," said he, "but a common person. Do you not know that leaves and thorns cannot hurt the eye? Let me show you;" and they consented, and were made blind. Then *Ta-vvots'* slew them with his *pa-räm'-o-kwi*. "Aha," said he, "you are caught with your own chaff. I am on my way to kill the Sun. This is good practice—I must learn how. *A'-nier ti-tik-a-nümp kwaik-ai'-gar*." And sounding the war-whoop he proceeded on his way.

The next day he saw some women standing on the Hurricane Cliff, and as he approached he heard them say to each other that they would roll rocks down upon his head and kill him as he passed; and drawing near, he pretended to be eating something and enjoying it with great gusto; so they asked him what it was, and he said it was something very sweet, and they begged that they might be allowed to taste of it also. "I will throw it up to you," said he; "come to the brink and catch it." When they had done so, he threw it up so that they could not quite reach it, and he threw it in this way many times, until, in their eagerness to secure it, they all crowded too near the brink, fell, and were killed. "Aha," said he, "you were killed by your own eagerness. I am on my way to kill the Sun. *A'-nier ti-tik-a-nümp kwaik-ai'-gar*." And sounding the war-whoop he passed on.

The following day he saw two women fashioning water-jugs, which are made of

willow-ware, like baskets, and afterward lined with pitch. When afar off he could hear them converse, for he had a wonderful ear. "Here comes that bad *Ta-vvots'*," said they; "how shall we destroy him?" When he came near, he said, "What was that you were saying when I came up?" "Oh, we were only saying, 'Here comes our grandson,'"* said they. "Is that all?" replied *Ta-vvots'*, and looking around he said, "Let me go into your water-jug;" and they allowed him to do so. "Now braid the neck." This they did, making the neck very small; then they laughed with great glee, for they supposed he was entrapped. But with his magic breath he burst the jug and stood up before them; and they exclaimed, "You must be a ghost!" but he answered, "I am no ghost. Do you not know that jugs were made to hold water, but cannot hold men and women?" At this they wondered greatly, and said he was wise. Then he proposed to put them in jugs in the same manner, in order to demonstrate to them the truth of what he had said; and they consented. When he had made the necks of the jugs and filled them with pitch he said, "Now jump out;" but they could not. It was now his turn to deride; so he rolled them about and laughed greatly, while their half-stifled screams filled the air. When he had sported with them in this way until he was tired he killed them with his magical ball. "Aha," said he, "you are bottled in your own jugs. I am on my way to kill the Sun; in good time I shall learn how. *A'-nier ti-tik'-a-nûmp kwaik-ai'-gar.*" And sounding the war-whoop he passed on.

The next day he came upon *Kwi'-ats*, the bear, who was digging a hole in which to hide, for he had heard of the fame of *Ta-vvots'* and was afraid. When the great slayer came to *Kwi'-ats* he said, "Don't fear, my great friend, I am not the man from whom to hide. Could a little fellow like me kill so many people?" And the bear was assured. "Let me help you dig," said *Ta-vvots'*, "that we may hide together, for I also am fleeing from the great destroyer. So they made a den deep in the ground, with its entrance concealed by a great rock. Now *Ta-vvots'* secretly made a private passage from the den out to the side of the mountain, and when the work was completed the two went out together to the

hill-top to watch for the coming of the enemy. Soon *Ta-vvots'* pretended that he saw him coming, and they ran in great haste to the den. The little one outran the greater, and going into the den hastened out again through his secret passage.

When *Kwi'-ats* entered he looked about, and not seeing his little friend he searched for him for some time, and still not finding him, he supposed that he must have passed him on the way, and went out again to see if he had stopped or been killed. By this time *Ta-vvots'* had perched himself on the rock at the entrance of the den, and when the head of the bear protruded through the hole below he hurled his *pa-rûm'-o-kwi* and killed him. "Aha," said *Ta-vvots'*, "I greatly feared this renowned warrior, but now he is dead in his own den. I am going to kill the Sun. *A'-nier ti-tik'-a-nûmp kwaik-ai'-gar.*" And sounding the war-whoop he went on his way.

The next day he met *Ku-mi'-a-pôts*, the tarantula. Now this knowing personage had heard of the fame of *Ta-vvots'* and determined to outwit him. He was possessed of a club with such properties that, although it was a deadly weapon when used against others, it could not be made to hurt himself, though wielded by a powerful arm.

As *Ta-vvots'* came near, *Ku-mi'-a-pôts* complained of having a headache; moaning and groaning, he said there was an *u-nû'-pôts*, or little evil spirit, in his head, and he asked *Ta-vvots'* to take the club and beat it out. *Ta-vvots'* obeyed, and struck with all his power, and wondered that *Ku-mi'-a-pôts* was not killed; but he urged *Ta-vvots'* to strike harder. At last *Ta-vvots'* understood the nature of the club and guessed the wiles of *Ku-mi'-a-pôts*, and raising the weapon as if to strike again, he dexterously substituted his magic ball and slew him. "Aha," said he, "that is a blow of your own seeking, *Ku-mi'-a-pôts*. I am on my way to kill the Sun; now I know that I can do it. *A'-nier ti-tik'-a-nûmp kwaik-ai'-gar.*" And sounding his war-whoop he went on his way.

The next day he came to a cliff which is the edge or boundary of the world on the east, where careless persons have fallen into unknown depths below. Now to come to the summit of this cliff it is necessary to climb a mountain, and *Ta-vvots'* could see three gaps or notches in the mountain, and he went up into the one on the left; and he demanded to know

* This is a very common term of endearment used by elder to younger persons.

of all the trees which were standing by of what use they were. Each one in turn praised its own qualities, the chief of which in every case was its value as fuel. *Ta-vvots'* shook his head and went into the center gap, and had another conversation with the trees, receiving the same answer. Finally he went into the third gap—that on the right. After he had questioned all the trees and bushes, he came at last to a little one called *yu'-i-nump*, which modestly said it had no use, that it was not even fit for fuel. "Good," said *Ta-vvots'*, and under it he lay down to sleep.

When the dawn came into the sky *Ta-vvots'* arose and stood on the brink overhanging the abyss from which the Sun was about to rise. The instant it appeared he hurled his *pa-rûm-o-kwi*, and striking it full in the face shattered it into

innumerable fragments, and these fragments were scattered over all the world and kindled a great conflagration. *Ta-vvots'* ran and crept under the *yu'-i-nump* to obtain protection. At last the fire waxed very hot over all the world, and soon *Ta-vvots'* began to suffer and tried to run away; but as he ran his toes were burned off, and then slowly, inch by inch, his legs, and then his body, so that he walked on his hands; and these were burned, and he walked on the stumps of his arms; and these were burned, until there was nothing left but his head. And now, having no other means of progression, his head rolled along the ground until his eyes, which were much swollen, burst by striking against a rock, and the tears gushed out in a great flood which spread out over all the land and extinguished the conflagration.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD;

A SIMPLE ACCOUNT OF
MAN IN EARLY TIMES

By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S.

PREFACE.

FOR the information of parents and others into whose hands this book may fall, it may be stated that it is an attempt, in the absence of any kindred elementary work, to narrate, in as simple language as the subject will permit, the story of man's progress from the unknown time of his early appearance upon the earth, to the period from which writers of history ordinarily begin.

That an acquaintance with the primitive condition of man should precede the study of any single department of his later history is obvious, but it must be remembered that such knowledge has become attainable only within the last few years, and at present enters but little, if at all, into the course of study at schools.

Thanks to the patient and careful researches of men of science, the way is rapidly becoming clearer for tracing the steps by which, at ever-varying rates of progress, different races have

advanced from savagery to civilization, and for thus giving a completeness to the history of mankind which the assumptions of an arbitrary chronology would render impossible.

As the Table of Contents indicates, the First Part of this book describes the progress of man in material things, while the Second Part seeks to explain his mode of advance from lower to higher stages of religious belief.

Although this work is written for the young, I venture to hope that it will afford to older persons who will accept the simplicity of its style, interesting information concerning primitive man.

In thinking it undesirable to encumber the pages of a work of this class with foot-notes and references, I have been at some pains to verify the statements made, the larger body of which may be found in the works of Tylor, Lubbock, Nilsson, Waitz, and other ethnologists, to whom my obligations are cordially expressed.

I am fully conscious how slenderly each department of human progress

has been dealt with in this work, but in seeking to compass a great subject within a small space, it has been my anxiety to break the continuity of the story as little as possible.

PART I.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

EVERYTHING in this wide world has a history; that is, it has something to tell or something to be found out about what it was, and how it has come to be what it is.

Even of the small stones lying in the roadway, or about the garden, clever men have, after a great deal of pains-taking, found out a history more wonderful than all the fairy stories you have been told; and if this be true, as true it is, of dead stones and many other things which cannot speak, you may believe that a history stranger still can be written about some living things.

And it is the history of the most wonderful living thing that this world has ever seen that I want to tell you. You will perhaps think that I am about to describe to you some curly-haired, big-tusked, fierce-looking monster that lived on the earth thousands of years ago, for children (and some grown-up people too) are apt to think that things are wonderful only when they are big, which is not true. To show you what I mean: the beautiful six-sided wax cells which the bee makes are more curious than the rough hut which the chimpanzee—an African monkey—piles together; and the tiny ants that keep plant-lice and milk them just as we keep cows to give us milk, and that catch the young of other ants to make slaves of them, are more wonderful than the huge and dull rhinoceros.

Well, it is about *yourself* that I am going to talk, for I want you to learn, as far as we are able to find out, how it is that you are *what* you are and *where* you are. Remember, I no not

say *how* you are, or *why* you are, for God alone knows that, and He has told the secret to no one here, although, maybe, He will tell it us one day elsewhere.

Perhaps you have thought that there is nothing very wonderful in being where you are, or in possessing the good things which you enjoy; that people have always had them, or if not, that they had only to buy them at the shops; and that from the first day man lived on the earth he could cook his food, and have ices and dessert after it; could dress himself well, write a good hand, live in a fine house, and build splendid churches with stained-glass windows, just as he does now-a-days.

If you have thought so, you are wrong, and I wish to set you right, and show you that man was once wild and rough and savage, frightened at his own shadow, and still more frightened at the roar of thunder and the quiver of lightning, which he thought were the clapping of the wings and the flashing of the eyes of the angry Spirit, as he came flying from the sun; and that it has taken many thousands of years for man to become as wise and skillful as we now see him to be.

For just as you had to learn your A, B, C to enable you to read at all, and just as you are learning things day by day which will help you to be useful when you grow up and are called upon to do your share of work in this world, where all idleness is sin, so man had to begin learning, and to get at facts step by step along a toilsome road.

And instead of being told, as we are told, why a certain thing is done, and which is the best way to do it, he had to find out these things for himself by making use of the brains God had given him, and had often to do the same thing over and over again, as you have sometimes with a hard spelling lesson, before he was able to do it well.

Now there are several reasons for the belief that man was once wild and

naked, and that only by slow degrees did he become clothed and civilized. For instance, there have been found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, but especially in Europe, thousands of tools and weapons which were shaped and used by men ages upon ages ago, and which are just like the tools and weapons used by savages living now-a-days in various parts of the earth, and among whom no traces of a civilized past can be found.

Far across the wind-tossed seas, far away in such places as Australia, Borneo, and Ceylon, islands which you must learn to find out on a map of the world, or on a globe, there live at this day creatures so wild that if you saw them you would scarcely believe that they were human beings and not wild animals in the shape of men, covering themselves with mud, feeding on roots, and living in wretched huts or in woods under the shelter of trees. The word "savage" means *one who lives in the woods*.

In telling you how the earliest men lived I shall want you to go back with me a great many years, even before the histories of different countries begin. For men had to learn a great deal before they were clever enough to *write* histories of themselves and live together as we English people do, making a nation; many, many centuries—and a century is a hundred years—passed away before they left any trace behind to tell us that they lived, other than the tools I am about to describe, or broken pottery and scratchings on bones.

Yes, I shall take you past not only the Conquest, but past the day when in this England—then called Britain—the wild people dwelt in mud huts, lived on fruits and the flesh of wild animals, stained their bodies with the blue juice of the woad-plant, and worshipped trees and the sun and moon, even to the day when no sea flowed between England and France, when there was no German Ocean and no English Channel!

For you must take now on trust what by and by you will be able to

prove the truth of for yourself, when you learn lessons from the rocks and hills themselves, instead of from books about them, that this world is, like the other worlds floating with it in the great star-filled spaces, very, very old and ever-changing,—so old that men make all sorts of guesses about its birthday; and that, unlike us who become wrinkled and gray, this dear old world keeps ever fresh and ever beautiful, brightened by the smiling sunlight of God playing over its face.

Now, it would be making another guess—and, as we shall never know whether we have guessed right, what is the use of guessing?—to say how many years man has lived here. It is enough for us to know—and this is no guess—that the good Being who made the world put man on it at the best and fittest time, and that He makes nothing in vain, whether it be rock, tree, flower, fish, bird, beast, or man.

But although God left man to find out very much for himself, He gave him the tools wherewith to work. Eyes wherewith to see, ears wherewith to hear, feet wherewith to walk, hands wherewith to handle,—these were given for the use of the man himself, by which I mean the mind, soul, or spirit, which is man. Perhaps we may best call it the thinking part, because the word "man" comes from a very old word which means *to think*; therefore a man is *one who thinks*. When names were given to things, some word was fixed upon which best described the thing. "Brute" comes from a word meaning *raw* or *rough*, and so man is distinguished from the brutes which are in some things like him, and from the plants and trees, which are like him in that they breathe, by being known as the *thinking* being.

If I sometimes break off my story to explain the meaning of certain words, you will one day learn to thank me for it, because, as you have already seen, there is a reason, and sometimes a very beautiful reason, for the

names which things bear; and it is not less strange than true, that words often tell us more of the manners and doings of people who, silent now, used to speak them, than we can find out from the remains they have left behind them.

In one case, the words they used to speak are the only clue we have to the fact that a people who were our forefathers once lived in Asia. They have left no traces (so far as we can find out) of the tools which they used, of the houses they lived in, or of writings on rocks or bricks, and yet we know that they must have been, because the words they spoke have come down to us, and are really used by us in different forms and with different meanings, or which I will give you a proof.

You know that the girls in a family are called the "daughters." That word comes from a word very much like it, by which these people of old, —the Aryans, as we have named them—called their girls, and which means a *milking-maid*. Now, we know by this that they had got beyond the savage state, and that they must have kept goats and cows for the milk which they gave. Thus much a simple word tells us. In the same way, if the English people had died off the face of the earth, and left no records behind them other than remains of the words they uttered, we should know that English girls had learned to *spin*, because in course of time unmarried women were called *spinsters*.

II. MAN'S FIRST WANTS.

I have now to tell you that the first men were placed here wild and naked, knowing nothing of the great riches stored up in the earth beneath them, and only after a long time making it yellow with the waving corn, and digging out of it the iron and other metals so useful to mankind.

The first thought of man was about the wants of his body; his first desire was to get food to eat, fire for warmth, and some place for shelter when night

came on, and wild beasts howled and roared around him.

See how, in the first step he had to take, man is unlike the brutes.

Wherever God has placed the brute, He has given it the covering best fitted for the place in which it lives, and has supplied its proper food close at hand. But God has placed man here naked, and left him to seek for himself the food and clothing best suited to that part of the world in which he lives. If God had given man thick, hair-covered skin he could not have moved from place to place with comfort, and so man is made naked, but given the power of reasoning about things, and acting by reason. The brute remains the brute he always was, while man never stops, but improves upon what those who lived before him have done.

Man has not the piercing eye of the eagle, but he has the power of making instruments which not only bring into view stars whose light has taken a thousand years to reach the earth, but which also tell us what metals are in the sun and other stars; man has not the swiftness of the deer, but he has the power of making steam-engines to carry him sixty miles in an hour; man has not the strength of the horse, but he has put machines together which can do the work of a hundred horses.

Whatever power man has, whether of body or of mind, improves by use. The savage, who has to make constant use of his bodily powers to secure food, is by practice, fleet of foot and quicker of sight than civilized man who, using the power of his mind, excels the savage in getting knowledge and making good and also bad use of it.

I have said that the first things man wanted were food, warmth, and shelter.

Agès before he lived here, the streams of fresh water had run down the mountain sides and through the valleys they had helped to make, and they were running still, never resting, so that man had little trouble in

quenching his thirst, and would of course keep near the stream. But the food he needed was not to be had so easily. The first things he fed on would be wild fruits and berries, and the first place he lived in would be under some tree or overhanging rock or in some cave. He might wish to eat of the fish that glided past him in the river, and of the reindeer that bounded past him into the depths of the forest; but these were not to be had without weapons to slay them.

There are few things which the wonderfully made hand of man cannot do, but it must have tools to work with. A man cannot cut wood or meat without a knife, he cannot write without a pen, or drive in nails without a hammer.

III. MAN'S FIRST TOOLS.

One of the first things which man needed was therefore some sharp-edged tool, which must of course be harder than the thing he wanted to cut. He knew nothing of the metals, although some of them, not the hardest, lay near the surface, and he therefore made use of the stones lying about. Men of science (that is, men *who know*, because "science" comes from a word meaning *to know*) have given the name "Age of Stone" to that far-off time when stone and such things as bone, wood, and horn, were made into various kinds of tools. Flints were very much used, because, by a hard blow, flakes like the blade of a knife could be broken off them. Other flints were shaped to a point, or into rough sorts of hammers, by chipping with a rounded pebble, or other stone. Many of them are in form like an almond, having a cutting edge all round. Their sizes differ, some being six inches long and three inches wide, while others are rather larger.

These oldest stone weapons, unsharpened by grinding and unpolished, have been chiefly found in places known as the "drift;" that is, buried underneath the gravel, and clay, and stones which have been

drifted or carried down by the rivers in their ceaseless flow.

In these early days of man's history huge wild animals shared Europe with him. There were mammoths, or woolly-haired elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses; there were cave-lions, cave-bears, cave-hyænas, and other beasts of a much larger size than are found in the world at this day.

That they lived at the same time that man did is certain, because under layers of earth their bones have been found side by side with his, and with the weapons which he made.

Year after year man learnt to shape his tools and weapons better, until really well-formed spear-heads, daggers, hatchets, hammers, and other implements were made, and at a far later date he had learnt the art of polishing them. Remember that first in what is called the "old Stone Age" men learnt to chip stones, and afterwards, in what is called the "Newer Stone Age," to grind and polish them.

The better-shaped tools and weapons have been chiefly found in caves, which, as books about the earth will tell you, were hollowed out by water ages before any living thing dwelt here. These caves were used by men not only to live in, but also to bury their dead in; and from the different remains found in and near them, it is thought that feasts were held when the burials took place, and that food and weapons were put with the dead because their friends thought that such things were needed by them as they traveled the long journey to another world. I should tell you that but very few bones of primitive man have been found, and this is not to be wondered at when we remember how much more lasting is the work of man than are his remains, and also that from an early period the burning of dead bodies was common.

The great help to man of the weapons I have described to you against the attacks of the wild animals is easily understood, for with them he was able not only to defend himself

and his family, but to kill the huge creatures, and thus get food for the mouths that were always increasing in number. That he did kill and eat them, and clothe himself in their skins and make their jawbones into strong weapons, is certain.

It is surprising to think how many things the first men had to do with the stones they roughly shaped. They cut down trees, and perhaps by the aid of fire scooped them out to make canoes, for it was plain to them that wood floated on the water; they killed their food, cut it up, broke the bones to suck out the marrow; cracked sea-shells to get out the fish inside them, besides doing many other things with what would seem to us blunt and clumsy tools.

While we are talking about this Stone Age I should tell you that there are found in different parts of the world stone ruins of very great age and various sizes, some built of stone pillars covered with a flat stone for roof, others built to a point like the great pyramids of Egypt.

These, like the caves, were used to bury the dead in, but sometimes were built to mark the place where some great deed was done, or where something very wonderful had happened. The piling together of stones was an easy and lasting way of keeping such things fresh in men's minds, just as we erect statues in honor of our great men, or build something in memory of their acts of bravery, nobleness, or love. When built as tombs for the dead, their size depended upon the rank of the person to be laid within them. The circles of standing stones—like that at Stonehenge—are thought to have been built for worship of some kind.

You have learnt, then, that during the time when weapons and tools of stone were made men lived a wild, roaming life, eating roots, berries, and fruits, and, in a raw state, the flesh of such animals as they killed, and, sad to say, some of them eating the flesh of their fellowman; clothing themselves, little or much as they

needed, in the skins of animals, which they sewed together with bone needles, using the sinews for thread. And now we have to speak about the first mode of getting a fire.

IV. FIRE.

There are a great many curious stories which profess to give an account of the way in which fire was first obtained, but they are a part of that guess-work about things which is ever going on, and which brings us no nearer the truth. Men have ever been quick to make use of what we call their "wits" (which word comes from an old word used by our forefathers, meaning *understanding*) or their common sense, and common sense taught them that fire was to be had by rubbing two pieces of wood together. In making their flint weapons sparks would fly, but they saw that the flints themselves could not be set on fire. When they felt cold they rubbed their hands together and warmth came to them. They tried what could be done by running a blunt pointed stick along a groove of its own making in another piece of wood, and they found first that each got heated, then that sparks flew, then that flame burst out.

Travelers tell us that savages can produce fire in a few seconds in this way, and that in the northern seas of Europe the islanders find a bird so fat and greasy that all they have to do is to draw a wick through its body, and on lighting it the bird burns away as a candle does.

And fire was as useful in the days I am writing about as travelers find it now in giving protection from the wild beasts at night, so that man had many reasons for keeping his fire always burning by heaping on it the wood which was ready to his hand in such abundance.

V. COOKING AND POTTERY.

At first men ate flesh raw, as some northern tribes do now, but afterward

they would learn to cook it, and this they did by simply putting the meat direct to the fire. Afterward they would dig a hole and line it with the hard hide of the slain animal, fill it with water, put the meat in, and then make stones red-hot, dropping them in until the water was hot enough and the meat cooked. Then a still better way would be found out of boiling the food in vessels set over the fire, which were daubed outside with clay to prevent their being burnt. Thus men learnt—seeing how hard fire made the clay—to use it by itself and to shape it into rough pots, which were dried either in the sun or before the fire, and hence arose the beautiful art of making earthenware.

VI. DWELLINGS.

Besides living in caves, holes were dug in the ground, a wall being made of the earth which was thrown out, and a covering of tree-boughs put over it. Sometimes where blocks of stone were found lying loosely, they were placed together, and a rude, strong kind of hut made in this way.

There have been found in lakes, especially in Swiss lakes, remains of houses which were built upon piles driven into the bed of the lake. The shape of many of these piles shows that they were cut with stone hatchets, and this proves that people lived in this curious fashion in very early times. It is thought that they did so to be freer from the attacks of their enemies and of wild beasts.

These lake dwellers, as they are called (and they not only lived thus in the Stone Age and later ages, but there are people living in the same manner in the East Indies and other places at this day), made good use of their stone hatchets, for they not only cut down trees, but killed such animals—and very fierce they were—as the bear, wolf and wild boar. They had learned to fish with nets made of flax, which they floated with buoys of bark, and sank with stone weights.

Besides what we know about the

dwellings of men in early times, there have been found on the shores of Denmark, Scotland and elsewhere, enormous heaps of what are called “kitchen-middens.” These were really the feeding-places of the people who lived on or about those coasts, and are made up of piles of shells, largely those of the oyster, mussel, periwinkle, etc., on which they fed. With these there have also been found the bones of stags and other animals, and also of birds, as well as flint knives and other things.

I said at starting that the three things which man would first need were food, fire and shelter, and, having told you how these were procured by him, you are perhaps wondering how these people of the Stone Age spoke to each other and what words they used. This we shall never know, but we may be sure that they had some way of making their thoughts known one to another, and that they learned to speak and write and count little by little, just as they learned everything else. They had some idea of drawing, for bones and pieces of slate have been found with rough sketches of the mammoth, bull, and other beasts scratched on them. These old-world pictures witness to the truth, that man is greater than brutes in this as in other things, since no brute has yet been known to draw a picture, write an alphabet, or learn how to make a fire.

But I shall have something to say about speaking and writing by and by.

VII. USE OF METALS.

In course of time, some man, wiser than his fellows, made use of his quicker eye and more active brain to discover the metals which the earth contained; and this marks a great gain, for which we cannot be too thankful. When we think about the thousand different uses to which metals are put—how without them no ship big enough and strong enough to cross the ocean could have been built, or steam-engine to speed us along constructed

—we learn how enormous is their value to us. It is certain that if man had never discovered them he would have remained in a savage; or, at least, a barbarous state.

Through all the story of his progress we see that he never went to the storehouse of the earth in vain. Therein were treasured up for him the metals which he needed when stone was found to be too blunt and soft for the work he wished to do; therein the vast coal-beds which were laid open to supply the cosy fires when wood grew scarce.

Gold, which means the *yellow, bright* metal (from *gulr*, yellow), was most likely the first metal used by man. Its glitter would attract his eye, while, unlike some other metals, it is found in rivers, and on various rocks on the surface of the earth. It has to be mixed with another metal to be hard enough for general use; and in its native state would be therefore easily shaped into ornaments. Savage and polished people are alike in this love of ornament. Necklaces of shells and amber made in the Stone Age have been found; and to this day savages think of decoration before dress. One very common way of making themselves smart, as they think, is by marking their face, body, and limbs with curved lines, made with a pointed instrument, filling in the marks with color. This is called tattooing. If this shows that people have in all places and times loved to look fine, although they have gone through pain and discomfort as the price, it also shows that the love of what is beautiful, or of what is thought to be beautiful, is theirs, and that is another thing which the brute has not. No herds of cows ever leave off feeding to admire a sunset; and you never saw a horse or a monkey with face lit up with delight at the sight of a rainbow.

Copper is a metal which came into early use, as, like gold, it is often found unmixed with anything else, and its softness enables it to be worked into various shapes. Where it was

scarce, and tin could be had, fire was made use of to melt and mix the two together, forming the pretty, hard, and useful metal called bronze. By pouring the molten mass into a mold of stone or sand, weapons of the shape wanted would be made.

The age when the metals I have named were used is called the "Age of Bronze." A very long time passed before iron was smelted, that is, melted and got away from the ore (or *vein* running through the rock) with which it is found, because this is very hard work, and needs more skill than men had then; but when they succeeded smelting and molding it, it took the place of bronze for making spear-heads, swords, hatchets, etc., bronze being used for the handles and for ornaments, many of which—such as earrings, bracelets, and hair-pins—have been found among the ruins in the Swiss lakes.

Silver and lead were used later still.

You have thus far learnt that by finding in river-beds, caverns, and elsewhere, various tools, weapons, ornaments, and other remains, some of them at great depth, and all without doubt made by man, it is known that he must have lived many thousands of years before we have any records of him in histories written on papyrus (which was the reed from which the ancients made their paper—hence the name "paper"), or painted on the walls of tombs.

By the way of marking the steps in man's progress his early history is divided into three periods, named after the things used in them, as thus:—

1. The Age of Stone, which, as stated at page 5, is also divided into the Old Stone Age and the Newer Stone Age.
2. The Age of Bronze.
3. The Age of Iron.

When you can get to the British Museum, go into the room where the "British Antiquities" are kept, and there you will see for yourself the different flint and metal tools and weapons which I have described.

How many years passed between the shaping of the first flint and the molding of the first bronze weapon is not known. We are sure that men used stone before they used bronze and iron, and that some tribes were in the Stone Age when other tribes had found out the value of metals. The three Ages overlap and run into each other "like the three chief colors of the rainbow."

For example, although some of the lake-dwellings, about which I have told you, were built by men in the Stone Age, a very large number belong to the Bronze Age; and the relics which have been brought to light show how decided was the progress which man had made. The lake-dwellers had learned to cultivate wheat, to store up food for winter use, to weave garments of flax, and to tame the most useful animals, such as the horse, the sheep and the goat. Man had long before this found out what a valuable creature the dog is, for the lowest tribes who lived on the northern sea-coasts have left proof of this in the bones found among the shell heaps.

In what is known as the Age of Iron very rapid progress was made; and while the variety of pottery, the casting of bronze coins, the discovery of glass, and a crowd of other new inventions show what great advance was made in the *things* man used, they show also how fast man himself was rising from a low state.

VIII. MAN'S GREAT AGE ON THE EARTH.

At this point of the story you will, perhaps, be asking a question, to which I will give the best answer that can at present be found.

You will ask how it is that we know these remains of early man to be so very, very old.

To make my reply as clear as possible, I will describe to you one of the many places in which the old bones and weapons have been found.

There is a large cavern at Brixham,

on the south coast of Devonshire, which was discovered fourteen years ago through the falling in of a part of the roof. The floor is of stalagmite, or particles of lime, which have been brought down from the roof by the dropping of water, and become hardened into stone again. *Stalagmite* comes from a Greek word which means a *drop*. In this floor, which is about one foot in thickness, were found bones of the reindeer and cave-bear, while below it was a red loamy mass, fifteen feet thick in some parts, in which were buried flint flakes, or knives, and bones of the mammoth. Beneath this was a bed of gravel, more than twenty feet thick, in which flint flakes and some small bones were found. Altogether, more than thirty flints were found in the same cave with the bones of bears and woolly elephants; and as they are known to have been chipped by the hand of man, it is not hard to prove that he lived in this country when those creatures roamed over it.

But what proof have we, you ask, that the bones of these creatures are so very old? Apart from the fact that for many centuries no living mammoth has been seen, we have the finding of its bones buried at a goodly depth; and as it is certain that no one would trouble to dig a grave to put them in, there must be some other cause for the mass of loam under which they are found.

There are several ways by which the various bones may have got into the cave. The creatures to which they belonged may have died on the hill-side, and their bones have been washed into the cave; or they may have sought refuge, or, what in the case I am now describing seems most likely, lived therein; but, be this as it may, we have to account for the thirty-five feet of loam and gravel in which their remains are buried.

The agent that thus covered them from view for long, long years, is that active tool of nature which, before the day when no living thing was upon the earth, and ever since, has been

cutting through rocks, opening the deep valleys, shaping the highest mountains, hollowing out the lowest caverns, and which is carrying the soil from one place to another to form new lands where now the deep sea rolls. It is *water* which carried that deposit into Brixham cavern and covered over the bones, and which, since the day that mammoth and bear and reindeer lived in Devonshire, has scooped out the surrounding valleys 100 feet deeper. And although the time which water takes to deepen a channel, or eat out a cavern, depends upon the speed with which it flows, you may judge that the quickest stream works slowly to those who watch it, when I tell you that the river Thames, flowing at its present rate, takes eleven thousand seven hundred and forty years to scoop out *its* valley *one foot* lower! Men of science have therefore some reason for believing that the flint weapons were made by men who lived many thousands of years ago.

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

Science, in thus teaching us the great age of the earth, also teaches us the Eternity of the Ageless God; and likewise those vast distances about which astronomers tell us make the universe seem a fitter temple for Him to dwell in than did the old, cramped notions of a flat earth, for whose benefit alone the sun shed his light by day, and the moon and stars their light by night. Science illumines with new beauty the grand thoughts of the star-watching poet of old, who sang, "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in the unseen world, behold, Thou art there."

IX. MANKIND AS SHEPHERDS, FARMERS, AND TRADERS.

From being a roving, wild, long-haired savage, gnawing roots, or crouching behind rock or tree to pounce upon his prey, uncertain each

morning whether night would not set in before he could get enough to eat, man had become a shepherd or tiller of the soil, not only learning the greatness of the earth in which he had been placed, but also beginning dimly to feel his own greatness above the beast of the field and the fowl of the air.

Some part of mankind, finding how useful certain animals were for the milk and flesh which they gave as food, and for the skins, especially of their young ones, which could be made into soft clothing, had learned to tame and gather them into flocks and herds, moving with them from place to place wherever the most grass could be had. These men were the first shepherds or herdsmen, living a nomad (which means *wandering*) life, dwelling in tents because they could be easily removed.

This was the kind of life that Abraham lived thousands of years ago, and that the Arabs and other wandering tribes still live at this day.

While some loved the shepherd's or herdsman's life, others chose a more settled state, becoming farmers or tillers of the earth. The word earth means the *plowed*.

To do this work well, the rude stone implements of their forefathers were useless, and implements made of the best and hardest metals were needed. Then, as they remained in one place, they would not be content with log huts as men were in the Stone Age, or with tents as the nomads were, but would have their houses well built, with places like stables and barns in which to lodge their cattle and store up their corn.

All the sunny days would be wanted for their field-work, and they would therefore be glad to employ others who could build their houses and make their tools. Thus one after another different trades would arise and be carried on, which would bring people together for mutual help and gain; thus houses would multiply into villages, villages would become towns, and towns would grow into cities.

The different classes of people

would unite together for protection against their enemies, and either all would learn the art of war, or would select some of the bravest and strongest among them to become the army to defend the land. Some one man, the best and ablest they could find, would be chosen to carry out the laws which the people agreed to make for the well-being of all.

For in early as well as in later times, the bad passions and jealousies of men broke out and caused those desolating wars which have darkened so many bright spots in this world. It is certain that the tillers of the soil and the dwellers in towns would be more inclined to a peaceful and quiet life than the roving tribes or their chieftain with his followers and herds and flocks, who would often seek to gain by force what they coveted.

Not that these were always to blame, but they would be the more likely of the two to "pick a quarrel." Disputes arose between them about the ownership of the land; the nomads, who loved the lazy ease of a pastoral life more than the hard work of tool-making or house-building, would want to share some of the good fruits which the farmers were making the earth to yield, or some of the bright, sharp-edged weapons which the metal-workers were molding, and in various ways "bad blood," as people call it, would be stirred, which would end in fighting. The stronger would conquer the weaker, seize upon or lay waste their land, and make slaves of such of the prisoners as they thought it worth while to spare. It was an age, like many ages since, when no tender feelings ruled in the heart of man, but when the "golden rule" was not, and the harsh, stern law was this:

"That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

But wars do not last forever, and men would find that it was, after all, better to live in friendship and peace. So they would trade together; the earth would yield the farmer more

food than he needed, and he would be glad to barter with it, giving some of it to the herdsman in exchange for cattle, and to the tool-maker in exchange for tools, each of whom would be very glad to trade with him.

Then as bartering grew, it was found very awkward and cumbersome to carry things from place to place, especially if they were now and then not very much wanted, and people would agree to make use of something which was handy to carry, steady in value, and that did not spoil by keeping. So, whenever they could, men fixed upon pieces of metal, first casting bronze into coins, and then using gold and silver, which being scarcer than other metals are worth more. We learn from the paintings at Thebes, and from ancient history, that gold and silver were counted as wealth in early times. Abraham is said in the Book of Genesis (which you will read when you are older) to have been "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." The word "pecuniary," which is used in speaking of a man's riches, comes from the Latin word *pecus*, which means *cattle*, and shows that formerly a man's wealth was sometimes reckoned by the cattle he had. Another proof of the meaning that a word will hold.

And this reminds me that I have to tell you a little about speaking, writing, and counting.

X. LANGUAGE.

In what way the wonderful gift of language came to man we do not know, and the wise of many ages have tried in vain to find out.

The same God who made the beautiful organs in man by which he can utter so many different sounds, gave him the power of creating names for the things which he saw, and words for the thought which dwelt in his mind.

There are some words which we can account for, such as those which imitate sounds, as when we say the clock "ticks," or call the "cuckoo"

and the "peewit" after the sound they make. But this explains only a portion of the vast number of words which make up a language, and which springs from roots deep down, too deep for us to track.

Man at first had very few words, and those were short ones, and in making known his thoughts to others, he used signs very much; "gesture language," as it has been called. We do the same now; for in shaking the head to mean "no," in nodding it to mean "yes," and in shaking hands in proof that we are joined in friendship, we speak in gesture-language, and would have to do it a great deal if we were traveling in some country of which we did not know the language.

There are very few things that cannot be expressed by signs or gestures, and among the ancients entire plays were performed by persons called pantomimes (which word means *imitators of all things*), who acted not by speaking, but wholly by mimicry.

A story is told of a king who was in Rome when Nero was emperor, and who having seen the wonderful mimicry of a pantomime begged him as a present, so that he might make use of him to have dealings with the nations whose languages he did not know. We have now so many words that we need use signs but very little, if at all.

Just as all the races of mankind are thought to have come from one family, so the different languages which they speak are thought to have flowed from one source.

There are *three* leading streams of language, and I shall have to quote a few hard names in telling you about them.

It was thought some years ago that Hebrew, which is the language in which the sacred books of the Jews (known to us as the Old Testament) are written, was the parent, so to speak, of all other languages, but it has since been found through tracing words to their early forms that

* Sanskrit, in which the sacred books of the Brahmans are written, and which was a spoken

tongue in the time of Solomon and Alexander the Great, but which has been a "dead" or unspoken language for more than two thousand years;

Zend, in which the sacred books of the Parsees (or so-called fire-worshippers) are written;

Greek, the language of Greece;

Latin, the language of the ancient Romans;

and nearly all the other dialects and languages of India and Europe, are children of the Indo-European, or Aryan family.

I told you something about these Aryans at page 4, and will add that through their language we know that they had learned "the arts of plowing and making roads, of sewing and weaving, of building houses, and of counting as far as one hundred." The ties of father, mother, brother, and sister, were hallowed among them, and they called upon God, who "is Light," by the name still heard in Christian churches and Indian temples. That name is *Deity*. It comes from a very ancient word, by which these people spoke of the *sky*, and which was afterward applied to Him who dwells in the sky. For "beyond sun, and moon, and stars, and all which changes, and will change, was the clear blue sky, the boundless firmament of heaven." There man in every age has fixed the dwelling-place of God who is Light, and in whom is no darkness at all.

2. The second division of languages includes the Hebrew; the Arabic, in which the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, is written; and the languages on the very old monuments of Phœnicia, Babylon, Assyria, and Carthage.

3. The third division includes the remaining languages of Asia, with the exception of the Chinese, which stands by itself as the only relic of the first forms of human speech, being made up of words of one syllable.

The ancient language of Britain is

now found only in some parts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and the foundation of our present language, which now contains above one hundred thousand words, is the same as that spoken on the coast of Germany. It was brought over by Angles, Saxons (hence Anglo-Saxons), Jutes and other tribes from the Continent. Anglo-Saxon is the mother-tongue of our present English, to which in various forms Latin words have been added, together with a few words from the languages of other nations.

For teaching you the different changes in the English language, as well as for an interesting list of words borrowed from the Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, etc., the best books to help you are Dr. Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence," and Archbishop French's "English Past and Present."

I am afraid I have confused you a little in this talk about language, but you can hear it another time over again when you are older and better able to learn the importance belonging to the study of the wonderful gift by which we are able to talk to people in various languages, and read in ancient books the history of man's gropings after God. I want to lead you on to feel and know that the study of words is a delightful way of spending time, and that the dictionary, which is thought by most people to be a dry book, is full of poetry and history locked up in its words, which the key of the wise will open.

XI. WRITING.

It is much easier to tell you how men learned to write.

The use of writing is to put something before the eye in such a way that its meaning may be known at a glance, and the earliest way of doing this was by a picture. Picture-writing was thus used for many ages, and is still found among savage races in all quarters of the globe. On rocks, stone slabs, trees, and tombs, this

way was employed to record an event, or tell some message.

In the course of time, instead of this tedious mode, men learned to write signs for certain words or sounds. Then the next step was to separate the word into letters, and to agree upon certain signs to always represent certain letters, and hence arose alphabets. The shape of the letters of the alphabet is thought by some to bear traces of the early picture-writing. To show you what is meant, Aleph, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet, means an *ox*, and the sign for that letter was an outline of an *ox's head*.

The signs used by astronomers for the sun, moon and planets; the signs I, II, III, for one, two, and three, are proofs that if picture-writing is of value to man in a civilized state, it must have been of greater value to him, and much more used by him the farther we search back. We still speak of *signing* our name, although we have ceased to use a sign or mark, as was done when few could write.

XII. COUNTING.

The art of Counting is slowly learned by savage tribes, and at this day some are found that cannot reckon beyond four, or that, if they can, have no words for higher figures.

All over the world the fingers have been and are used as counters, and among many tribes the word for "hand" and "five" is the same.

This may be taken as a common mode by which the savage reckons:

One hand	5
Two hands or half a man . . .	10
Two hands, and one foot . . .	15
Hands and feet, or one man . .	20

We do the same, as shown in the word *digit*, which is the name for any of the figures from one to nine, and comes from the Latin *digitus*, which means a *finger*; while counting by fives and tens enters into all our dealings. One early way of counting was by pebbles, the Latin for which is *calculi*, and we preserve this fact in our

use of the word *calculate*; just as, when we tie a knot in our handkerchief to remind us of something we fear to forget, we are copying the ancient plan of counting with knotted cords.

This story of the World's Childhood has been chiefly learned by studying the lessons taught by those traces of man which are found in the north-western part of Europe, but it is believed that he first lived elsewhere, and afterwards traveled here. For in the days known as the Ancient Stone Age, when Britain and Ireland were joined to the main land, and great rivers flowed through the valleys which are now covered by the German Ocean and English Channel, and when woolly-haired elephants and rhinoceroses roamed about in the pine forests of what is now England and France, Europe was very much colder than it is now, and it is thought that man did not live there before these huge creatures.

You will one day learn from the beautiful story which rocks and rivers are ever telling, what vast changes have happened over all the earth, in proof of which you may think about what I have already said, to which may be added, that the sea once swept over the place where you live, and ages hence may flow over it again.

XIII. MAN'S WANDERINGS FROM HIS FIRST HOME.

It is believed that man lived at first somewhere near the middle of Asia, and from thence those who came after him spread on all sides, some settling in the rich plains watered by the river Nile, to become the forefathers of Egyptian kings, others wandering to the bleak shores of Northern Europe to become the forefathers of the Sea-kings.

As the climate in which people live affects the color of their skins, so the progress of any race, as well as the kind of life which they live, depend very much on the land they dwell in, and this will explain why some races

have progressed so much more than others, and even become their rulers. Where there were rich, grassy plains, the people gathered flocks and herds, wandered from place to place in search of good pasture, and made scarcely any advance. Where a fruitful soil and balmy air were to be had, there people would settle as farmers and workers in wood and metals, gathering both knowledge and wealth, while those who lived on islands and by the sea-coasts became adventurous and bold.

It is not the object of this narrative to take you beyond the time when histories usually begin, and what you have learned does not therefore relate to any single tribe or nation, but to the growth of mankind as a whole. I will, however, sketch in a few lines the course which the leading races of mankind took after they left their supposed common home.

The tribes who wandered into the northern parts of Europe lived for ages a wild roving life; and when they had so far advanced as to find out, or, what is more likely, learn from other races, the use of metals, and then to apply their powers in building ships stout and strong enough to brave the open sea, they became the terror of quiet people, and you will learn from old English history how they pounced one after another upon this island, plundering wherever and whatever they could.

Other tribes settled down in Persia; on the sea-board of Palestine; in Egypt; and were the roots from which grew those mighty nations whose kings had reigned for many years before the birth of Abraham. Other tribes leapt across the narrow straits between Asia and America, and wandered over that vast New World, those who traveled southward becoming builders of cities whose ruins tell of their past importance.

Long before the great empires of Greece and Rome, there arose a people known to us as the Jews, whose history fills so many books of the Bible, and who were descended from

a chieftain named Abraham. I shall have some interesting stories to tell you further on concerning this good and noble man.

Abraham left his native land and moved with his slaves and cattle to Palestine. His descendants afterward settled in Egypt, which was then a great corn-yielding country, where they grew to large numbers, and were treated kindly during the lifetime of Joseph, whose touching story is told in the Book of Genesis. After his death they were, however, made slaves and used very harshly. A good, learned, and heroic man named Moses, who, although he had been brought up by the king's daughter as her son, burned with righteous anger for the wrongs of his oppressed countrymen, rose at the head of them and delivered them. How they journeyed to Palestine, living under chiefs or judges; killing, in the cruel manner of that age, men, women, and children; how they grew and prospered, but, falling into vice, became weak and enslaved: then rose again for a time, until when Jesus Christ lived they were subject to the Roman Empire, you will learn by and by from Scripture histories.

XIV. MAN'S PROGRESS IN ALL THINGS.

The early history of man shows us how wonderful his progress has been when we compare the Age of Stone with our present happy lot. Not only in house-building, cooking, pottery, clothing, various uses of metals, have rude ways been improved upon, but also in his knowledge of the earth beneath and the stars around has the progress of man been vast. The lightning and the wind, the rushing stream, daily work for him, and their force is chained to do his bidding. He has already seen a good depth, and may see further yet, into the mystery of the stars, and every day he is spelling out some sentence here and there in the great book of Nature.

One would like to know and thank those men of the past who laid the

foundation of all that has since been done. For he who first chipped a flint was the father of all sculptors; he who first scratched a picture of man or mammoth was the father of all painters; he who first piled stones together was the father of all builders of abbeys and cathedrals; he who first bored a hole in a reindeer's bone to make a whistle, or twanged a stretched sinew, was the father of all musicians; he who first rhymed his simple thoughts was the father of all poets; he who first strove to learn the secret of sun and star was the father of all astronomers.

XV. DECAY OF PEOPLES.

I have called this "simple account of man in early times" by the title of the "Childhood of the World," because the progress of the world from its past to its present state is like the growth of each of us from childhood to manhood or womanhood.

Although the story has, on the whole, flowed smoothly along, we must not leave out of sight the terrible facts which have sometimes checked the current. History, in books and in ruins, teaches that there have been tribes and nations (some of the nations go great and splendid that it seemed impossible for them ever to fall) which have reached a certain point, then decayed and died. And since man has lived so many thousands of years on the earth, there must have risen and fallen races and tribes of which no trace will ever be found.

The cause of the shameful sin and crime of which every place in this world has been more or less the scene, has sometimes been man's ignorance of what is due to his God and his fellow-man, but more often his willful use of power to do evil, forgetting, in his folly and wrong-doing, that the laws of God change not, that Sin is a fair-dealing master and pays his servants the wages of death. They have disobeyed the law of love, and hence have arisen cruel wars and shocking butcheries; captures of free

people and the crushing of their brave spirits in slavery. They have disobeyed the laws of health, and the plague or "black death" has killed tens of thousands, or gluttony and drunkenness have destroyed them. They have loved money and selfish ease (forgetting the eternal fact that not one of us can live by bread alone, but that we live our lowest if that be the end and aim of our life), and their souls, lean and hungry, have perished.

But although the hand on the clock-face of progress has seemed now and then to stand still, or even to go back, it is a great truth for our comfort and trust that the world gets better and not worse. There are some people who are always sighing for what is not or cannot be; who look back to the days of their childhood and wish them here again; who are ever talking of the "good old days" when laughter rang with richest mirth, when work was plentiful and beggars scarce, and life so free from care that wrinkles never marked the happy face. Do not listen to these people; they have either misread the past or not read it at all. Like some other things, it is well-looking at a distance, but ill-looking near. We have not to go far back to the "good old times," to learn that kings and queens were worse lodged and fed and taught than a servant is nowadays.

It is very foolish and wrong to either wish the past back again, or to speak slightly of it. It filled its place; it did its appointed work. Even out of terrible wars blessings have sometimes come, and that which men have looked upon as evil has been fruitful in good. We cannot see the end as well as the beginning: God alone can do that. The true wisdom is to see in all the steps of this earth's progress the guiding hand of God, and to believe that He will not leave to itself the world which for His own pleasure he has created. For

"nothing walks with aimless feet."

To you and to every one of us, God gives work to do; and if He takes it away, it is that others may do it better, and so the well-being of all be secured.

Let us strive to do thoroughly the work which we find nearest to our hand; though we may think it small and trifling, it is not so in the sight of Him who made the dew-drop as well as the sun, and who looks not so much upon the thing we have to do, as upon the way and the spirit in which we do it.

PART II.

XVI. INTRODUCTORY.

IN seeking to show you by what slow steps man came to believe in one all-wise and all-good God, I wish to fix one great truth upon your young heart about Him; for the nobler your view of Him is, the nobler is your life likely to be.

Now you would think your father very hard and cruel if he loaded you with all the good things he had, and sent your brothers and sisters, each of them yearning for his love and kisses, to some homeless spot to live uncared for and unloved, and to die unwept.

And yet this is exactly what some people have said that God does. They have spoken of Him, who has given life to every man, woman, and child, without power on their part to take or refuse what is thus given, as being near only a few of His creatures, and leaving the rest, feeling a soul-hunger after Him, to care for themselves and to never find Him.

Believe that He who is called our Father is better, more just, more loving, than the best fathers can be, and that He "is not far from any one of us."

In those dim ages through which I have led you, God, whose breath made and ever makes each of us "a

living soul," was as near the people who lived then as He is near us, leading them, although they, like ourselves, often knew it not. The rudest, and to us in some things most shocking, forms of religion, were not invented by any devil, permitted by God, to delude men to destruction, but were, as we learn from savage races now, the early struggles of man from darkness to twilight—for no man really loves the darkness—and from twilight to full day.

Around him was the beauty and motion of life; before him very often the mystery of death, for there were weeping fathers and mothers in those old times over dead little children, and friends stood silent and tearful beside their dead friends in those days as they do in these; and do you think that man would sit himself down to frame a willful, cunning lie about the things which awed him?

Although the ideas which these early men had about what they saw and felt were wrong, *they were right to them*, and it was only after a long time when some shrewd man, making bad use of his shrewdness, pretended to know more than God will ever permit man to know here, that lies and juggling with the truth of things began.

I tell you this because I want you to feel a trust in God that nothing can take away; and how much you will need this trust, when your heart comes to feel the sin and sorrow of this world, the years that are before you will reveal.

XVII. MAN'S FIRST QUESTIONS.

It was not long after man had risen from his first low state, and the chief wants of his body were supplied, that he would begin to act the *man* still more by *thinking* (see page 3), and then would hear some voice within, telling him that eating and drinking were not the chief ends for which life had been given him.

He saw around him the world with its great silent hills and green val-

leys; its rugged ridges of purple-tinted mountains, and miles of barren flat; its trees and fragrant flowers; the graceful forms of man, the soaring bird, the swift deer and kingly lion; the big, ungainly-shaped mammoth, long since died out; the wide scene, beaming with the colors which came forth at the bidding touch of the sunlight, or bathed in the shadows cast by passing clouds: he saw the sun rise and travel to the west, carrying the light away; the moon at regular times growing from sickle-shape to full round orb; * then each night the stars, few or many, bursting out like sparks struck off the wheels of the Sun-God's chariot, or like the glittering sprays of water cast by a ship as she plows the sea.

His ears listened to the different sounds of Nature; the music of the flowing river; the roar of the never-silent sea; the rustle of the leaves as they were swept by the unseen fingers of the breeze; the patter of the rain as it dropped from the great black clouds; the rumble of the thunder as it followed the spear-like flashes of light sent from the rolling clouds: these and a hundred other sounds, now harsh, now sweet, made him ask—What does it all mean? Where and what am I? Whence came I? whence came all that I see and hear and touch?

Man's first feeling was one of simple wonder; his second feeling the wish to find out the *cause* of things, what it was that made them as they were.

All around him was Nature (by which is meant *that which brings forth*), great, mighty, beautiful; was it not all alive, for did it not all move?

In thinking how man would seek to get at the cause of what he saw, we must not suppose that he could reason as we do. But although he could not shape his thoughts into polished

* Moon means the *measurer*, hence our word *month*, "for time was measured by nights and moons long before it was reckoned by days and suns and years."

speech, common sense stood by to help him.

He knew that he himself moved or stood still as he chose, that his choice was ruled by certain reasons, and that only when he willed to do anything was it done. Something within governed all that he did. Nature was not still; the river flowed, the clouds drifted, the leaves trembled, the earth shook; sun, moon, and stars stayed not; these then must be moved by something within them.

Thus began a belief in spirits dwelling in everything—in sun, tree, waterfall, flame, beast, bird, and serpent.

XVIII. MYTHS.

In seeking to account for the kind of life which seemed to be (and really was, although not as he thought of it) in all things around, man shaped the most curious notions into the form of *myths*, by which is meant a fanciful story founded on something real. If to us a boat or a ship becomes a sort of personal thing, especially when named after any one; if "Jack Frost," and "Old Father Christmas," which are but names, seem also persons to the mind of a little child, we may readily see how natural it is for savages to think that the flame licking up the wood is a living thing whose head could be cut off; to believe that the gnawing feeling of hunger is caused by a lizard or a bird in the stomach; to imagine that the echoes which the hills threw back came from the dwarfs who dwelt among them, and that the thunder was the rumbling of the Heaven-God's chariot wheels.

Myths have changed their form in different ages, but they remain among us even now, and live in many a word still used, the first meaning of which has died out. To show you what is meant; we often speak of a cross or sullen person being in a bad *humor*, which word rests on a very old and false notion that there were four moistures or *humors* in the body, on the proper mixing of which the good or bad temper of a person depended.

In telling you a little about myths I

cannot attempt to show you where the simple early myths become later on stiffened into the legends of heroes, with loves and fears and hates and mighty deeds, such as make up so much of the early history of Greece and Rome, for that you will learn from other and larger books than this.

XIX. MYTHS ABOUT SUN AND MOON.

Among many savage tribes, the sun and moon are thought to be man and wife, or brother and sister. One of the most curious myths of this kind comes from the Esquimaux, the dwellers in the far North. It relates that when a girl was at a party, some one told his love for her by shaking her shoulders after the manner of the country. She could not see who it was in the dark hut, so she smeared her hands with soot, and when he came back she blackened his cheek with her hand. When a light was brought she saw that it was her brother, and fled. He ran after her and followed her as she came to the end of the earth and sprang out into the sky. There she became the sun and he the moon, and this is why the moon is always chasing the sun through the heavens, and why the moon is sometimes dark as he turns his blackened cheek towards the earth.

In all the languages known as Teutonic the moon was of the male gender and the sun of the female gender.

Among other people, and in later times, the sun is spoken of as the lover of the dawn, who went before him killing her with his bright spear-like rays, while night was a living thing which swallowed up the day. If the sun is a face streaming with locks of light, the moon is a silver boat, or a mermaid living half her time under the water. When the sun shone with a pleasant warmth he was called the friend of man; when his heat scorched the earth he was said to be slaying his children. You have perhaps heard that the dark patches on the moon's face, which look so very

much like a nose and two eyes, gave rise to the notion of a "man in the moon," who was said to be set up there for picking sticks on a Sunday.

XX. MYTHS ABOUT ECLIPSES.

There is something so weird and gloomy in eclipses of the sun and moon, that we can readily understand how through all the world they have been looked upon as the direct work of some dreadful power.

The Chinese imagine them to be caused by great dragons trying to devour the sun and moon, and beat drums and brass kettles to make the monsters give up their prey. Some of the tribes of American Indians speak of the moon as hunted by huge dogs, catching and tearing her till her soft light is reddened and put out by the blood flowing from her wounds. To this day in India the native beats his gong as the moon passes across the sun's face, and it is not so very long ago that in Europe both eclipses and rushing comets were thought to show that troubles were near.

Fear is the daughter of Ignorance, and departs when knowledge enlightens us as to the cause of things.

We know that an eclipse (which comes from Greek words meaning to *leave out* or *forsake*) is caused either by the moon passing in such a line between the earth and the sun as to cause his light to be in part or altogether hidden, *left out* for a short time, or by the earth so passing between the sun and moon as to throw its shadow upon the moon and partly or wholly hide her light. *Our* fear would arise if eclipses did not happen at the very moment when astronomers have calculated them to occur.

XXI. MYTHS ABOUT STARS.

There is a curious Asian myth about the stars which tells that the sun and moon are both women. The stars are the moon's children, and the sun once had as many. Fearing that mankind could not bear so much light, each

agreed to eat up her children. The moon hid hers away, but the sun kept her word, which no sooner had she done than the moon brought her children from their hiding-place. When the sun saw them she was filled with rage, and chased the moon to kill her, and the chase has lasted ever since. Sometimes the sun comes near enough to bite the moon, and that is an eclipse. The sun, as men may still see, devours her stars at dawn, but the moon hides hers all day while the sun is near, and brings them out at night only, when the sun is far away.

The names still in use for certain clusters of stars and single stars, were given long ago when the stars were thought to be living creatures. They were said to be men who had once lived here, or to be mighty hunters or groups of young men and maidens dancing. Many of the names given show that the stars were watched with anxiety by the farmer and sailor, who thought they ruled the weather. The group of stars known to us as the Pleiades were so called from the word *plain*, which means to *sail*, because the old Greek sailors watched for their rising before they ventured on the ocean. The same stars are called the *digging* stars by the Zulus, who live in South Africa, because when they appear the people begin to dig. A very good illustration of the change which a myth takes is afforded by these same stars, which are spoken of in Greek mythology as the seven daughters of Atlas (who was said to bear the world on his shoulders), six of whom were wedded to the Gods, but the seventh to a king, for which reason Merope, as she is named, shines the faintest of them all.

The stars were formerly believed to govern the fate of a person in life. The temper was said to be good or bad; the nature grave or gay, according to the planet which was in the ascendant, as it was called, at birth. Several words in our language witness to this old belief. We speak of a "disaster," which means the stroke or blast of an unlucky star; *aster* being

a Greek word for *star*. We call a person "ill-starred" or "born under a lucky star." Grave and gloomy people are called "saturnine," because those born under the planet Saturn are said to be so disposed. Merry and happy-natured people are called "jovial," as born under the planet Jupiter, or Jove. Active and sprightly people are called "mercurial," as born under the planet Mercury. Mad people are called "lunatics." *Luna* is the Latin word for moon, and the more sane movements of the insane were believed to depend upon her phases or appearances of change in form.

Sun, moon and stars were all thought to be fixed to the great heavens (which means *heaved* or lifted up, and comes from an Anglo-Saxon word, *hefan*, to lift), because it seemed like a solid arch over the flat earth. To many a mind it was the place of bliss, where care and want and age could never enter. The path to it was said to be along that bright-looking band across the sky known to us as the "Milky Way," the sight of which has given birth to several beautiful myths. I should like to stay and tell you some of them, but we must not let the myths keep us too long from the realities.

XXII. MYTHS ABOUT THE EARTH AND MAN.

The waterspout was thought to be a giant or sea-serpent reaching from sea to sky; the rainbow (which books about light will tell you is a circle, half only of which we can see) was said to be a living demon coming down to drink when the rain fell, or, prettier myth, the heaven-ladder or bridge along which the souls of the blest are led by angels to Paradise, or the bow of God set in the clouds, as Indian, Jew, and Finn have called it; the clouds were cows driven by the children of the morning to their pasture in the blue fields of heaven; the tides were the beating of the ocean's heart; the earthquake was caused by the Earth-Tortoise moving under

neath; the lightning was the forked tongue of the storm-demon, the thunder was his roar; volcanoes were the dwelling-places of angry demons who threw up red-hot stones from them.

Man's sense of the wonderful is so strong that a belief in giants and pigmies and fairies was as easy to him as it has been hard to remove. The bones of huge beasts now extinct were said to have belonged to giants, whose footprints were left in those hollows in stones which we know to be water-worn. The big loose stones were said to have been torn from the rocks by the giants and hurled at their foes in battle. The stories of the very small people who once lived in this part of Europe, and whose descendants now live in Lapland, gave rise to a belief in dwarfs. The flint arrow-heads of the Stone Age were said to be elf-darts used by the little spirits dwelling in woods and wild places, while the polished stone axes were thunderbolts.

How all kinds of other myths, such as those accounting for the bear's stumpy tail, the robin's red breast, the cross-bill's twisted bill, the aspen's quivering leaf, arose, I cannot now stay to tell you, nor how out of myths there grew the nursery stories and fairy tales which children never tire of hearing; for we must now be starting on our voyage from the wonderful realm of fancy to the not less wonderful land of fact, whither science is ever bearing us. Nay, not less wonderful but more wonderful, since the fancies come from the facts, not the facts from the fancies.

XXIII. MAN'S IDEAS ABOUT THE SOUL.

We have learnt that because man saw all nature to be in motion, he believed that life dwelt in all, that a spirit moved leaf, and cloud, and beast. *Words* now come in to tell us what in the course of time was man's notion about a spirit. The difference between a living and a dead man is this: the living man breathes and moves; the dead man has ceased to breathe and is still. Now the word

spirit means *breath*, and in the leading languages of the world the word used for *soul* or *spirit* is that which signifies *breath* or *wind*. Frequently the soul of man is thought to be a sort of steam or vapor, or a man's shadow, which becoming unsettled causes him to be ill. The savage thinks that the spirit can leave the body during sleep, and so whatever happens to him in his dreams seems as real and true as if it had taken place while he was awake. If he sees some dead friend in his sleep, he believes either that the dead have come to him or that his spirit has been on a visit to his friend, and he is very careful not to wake any one sleeping lest the soul should happen to be away from the body. Believing that a man's soul could thus go in and out of his body, it was also thought that demons could be drawn in with the breath, and that yawning and sneezing were proofs of their nearness. So what is called an invocation was spoken to ward them off, of which we have a trace in the custom of saying "God bless you" when any one sneezes.

According to an old Jewish legend, "the custom of saying 'God bless you' when a person sneezes dates from Jacob. The Rabbis say that before the time that Jacob lived, men sneezed once and that was the end of them—the shock slew them. This law was set aside at the prayer of Jacob on condition that in all nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words 'God bless you.'"

Diseases were said to be caused, among other things, by the soul staying away too long from the body, and the bringing of it back is a part of the priest's or wizard's work.

All these ideas, crude as they are, have lived on among people long after they have risen from savagery, and in fact remain among us, although their first meaning is hidden, in such sayings as a man being "out of his mind," or "beside himself," or "come to himself." If the body has suffered any loss in limb or otherwise, the soul is thought to be maimed too. And the

belief that it will need, after it leaves the body, all the things which it has had here will explain the custom of killing wives and slaves to follow the deceased, and as among very low races lifeless things are said to have souls, of placing clothes, weapons, and ornaments in the grave for the dead person's use in another world. It is within a very few years that in Europe the soldier's horse that follows his dead master in the funeral procession was shot and buried with him.

Man regarding himself as surrounded by spirits, dwelling in everything and all-powerful to do him good or harm, shaped his notions about them as they seemed to smile or frown upon him.

Not only did he look upon sickness as often the work of demon-spirits, but in his fear he filled the darkness with ghosts of the dead rising from their graves, shrieking at his door, sitting in his house, tapping him on the shoulder, and breaking the silence with their whistling tones.

XXIV. BELIEF IN MAGIC AND WITCH-CRAFT.

In the desire to ward off these unwelcome guests, man has made use of charms and magic arts and tricks of different sorts. And there have always been those who, shrewder than the rest, have traded on the fears of the weak and timid, and professed to have power over the spirits or such influence with them as to drive them away by certain words or things. Medicine-men, rain-makers, wizards, conjurers, and sorcerers, these have abounded everywhere; and even among us now there are found, under other names, people who think they have power with the unseen and know more about the unknown than has ever been or will be given to man to find out in this life.

This belief in magical arts, which is so firmly rooted among the lowest tribes of mankind, has only within the last two hundred years died out among civilized people, and even lin-

gers still in out-of-the-way places among the foolish and ignorant, who are always ready to see a miracle in everything that they cannot understand. Out of it grew the horrid belief in witchcraft, through which it is reckoned *nine millions* of people have been burned! Witchcraft spread with a belief in the devil, who, being looked upon as the enemy of God and man, was regarded as the cause of all the evil in the world, which he worked either by himself or by the aid of agents. It was held that persons had sold themselves to him, he in return promising that they should lack nothing and should have power to torment man and woman and child and beast. If any one, therefore, felt strange pains—if any sad loss came—it was the unholy work of witches. It was they who caused the withering storm; the ruin to the crops; the sudden death of the cattle; and when any one pined away in sickness, it was because some old witch had cast her evil eye upon him, or made a waxen image of him and set it before the fire, that the sick man may waste away as it melted. The poor creatures who were charged with thus being in league with the devil were sought for among helpless old women. To have a wrinkled face, a hairy lip, a squint eye, a hobbling gait, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue; to live alone: these were thought proofs enough, and to such miserable victims torture was applied so cruelly that death was a welcome release.

XXV. MAN'S AWE OF THE UNKNOWN.

Since all that puzzles the savage puzzles us, we can feel with him, when he speaks of the soul as breath, of dreams as real, and, in hushed voice, of good and bad spirits around.

To this day we have not, nor does it seem likely we ever can have, any clear idea about the soul. We have a vague notion that at death it leaves the body as a sort of filmy thing or shadow or vapor. English, Chinese, and Indians alike will keep some door

or window open through which the departing soul may leave, and it is a German saying that a door should not be slammed lest a soul be pinched in it!

And our dreams, which so many believe in as bringing faithful messages of joy and sorrow, seem to us so real and "true while they last." Even in the most foolish and baseless stories which are told about bells rung in haunted houses, and ghosts with sheeted arms in churchyards, there is, remember, a witness to the awe in which man, both civilized and savage, in every age and place, holds the unseen.

For all that science tells us about the creatures that teem in a drop of water and in the little bodies that course with our blood, brings us no nearer to the great mystery of life. The more powerful the microscopes we use, the more wonders—as we might rightly expect—do we see: but *life itself* no glass will ever show us, and the soul of man no finger will ever touch.

God has given to man a mind, that is, power to think and reason and remember, and with it time, place, and wish to use the gift. He, in the words of a great poet, "wraps man in darkness and makes him ever long for light." As that which costs little is valued little, man would not have cared, had much knowledge been granted him at first, to strive after more; but because he knows little, yet feels that he has the power to learn much, he uses the power in gaining increase of wisdom and knowledge, till he feels the truth of those very old words which say of wisdom, "She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

XXVI. FETISH-WORSHIP.

So far then we have seen how man seeks to explain what he sees around him, and the next thing we have to find out is, what is his first feeling toward it all? It is to bow before it

and worship the powers which seem stronger than himself.

The very lowest form of worship is that paid to lifeless things in which some virtue or charm is thought to dwell, and is called "fetish" worship, from a word meaning a *charm*. It does not matter what the object is; it may be a stone of curious shape, the stump of a tree with the roots turned up, even an old hat or a red rag, so long as some good is supposed to be had, or some evil to be thwarted, through it. The worship of stones, about which we may read in the Bible, prevails to this day among rude tribes, who have the strangest notions about them as being sometimes husbands and wives, sometimes the dwelling-place of spirits. The confused ideas which cause the savage to look upon dreams as real cause him to confound the lifeless with the living, and to carefully destroy the parings off his nails and cuttings of his hair, lest evil should be worked through them. The New Zealander would thrust pebbles down the throat of a male child to make its heart hard. The Zulu chews wood that the heart of his foe or of the woman whom he loves may soften toward him even as the wood is being bruised. The dreadful practice of men eating human flesh is supposed to have arisen from the idea that if the flesh of some strong, brave man be eaten, it makes the eater brave and strong also. The natives of Borneo will not eat deer lest they should thereby become faint-hearted, and the Malays will give much for the flesh of the tiger to make them brave. If a Tartar doctor has not the medicine which he wants he will write its name on a scrap of paper and make a pill of it for the patient to take. A story is told of a man in Africa who was thought very holy, and who earned his living by writing prayers on a board, washing them off and selling the water.

We may laugh at this, but whenever we say a verse out of the Bible, or gabble over the beautiful Lord's Pray-

er, because we think that in some mysterious way we get good by so doing, we are fetish-worshippers, and far below the poor savages I am telling you about, for we know that unless our hearts speak, no muttering of words can help us.

XXVII. IDOLATRY.

The customs of worshipping a fetish and of setting up an idol, although they may appear the same, are really very different, because when an idol is made it does not always follow that it is worshiped. The word "idol" comes from a Greek word meaning an *image* or *form*, and sometimes the idol is treated as only an image of the god or gods believed in, and is not mistaken for the god itself. Unhappily it has more frequently been regarded as a god, and believed to hear prayer, to accept gifts, and have power to bless or curse. The materials out of which different races shape their gods show us what their ideas are. These may be mere bundles of grass or rudely daubed stones, or carved with the care and beauty displayed in the household idols of the East. If the god is believed in as all-powerful, a huge image will be built, to which will be given a score of arms and legs, the head of a lion, the feet of a stag, and the wings of a bird. But it would fill a much larger book than this were I to tell you how in every age different nations have made and worshiped idols and what they have been like. Very many years will yet pass away before even in civilized countries people will learn that the great God has neither shape nor parts, and can never be looked upon, "seeing," as the good apostle Paul told the Greeks, "that He is Lord of heaven and earth, and dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and therefore is not "like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device."

XXVIII. NATURE-WORSHIP.

We have now to leave the lifeless

things in which poor savage man has found a god to hang round his neck or set up in his hut and learn a little about some of the living and moving things which are worshiped.

Some learned men think that the worship of serpents and trees was the earliest faith of mankind. Others have thought that the sun, moon, stars, and fire were first worshiped. But it seems more likely that in different parts of the world men had different gods, and would at first worship the things nearest to them till they knew enough about them to lessen fear, and would then bow before those greater powers whose mysteries are hidden still.

1. WATER-WORSHIP. The worship of water is very wide-spread and easy to account for—for what seemed so full of life; and therefore, according to early man's reason, so full of spirits, as rivers, brooks, and water-falls? To him it was the water-demon that made the river flow so fast as to be dangerous in crossing, and that curled the dreaded whirlpool in which life was sucked. When one river-god came to be afterward believed in, as controlling every stream, making it to flow lazily along or to rush at torrent-speed, it was believed to be wrong to save any drowning person lest the river-god should be cheated of his prey.

Sacred springs, holy wells, abound everywhere to show how deep and lasting was water-worship. You have heard of sacred rivers, such as the Ganges, of which some beautiful stories are given in the sacred books of India, telling how it flows from the heavenly places to bless the earth and wash away all sin.

2. TREE-WORSHIP. The worship of trees is also very common. The life that, locked up within them during the long winter, burst out in leaf and flower and fruit, and seemed to moan or whisper as the breezes shook branch and leaf, was that not also the sign of an indwelling spirit?

So, far later in time than the early nature-worshippers, the old Greeks

thought when they peopled sea and stream, tree and hill, with beings whom they called nymphs, telling of the goddesses who dwelt in the water to bless the drinkers, and of those who were born and who died with the trees in which they lived. And you have perhaps heard that the priests of the ancient religion of this island held the oak-tree sacred and lived among its groves, as their name Druid, which comes from the Welsh word *derw* or the Greek *drus*, both meaning an *oak*, shows.

3. ANIMAL-WORSHIP. Besides the worship of trees and rivers and other like things seen to have life or motion, the worship of animals arose in very early times. The life in them was seen to be very different from that of the tree or river. The water swirled and foamed, the tree shook, the volcano hissed, but no eyes glinted from them, no huge claws sprang forth to tear. And the brute seemed so like to man in many things, and withal was so much stronger, that it must have a soul greater than the soul of man.

As mastery over the brute was gained, the fear and worship of it died out here and there, but sacred animals play a great part in many religions. The kind of brute worshiped depended very much on the country in which man lived. In the far North he worshiped the bear and wolf, further south the lion and tiger and crocodile, and in very many parts of the world the serpent. So cunning and subtle seemed that long, writhing, brilliant-colored thing, so deadly was its poison-fang, so fascinating the glitter of the eye that looked out from its hateful face, that for long centuries it was feared and became linked in the minds of men as the soul of that Evil which early worked sorrow and shame among them.

On this I cannot now dwell, but must go on to tell you that man's next step, rising from the worship of stones and brutes, was to believe in a class of great gods each ruling some separate part of nature or of the life of men.

XXIX. POLYTHEISM, OR BELIEF IN
MANY GODS.

Thus instead of thinking only of a separate spirit as dwelling in every streamlet, he conceived of one river-god or water-god ruling all streams, or of one sea-god ruling every sea. I hope you are taking notice of the lesson this history has so far taught, that the more man began to think and to know, the more did he lessen the number of his gods. Thus arose belief in one god ruling the thunder, another the rain, another the wind, another the sun, and so on.

As the best way of making quite clear to you the growth of belief in these great controlling beings, I will try and explain to you how the worship of the sun and moon began.

There is nothing that would excite man's wonder at first so much as the fact that daylight was not always with him, that for a time he could see things around him, and then that the darkness crept over them and caused him to grope along his path or lie down to rest.

Each morning, before the sun was seen, rays of light shot upward as if to herald his coming, and then he arrived to flood the earth with more light, growing brighter and brighter till the eye could scarce look upon him, so dazzling was the glory. Then as slowly he sank again, the light-rays lingering as they came until they passed away altogether.

About all the other gifts which the sun is made to shed upon this and other worlds you may read in books on astronomy (such as Mr. Lockyer's *Lessons in that science*), and from those you may learn true wonder-tales describing how we are all what the Incas of South America were called, "children of the sun;" here I am dealing with the sun as an object of worship only.

Welcome as was the light given by moon and far-off stars, it was less sure than the sun's, and, although it relieved the gloom and darkness, could not chase night away.

Therefore the natural reeling of man was to bow before this Lord of light, and, in the earliest known form of adoration, kiss his hand to it, paying it the offering of sacrifice. There is an old story from some Jewish writings known as the Talmud, which describes very powerfully man's feeling concerning the darkness and the light.

It relates that when Adam and Eve were driven out of the garden of Eden, they wandered over the face of the earth. And the sun began to set, and they looked with fear at the lessening of the light, and felt a horror like death steal over their hearts. And the light of heaven grew paler and the wretched ones clasped one another in an agony of despair. Then all grew dark. And the luckless ones fell on the earth, silent, and thought that God had withdrawn from them the light forever; and they spent the night in tears. But a beam of light began to rise over the eastern hills, after many hours of darkness, and the golden sun came back and dried the tears of Adam and Eve, and then they cried out with joy and said, "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning; this is a law that God hath laid upon nature."

The worship of the heavenly bodies is not only very wide-spread but continued to a late age among the great nations of the past, as the names of their gods and the remains of their temples prove. In this island pillars were once raised to the sun, and altars to the moon and the earth-goddess, while the story of early belief is preserved in the names given to some of the days of the week, as Sun-day, Mon- or Moon-day.

Days were the most ancient division of time, and as the changes of the moon began to be watched they marked the weeks, four weeks roughly making up the month which was seen to elapse between every new moon. To distinguish one day from another, names were given; and as it was a belief that each of the seven planets presided over a portion of the day,

their names were applied to the seven days of the week.

Our forefathers, however, consecrated the days of the week to their seven chief gods. Sunday and Monday to the sun and moon, as already stated; Tuesday to *Tuisco* (which name, strange as it may seem, comes from the same word-root as *Deity*), father of gods and men; Wednesday to *Woden* or *Odin*, one-eyed ruler of heaven and god of war; Thursday to *Thor*, the god of thunder; Friday to *Friga*, Woden's wife; Saturday either to *Seater*, a Saxon god, or to *Saturn*. We use the name for each month of the year which the Romans gave, but the Saxon names were very different, January being called the *wolf-monat* or wolf-month, March the *lenet-monat*, because the days were seen to *lengthen*, and so on.

I should tell you that there are countries where, because the heat of the sun is so fierce as to scorch and wither plant and often cause death to man, he is not worshiped as the giver of the blessed light, but feared as an evil, malicious god.

The worship of fire is usually found joined to that of sun, moon and stars. Fire gives light and warmth; it seems, in its wonderful power, to lick up all that is heaped upon it, like some hungry, never-satisfied demon, and is nearest of anything on earth to the great fire bodies in the sky.

XXX. DUALISM, OR BELIEF IN TWO GODS.

Man, as he came to think more and more about things, and not to be simply frightened into an unreasoning worship of living and dead objects, lessened still further the number of ruling powers, and seemed to see two mighty gods fighting for mastery over himself and the universe.

On the one hand was a power that appeared to dwell in the calm, unclouded blue, and with kind and loving heart to scatter welcome gifts upon men; on the other hand was a power that appeared to be harsh and cruel, that lashed the sea into fury,

covered earth and sky with blackness, swept man's home and crops away in torrent and in tempest, chilled him with icy hand, and gave his children to the beast of prey. One a god of light, smiling in the sunbeam; the other a god of darkness, scowling in the thundercloud; one ruling by good and gentle spirits, the other by fierce and evil spirits.

This belief in a good god opposed and fought against by a bad god became so deeply rooted that no religion is quite free from it, for it seemed to man the only explanation of the hurt and evil whose power he felt.

But it is not true that the Almighty God in whom we are taught to believe is checked and hindered by another power. If He were, He would cease to be all-mighty, and we should have to pray to the evil power and beseech *him* not to hurt us.

The sin which is in the world, and about which your own heart tells you, has its birth in the will of man, which God in His sovereign wisdom has created free. Instead of making us as mere machines that cannot go wrong, He has given us the awful power of doing either good or evil, and thus of showing our love to Him by choosing what He loves and doing the things that are pleasing in His sight. However anxious we may be, as man has so often been, to cast the blame of wrong-doing on another, the sins which we commit are our own willful work. This we know to be true because it is declared by that Voice within each of us which does not lie, and which is the voice of the holy God.

If we have power to break God's commandments, but not power to keep them, or if some unseen force, stronger than ourselves, is allowed to drive us into evil, we could not have that sense of guilt which ever follows sinning, because we should feel that the fault was not all our own, and that we should be wronged in being punished for what we could not help. Then that saddest of all states—dis-

trust of God, distrust of His voice within—would be ours.

But leaving this matter for awhile, I have hitherto said little about the way in which man would seek to express his feelings toward the gods in which he believed, be they few or many, good or bad. One way was by *praying* to them, another way by offering *sacrifice* to them.

XXXI. PRAYER.

To cry for help when we are in danger is our first act; to ask for what we want from those who seem able and willing to give it is both natural and right. Thus man prayed to his gods, and prays still, for to the end of time the deep long cry of mankind to Heaven will continue. And rude and hideous as may be the idol to which the poor savage tells his story of need or sorrow, we must, remember, stand in awe as we think of the soul within him that hungers for its food, even as the body hungers, and that yearns after the unseen God whom we call our Father in Heaven. Of course he prays in his ignorance for many weak and foolish things, to grant which would be really hurtful to him. In this he is like children who ask their parents for something which those parents know is not good for them, and who think themselves badly treated because they are denied it.

As man gets more thoughtful and trustful, he prays for better gifts than the things which perish, and, telling his wants and troubles to the All-wise Being, leaves it to Him to send whatever he may choose.

—“in His decision rest,
Secure whate’er He gives, He gives the best.”

XXXII. SACRIFICE.

The reason for offering sacrifices is explained by man’s dealings with his fellow-man.

When we feel that we have vexed

our friends, or that for some cause they are angry with us, our first desire is to remove the anger by an offering of some kind; while toward those whom we love and feel grateful for their kindness, we show our love and thanks by gifts.

In this way, sacrifices or offerings to idols, and to the seen and unseen powers of good and evil, began, and have continued in different forms among all nations to the present day; one sacrifice being offered from a feeling of thanksgiving, another as a bribe to quiet or appease the gods thought to be angry, and who, being looked upon very often as big men, were supposed to be humored like cross and sulky people.

Of course men would offer the best of what they had, and would pick the finest fruits and flowers as gifts to the gods, or burn upon a raised pile of stones called an altar the most spotless of their flocks. And because the surrender of the nearest and dearest was often thought necessary to allay the anger, or secure the help, or ward off the vengeance of the god, the lives of the dear ones were offered, and this is one of the chief causes of the hideous and horrid rites which curdle one’s blood to think about, and of which every land and every age have been the spectators.

The blessed Father of all “is not a God of the dead, but of the living,” and a Being who therefore loves not the sacrifice of blood and death. The sacrifice which is sweet to Him is that of hearts which, sorrowful for their sins and for grieving Him by wandering from His fatherly arms, are willing to give up their wrongdoings, and, casting out selfishness, in which so much evil lurks, to do His will on earth as it is done in heaven. Men are only now slowly learning this great truth, although many centuries have passed away since it was first taught, because they have found it easier to profess certain beliefs or pay others to perform certain rites for them, than to strive day by day to obey the commandments of God.

XXXIII. MONOTHEISM, OR BELIEF IN ONE GOD.

Coming much nearer the time when the history of man's religious belief grows clearer, we see that his ideas had become higher and nobler.

It had at first seemed to him as if in heaven above and earth beneath naught but confusion reigned, but as the course of things became more carefully watched, it was seen that order, not disorder; plan, not blind fate, ruled the universe.

The storm which made havoc with the fruit of man's industry swept disease and foul air away; the fire that, uncontrolled, destroyed, was, when controlled, man's useful servant; the night that filled the air with bad spirits, lulled man to welcome rest; the things which had been looked upon as curses, turned out to be blessings, and much that seemed discord in nature was harmony to him who touched the chords aright.

Man had at first worshiped that which was *strongest*, and feared that which seemed likeliest to harm him most; but as he grew in knowledge and wisdom, he came to worship that which was *best*. This arose from the feeling, which I have just described, that something else than crushing force was over all. We have seen that on man's first entrance into life he found "it one continued battle against forces of all kinds, and the only law that ruled was the law of might. He who could get a thing and keep it was entitled to it. Besides ability to defend himself by sheer force or cunning, man possessed the power of injuring and of doing wanton cruelty and mischief for its own sake, and of this power all history shows us he made sad use. Lower in this than the beast which slays to satisfy its hunger, man killed his fellow-man to satisfy his lawless ambition, and committed ravages which centuries of labor have been unable to repair. But as the human family increased, it became clear that there would soon be an end to every-

thing, did man continue using to the full this power to hurt, and plunder, and kill. Therefore to enable mankind to live together in peace and to progress, it was needful for them to feel that respect was due to the rights of others, and that it was necessary to do to them as they would wish to be done unto. If a man refused to agree to this, and in malice injured another, he was punished for breaking the rules which must be kept to make what is called *society* possible. But besides the sense of duty towards others, there was another and a deeper sense by which man felt that it was wrong to injure them.

There is something within every one, when called upon to choose between a better and a worse, which speaks in clear and certain tones.

If we are tempted to do wrong, yet know to do right, from whence comes the knowledge? If after each act of kindness, each duty faithfully done, there follows a blessed peace, from whence does it spring? Sun and moon cannot be spoken of as knowing right from wrong, or as helping us to discern the difference. The stars of heaven and the stones of earth know nothing about duties, and are moved or kept still by other laws than the law of love.

God is its source, and none other but He.

"His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks forgiven."

Never, I beseech you, stifle Conscience, for when it speaks you are in the path of danger; only when you are safe is it silent, yet none the less watchful, unsleeping. Never, I beseech you, try to displace that judge who never leaves his seat, but sits moment by moment weighing every thought and act in his balance.

For that which we feel and know to be the highest law within us must, we rightly argue, dwell in perfection in Him whose authority thus makes itself heard by us. And since God's laws are the creatures of His love, it

follows that to obey them is to dwell in love, and therefore to dwell in God.

So man, footsore and toilworn, came at last to rest in this, and to believe in One God and Father of all. "maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible," and to believe that "to love Him with all the heart is more than all the whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices."

In some such way as I have tried to show you did man arrive at this sublimest of all beliefs. But only a few out of the large human family are thus blessed; the greater number still worship gods many, gods good, bad, and indifferent.

Even where a belief in one God has been reached, He has at first been shaped in the mind after the fashion of a man. To the people dwelling in the cold, bleak North, he was the Thunderer; to the people dwelling further south on the coast that bordered quiet waters and under sunny skies, he was the Beautiful; to the dweller in the plain, strong in soul and rough in dealing, he was a power walking on the wings of the wind, a being with the feelings and passions of a man.

It needed great teachers who walked amidst the groves of beautiful Athens, and a greater still who sat wearied by a well in Samaria, to convey ideas of God which cannot be surpassed.

And yet history tells us that in this as in other things nations have fallen back. They have forgotten God as the children of Israel did when, after receiving His commandment to worship no graven image, they shaped an idol like the sacred bull of the Egypt they had left.

Just as there are savage races still in that Stone Age, which, I have shown you, was the beginning of progress, and which Europe has left thousands of years behind, so there are to be found races that have not risen above the lowest ideas about spirits in lifeless things. *They show us what we were; we represent what, it is hoped, they may become.* In believing this

we gain trust that, since God has made nothing in vain, He will give to the poor and wild and ignorant to know in the hereafter, what, through no fault of theirs, has been hidden from them here.

XXXIV. THREE STORIES ABOUT ABRAHAM.

Since the highest belief of any time is the belief of its highest minds, it is clear that in every age there have been men more far-seeing and thoughtful than their fellow-men, who, feeling that this great, solemn life is given for something nobler than eating and money-getting, asked themselves why they were at all; whither they were going; and from whence came what they saw around them. Of the holy lives with which such men enriched the earth, and of the wise and beautiful thoughts in which they have recorded their search after truth, which is but another name for search after God, you will learn by and by; but I want to redeem my promise and tell you a little about one of these men, earliest in historic time, who is thought to have laid hold of and given to us through others a belief in the One God.

Abraham, for he it is whom I mean, was a native of the country called Chaldea. The clear sky of that Eastern land invited the people dwelling in it to the charming study of the sun, moon, and stars, and they not only worshiped these bodies, but sought to foretell the fate of men from them. An ancient historian tells us that every Chaldean had a signet and staff bearing the sign of the planet or stars that were seen at his birth. Some have said that Ur, the city where Abraham was born, was a chief seat of sun-worship, and that its name means light or fire. We may safely say that Abraham's early years were spent among sun-worshippers, and it may interest you to know that his name and memory are held in high honor, not only by the Jews, but also by the Persians and Mohammedans.

Among the stories about him which are preserved in certain ancient books are the following:

Terah, the father of Abraham, was a maker and dealer in idols. Being obliged to go from home one day, he left Abraham in charge. An old man came in and asked the price of one of the idols. "Old man," said Abraham, "how old art thou?" "Threescore years," answered the old man. "Threescore years!" said Abraham, "and thou wouldst worship a thing that my father's slaves made in a few hours? Strange that a man of sixty should bow his gray head to a creature such as that." The man, crimsoned with shame, turned away; and then came a grave-looking woman to bring an offering to the gods. "Give it them thyself," said Abraham; "thou wilt see how greedily they will eat it." She did so. Abraham then took a hammer and broke all the idols except the largest, in whose hands he placed the hammer. When Terah returned, he asked angrily what profane wretch had dared thus to abuse the gods. "Why," said Abraham, "during thine absence a woman brought yonder food to the gods and the younger ones began to eat. The old god, enraged at their boldness, took the hammer and smashed them." "Dost thou mock thy aged father?" said Terah; "do I not know that they can neither eat nor move?" "And yet," said Abraham, "thou worshipest them, and wouldst have me worship them too." The story adds that Terah, in his rage, sent Abraham to be judged for his crime by the king.

Nimrod asked Abraham: You will not adore the idols of your father. Then pray to fire.

Abraham: Why may I not pray to water, which will quench fire?

Nimrod: Be it so: pray to water.

Abraham: But why not to the clouds which hold the water?

Nimrod: Well, then, pray to the clouds.

Abraham: But why not to the wind, which drives the clouds before it?

Nimrod: Then pray to the wind.

Abraham: Be not angry, O King—I cannot pray to the fire or the water or the clouds or the wind, but to the Creator who made them: Him only will I worship.

On another occasion, "Abraham left a cave in which he had dwelt and stood on the face of the desert. And when he saw the sun shining in all its glory, he was filled with wonder; and he thought, 'Surely the sun is God the Creator,' and he knelt down and worshiped the sun. But when evening came, the sun went down in the west, and Abraham said, 'No, the Author of creation cannot set.' Now the moon arose in the east, and the stars looked out of the sky. Then said Abraham, 'This moon must indeed be God, and all the stars are His host.' And kneeling down he adored the moon. But the moon set also, and from the east appeared once more the sun's bright face. Then said Abraham, 'Verily these heavenly bodies are no gods, for they obey law; I will worship Him whose laws they obey.'"

XXXV. MAN'S BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

The rude beliefs about spirits and dreams and the customs observed at burials show us that, however shapeless man's idea of another life may be, he has from the earliest times believed that the spirit or *breath*, the ghost (which comes from the same root as *gust*), departs to dwell elsewhere when the body is cold and still in death. The highest and lowest races of men have tried to form some notion of what that blessed state is like where happiness is given to the good, where friends "loved long since and lost awhile," will, with smiling angel-faces, welcome us; or what that dark state may be where misery and wanhope (despair) dwell.

Man, in wondering what becomes of the spirit, has thought that it haunted the place where it once lived, or that it passed into some other body, perhaps into some animal, and then

into higher and higher forms, until it reached the dwelling-place of the gods.

He has placed his heaven in some far-off Island of the Blest, or in some sunny land,

"Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,"

or in the west where the sun sets, or in the sun, moon, and stars themselves. The pictures of it have been copied from the earth; and all that he loves here, whether chaste or coarse, he hopes to have in larger measure there, even as he wishes to shut out from thence all that he dreads now.

The best and brightest view of heaven is, leaving the rude idea of the savage far behind, to hold in every place on earth a fit spot whereon to kneel, to feel the sacredness of duty, and then we shall believe that all which we here know to be highest and noblest and best shall be ours in heaven, wherever that heaven may be. The thought that God's worlds are thus linked together is very beautifully touched upon in one of the old Persian sacred books. The soul of a good man is pictured as being met in the other world by a lovely maiden, "noble, with brilliant face, one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures. Then to her speaks the soul of the pure man, asking, 'What maiden art thou whom I have seen here as the fairest of maidens in body?' She answers, 'I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, words, and works, thy good law, the own law of thine own body. Thou hast made the pleasant yet pleasanter to me, the fair yet fairer.'"*

And since all of us like to read hymns about heaven, here is one which I expect you have never seen before. It was written thousands of years ago by some great-souled Aryan,

and is full of music that cannot die away:

Where there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, O Soma!

Where king Vaivasvata reigns, where the secret place of heaven is, where these mighty waters are, there make me immortal!

Where life is free, in the third heaven of heavens, where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal!

Where wishes and desires are, where the place of the bright sun is, where there is freedom and delight, there make me immortal!

Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me immortal!

XXXVI. SACRED BOOKS.

If this book has taught you nothing else, I hope it has taught you that the different beliefs of mankind about God are worthy of attention.

Few of us will live here for more than sixty or seventy years; and when we take off the time needed for eating and working and sleeping, there is not so very much left wherein to learn a little about the world in which we are sent to dwell. We do wisely to use some spare moments in asking how other eyes have looked upon the beauty and the mystery around, and what it has said to their hearts.

It is not so very long ago that good-meaning men looked upon the various religions of the world as almost beneath notice, or if studied at all, studied as proofs of man's hatred to the good and the true. But wiser and more thoughtful men felt that we ought to try and understand them, and see what kind of answers others have given to the questions about God, and the wide universe, and life and death, which we all ask. These answers may be feeble and dim, but since they are the best that could be had, they demand our respect. We do not make our own religion more true by calling other religions false, nor do we make it worth less to us by admitting the good that may be in them.

* The whole of this beautiful story is given by Mr. Tylor in his "Primitive Culture," vol. ii. p. 90, a work to which I am much indebted, and which should receive careful attention from every thoughtful person.

And the lesson which even a slight knowledge of the sacred books of other faiths, some older than our own, and still believed in by hundreds of millions of mankind, teaches, is that God has never been without a witness among them. These sacred books, which they look upon as His word to them, are as dear to them as our Bible is dear to us. In them are the precepts which they have been taught to obey, the prayers and hymns which have the full rich meaning age alone can give, and which no new words could bring. It is true that these books contain many silly stories, myths, legends, coarse ideas about God; but from these no ancient book is free, and the errors that they contain do not make less true whatever of truth they hold. A diamond is not less a diamond because we pick it out of a dust heap.

Any account which I might give you of the different sacred writings would be chiefly a list of very long names, and it is better that I should prove the truth of what has been said by quoting some hymns and prayers from them.

The hymn about heaven comes from the very old sacred book of the Brahmans; here is part of another hymn from the same :

In the beginning there arose the source of golden light.

He was the only born Lord of all that is.

He established the earth and this sky; who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

He who gives life, He who gives strength; whose blessing all the bright gods desire; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death.

Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who through His power is the only King of the breathing and awakening world; He whose power these snowy mountains and the sea and distant river proclaim.

He through whom the heaven was established—nay, the highest heaven; He who measured out the light in the air.

This hymn-prayer is from the same book. Varuna, the god addressed,

was one of their chief gods, and means the "Surrounder: "

Let me not yet, O Veruna, enter into the house of clay. Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Through want of strength, have I done wrong. Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Whenever we men, O Veruna, commit an offense before the heavenly host, whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness, have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

Here are some precepts from one of the sacred books of the Buddhists, which would find a fit place in our own beautiful Book of Proverbs :

Conquer anger by mildness, evil by good, falsehood by truth.

Be not desirous of discovering the faults of others, but zealously guard against your own.

He is a more noble warrior who subdues himself, than he who in battle conquers thousands. (Compare with this Proverbs xvi. 32.)

To the virtuous all is pure. Therefore think not that going unclothed, fasting, or lying on the ground, can make the impure pure, for the mind will still remain the same.

I believe that Jesus Christ would say to every Brahman and Buddhist who strove to obey these precepts, the words which fell cheerily upon the Jewish lawyer's ear, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

XXXVII. CONCLUSION.

Histories are often so made up of dates, giving the years when kings began to reign, when they died, and when famous battles were fought, that I dare say this early history of man, which has scarcely a date in it, seems a rather vague and confused story.

But we have been traveling through ages so vast, that I might have confused you still more if I had spoken of years the number of which none of us can grasp, and put down guess-work figures with long rows of ciphers after them.

It is through that twilight time of which I told you in the first pages of this little book that I have sought to take you. I have guessed as little as

possible, and brought common sense to interpret the story which bones, flint knives, metal weapons, picture-writings, words, and other things contain, seeing in it a tale of progress, slow but sure, which began at the beginning of time, and will go on until time shall cease to be.

I wish I could have made that story appear as beautiful and fascinating to you as it is to myself, but I thought it better told even roughly than not told at all.

The facts of science are not, as some think, dry, lifeless things. They are living things, filling with sweetest poetry the ear that listens to them, and with fadeless harmony of colors the eye that looks upon them.

They not only give us these higher pleasures which endure, but they bring daily bread and health and comfort to thousands, who but for knowledge of them would have lived pitiful lives.

I am offering you good counsel in advising you to use a certain portion of your time in studying one branch of science. It matters not which you choose so far as wonder, beauty and truth are concerned, for astronomy,

botany, chemistry, geology, alike possess these in such abundance that life will be too short to exhaust them.

With the mind thus stored, many an hour, otherwise dull, will be "filled with music;" many a star-lit night, otherwise unheeded, will shine with familiar lights; many a landscape, bald and ugly to the unseeing eye, marked with lines of beauty traced by its Maker's hand. And if God, as I think this story shows, has chosen that man's progress shall largely depend upon himself, how careful should we be to do nothing that will be a hindrance. Our knowledge is no blessing to us, unless we have learned to use it well and wisely, and learned too that with it only, life is not complete. If, dealing with the "things we see," it walk hand in hand with faith in the unseen, these two shall make life beautiful and blessed.

GOD GIVES THEE YOUTH BUT ONCE.
KEEP THOU
THE CHILDLIKE HEART THAT WILL
HIS KINGDOM BE;
THE SOUL PURE-EYED THAT, WISDOM-
LED, E'EN NOW
HIS BLESSED FACE SHALL SEE.

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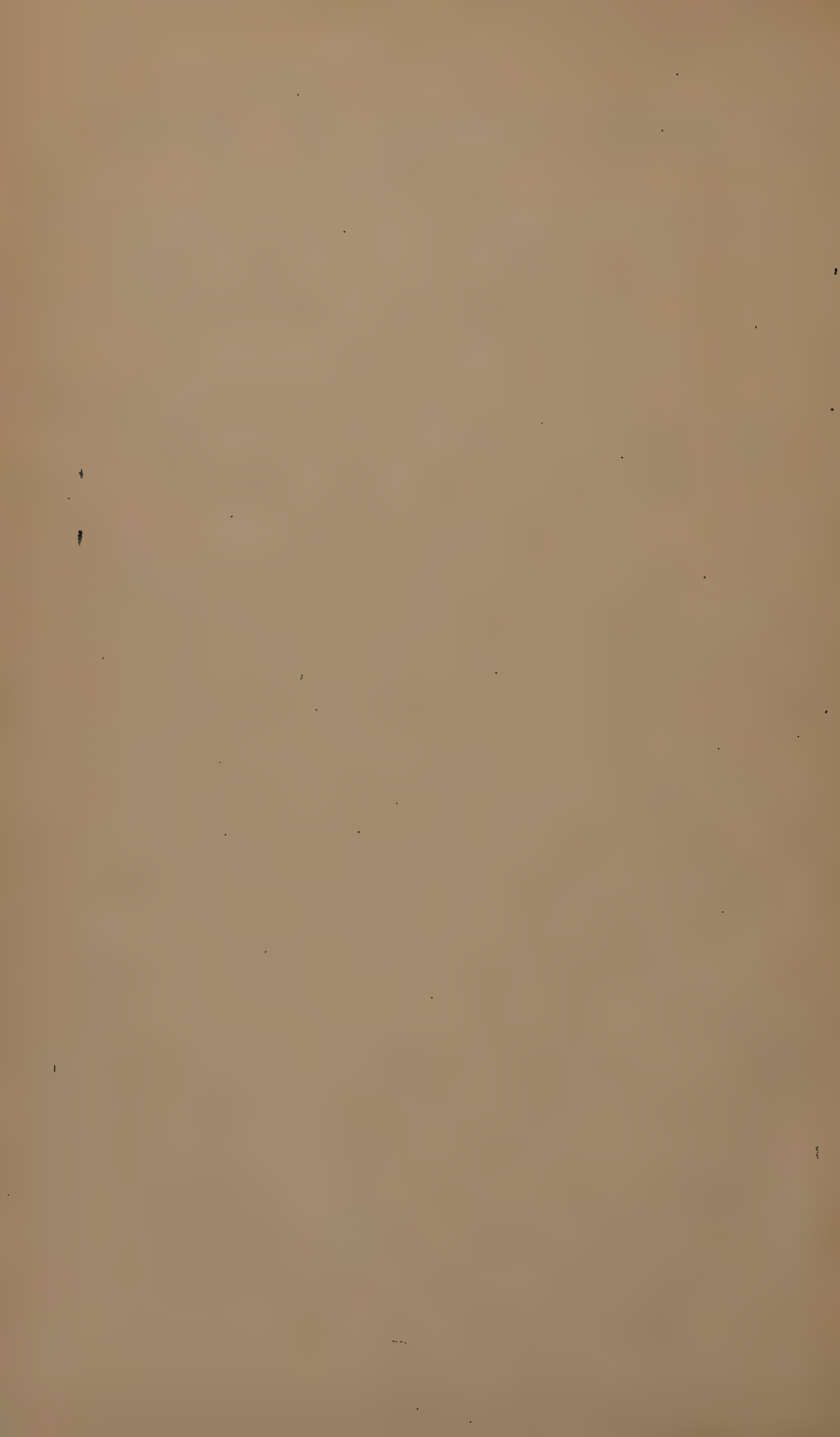
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